

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

October 15, 1958

PRICE

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**Sweater
for Spring**
Directions, p. 31

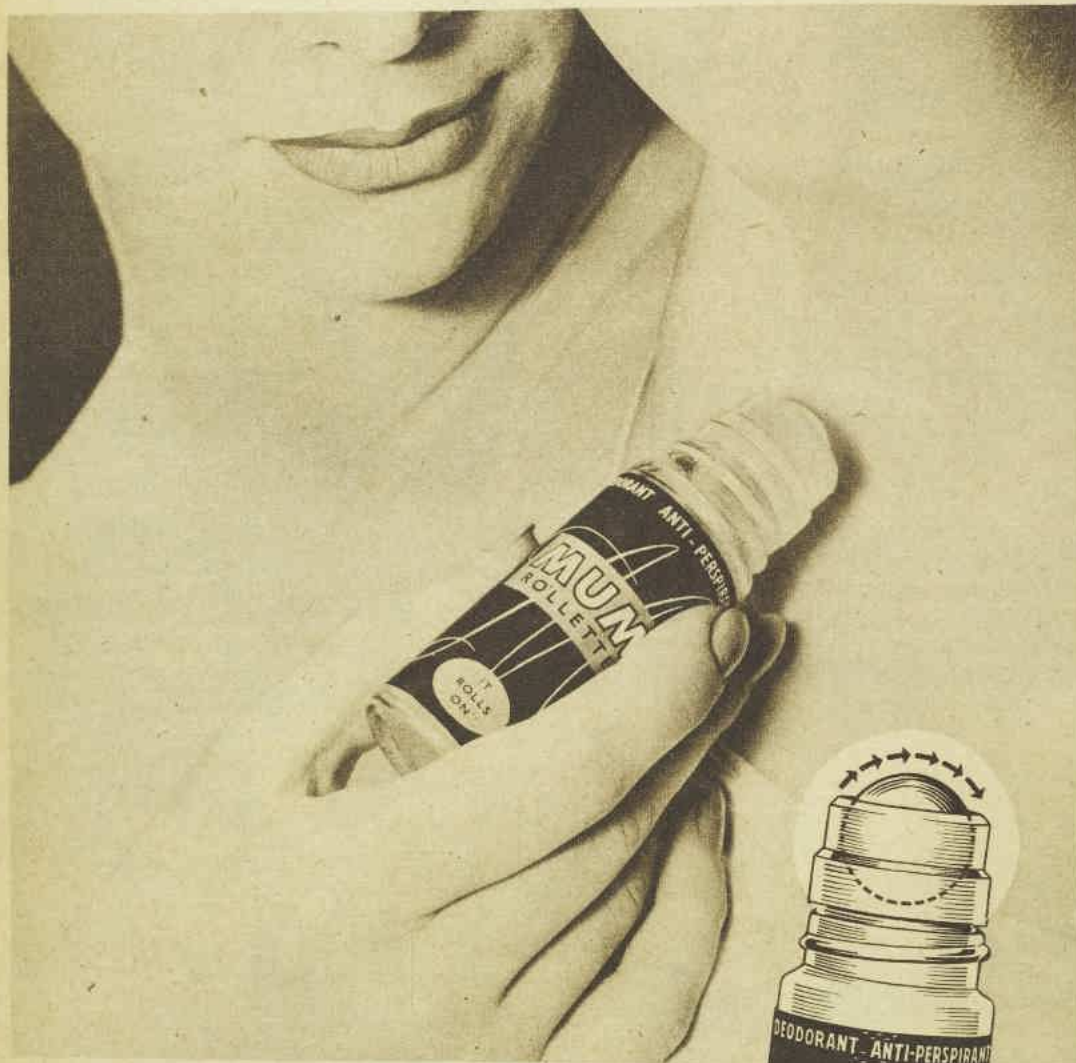


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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Page 2

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 15, 1958

Vol. 26, No. 19

Our cover

● Glamorous young model Barbara takes to the sea at Saint Michel de Cuxa, a small French fishing port, to pose for our cover this week. The relaxed-line sweater she is wearing is ideal for cooler spring and summer days. Directions for making are on page 31.

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The Weekly Round

● English actor Robin Bailey, who has been chosen to play the starring role of Professor Higgins in the Australian production of "My Fair Lady," is looking forward to his second visit to Australia. He was here before with the Old Vic Company.

"I FOUND last time that I could settle straight in with Australians," he said in London recently. "I soon shed the English fashion of somewhat fulsome politeness."

"On my first day in Sydney I asked a taxi-driver, 'I say, I wonder if you would very much mind taking me to Martin Place.'"

"He scratched his head and stared and said, rather bemused, 'Well, if you're sure you want to go, sport.'"

Now in great demand in British TV, Robin exhibited his trophies from a TV guest appearance—two cabin trunks for his Australian tour.

"I got them in a show Elizabeth Allen has started," said Robin. "The show is called 'Swap Shop,' and I got them in exchange for an old gramophone."

ONE of the most fabulous restaurants in the world, the Forum in New York, featured on pages 16, 17, caters for a variety of tastes.

Gourmets appreciate the restaurant's esoteric dishes, such as ocean perch aflame on rosemary herbs, or truffle-stuffed quail Cleopatra wrapped in Macedonian vine leaves and baked in hot ashes. Cooking in clay is another

of the restaurant's innovations. Research disclosed that while taming the Celts and Gauls, Julius Caesar made living in the field tolerable by baking fowls in clay under the campfire coals.

Thus, the Forum offers dishes baked in clay, including ring-necked pheasant with brandied berries and "Pliny's favorite" country chicken.

THE Spring-Summer Pattern Book on pages 43-46 of this issue is the first of a new four-page weekly series. We have designed it so that you can cut the pages and assemble them as a book.

NEXT WEEK

Christmas, 1958, is not far off and the gift problem is with us again. In next week's issue we have a special seven-page Christmas toy section that will interest everyone looking for suitable gifts for youngsters. The toys illustrated are novel and easy to make. There are directions for making them in crochet, needlework, or knitting.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

YOU'LL "GROW ACCUSTOMED TO THEIR FACES"

Stars of Australian "My Fair Lady"

● Immediately English actor Robin Bailey was chosen as Professor Higgins for the Australian production of "My Fair Lady," his wife, Patricia, rushed to the London Food Fair to gaze longingly at the Australian fruit stand.

PATRICIA, an anti-quarian, will take two years' leave from her job of researching and recording Britain's historical buildings and sites to accompany her husband to Australia.

With them they will bring their two sons, Nicholas, aged 11, and Simon, 4.

"We're both thrilled that our boys will be seeing Australia," said auburn-haired Patricia. "Robin says it's a wonderful place for youngsters, and we are all looking forward to getting our teeth into that beautiful fruit."

Bailey is already doing some flat-hunting for his family, who will leave a picturesque Chelsea garden flat containing many interesting historic relics.

These include the original toll house for the famous Albert Bridge, which spans the Thames at the end of the road, while the flat's leaning red brick wall has been standing since the days of Henry VIII, when it bounded the monarch's Thames-side manor.

Casting of leading roles for the Australian version of "My Fair Lady" — scheduled to open at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, about January 24 next year — caused a big scramble.

The two people who emerged triumphant, brandishing the plum roles of Professor Higgins and Eliza Doolittle, were the tall, debonair Robin and Bunty Turner, one of the gayest colleens seen on the British stage in a decade.

Robin is no newcomer to Australian audiences.

Three years ago he toured for the Old Vic Company with Robert Helpmann and Katharine Hepburn.

At 39, he has starred in a great list of stage classics, has known movie stardom, has become one of Britain's top TV quizmasters, and will be leaving a leading West End role in a hit play, "Duel of Angels," opposite Vivien Leigh and Ann Todd, to fly to Australia in December. The part of Professor Higgins is not new to Bailey, for he played it twice in the Shaw play "Pygmalion."

"But it will be a bit of a change to sing it," he said. Bunty Turner is a discovery to match Julie Andrews, who was the first to soar to international fame as the musical comedy Eliza Doolittle.

Bunty is slender, lively as a firework, has long honey-gold hair, and started her climb to fame immediately she hit the London stage from her native County Down, Ireland. She came from opera straight into British panto and musicals.



Bunty walked away with the audition before executives of J. C. Williamson — despite a heavy cold.

"It was my birthday," said Bunty. "So I sang 'It's a Wonderful Day.' I didn't tell them about the cold. I don't like excuses, and, anyway, they create a poor impression."

John McCallum, J. C. Williamson's Assistant Managing Director, and his wife, Googie Withers, were both terribly kind to me.

"I had to sit up alone on an empty stage, waiting for what seemed hours, before everything was ready for my audition to start."

John McCallum realised how awful it must have felt — so he climbed up and sat it out with me.

"And Googie wrote to say, 'I'm going to do all I can to see that your stay in Australia is as happy as mine was.'"

Her contract provides for Bunty to spend up to two years in Australia.

"I don't think it's going to be a bit too long," she said gaily. "I know I'm going to adore it."

"The funny thing is that I've spent much time and energy getting the Irish out of my voice and learning 'pure' English for my stage career."

"Having accomplished this, the first thing they want me to do is the broadest, most raucous cockney!"

IN THEIR CHELSEA FLAT, Robin Bailey and his wife, Patricia, look through the score of "My Fair Lady." Robin, who has been chosen as male lead in the Australian production of the musical, will be accompanied by Patricia and their sons, Nicholas, 11, and Simon, 4.

BUNTY TURNER (right), a recent discovery on the British stage, who has won the coveted role of Eliza Doolittle for the two-year tour of "My Fair Lady" in Australia. Aged 22, she has been starring in the London musical "Free As Air." Color pictures are by Alec Murray.



By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

Mr. Fixit behind the footlights—

He recalls the time Gus Bluett burnt the hotel furniture

By
RONALD McKIE

BEAUTIFUL Marie Burke (left), of "Wildflower" and many other musical comedies presented in Australian theatres, who entranced the young bloods of the 'twenties.



● "Those were the days," said Les Davis, and described them recently when he completed 50 years in the Australian theatre — 48 of them with J. C. Williamson's.



DOROTHY BRUNTON, the actress with the "most delightful personality."



GLADYS MONCRIEFF, "Maid of the Mountains," whose golden voice thrilled thousands, and (right) Kathleen MacDonell, noted Canadian actress, who caused such a stir in "Willow Tree."

LES is now chief mechanist for "The Firm" at Sydney's Theatre Royal.

He is bald and grey, but at nearly 72 and recently re-married he's almost as spry as the back row of the chorus.

He hopes to live to 100 and beat his whaler grandfather George, who died at 99 years 360 days, and his whaler great-grandfather, who was so tough he sailed his own whaling ship from Wales to Hobart in 1820.

Les—Leslie Murray Davis—was born in November, 1886, in Hobart.

His father, a builder, lost all his money in the bank crashes of the 1890s and came to Sydney and took a job as carpenter and scenery-maker at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Les went to Crown Street School when that cricket "immortal" Victor Trumper was also a student, and at 12 became a shirt-cutter for 2/6 a week.

But he had risen to tailor's cutter — £2/10/- a week — when the actor-producer Bland Holt took him on as a mechanist for a tour of New Zealand.

That was the beginning — the first of 57 tours he has since made of the Dominion and the first of more than 200 productions he has worked on.

Many theatre stories are

amusing only when they happen, but Les is able to re-create incidents with the ease and speed of an endless belt in a pickle factory.

For example: Invercargill, almost the closest New Zealand can get to Antarctica, is a frigid place, but a Sunday night Australian comedians Gus Bluett and Leo Franklyn spent there many years ago was colder than usual.

"The stingy old cow won't give us any more," Leo complained after his third attempt to get wood for their fire from the licensee.

"Then we'll burn the furniture," Gus said.

And they did—chairs first, wardrobe next, then the dressing-table, and finally the bed — and in the morning they woke, still warm, paid for every drawer, leg, and curtain, and left happy.

Jumped on hat

In "Faust in Drama" at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, in 1911 the city in one scene had to sink below stage while a flight of singing angels power-dived from the roof.

But almost every evening the flyman, who was frequently "tight," could not synchronise his angels with the disappearing city.

When the angels arrived much too early one evening the stage manager, Jimmy Hazlett, could stand it no longer. He threw his hat in the air, the hat landed on stage near the footlights, and he followed it out and jumped on it.

In the last scene of "The Fortune Hunter" in Auckland in 1914 it had to rain, but the rainmaker turned on the tap at full blast instead of gradually, and a rubber pipe burst.

There was enough water behind scenes to float the Queen Mary but none on stage, where the play depended on it.

Florence Young, playing in "Maytime," tripped on a bear-

skin rug as she went on stage and fell on her face.

The audience, who didn't know it wasn't part of the performance, laughed so much they stopped the show, and after the final curtain the producer insisted that the fall should stay in.

Florence Young, who had hurt herself and had been in pain for the rest of the show, shouted "No" and went home to spend two days in bed.

Romola Hansen, playing in "The Duchess of Danzig" at Her Majesty's, Sydney, lost her pants, but continuing her performance she stepped out of them, a chorus girl picked them up, whisked them under one arm, and continued to dance until the scene ended.

And the audience never knew.

Les Davis says that his most dramatic moment in 50 years of theatre was during opening night of "Willow Tree" at the Criterion, Sydney.

"In the last minutes of the final scene Kathleen MacDonell, the noted Canadian actress, was on her knees praying at a Japanese shrine when a girl in the gallery suddenly laughed hysterically.

"The actress rose to her feet, faced the audience, then walked off stage and refused to return, and the curtain had to be rung down three minutes before the end.

"It was all a terrible mistake. She was such a fine actress and so absorbed in her work that somehow she thought the audience was laughing at her."

After 50 years of song and comedy, of lights and glitter and grease-paint, Les Davis names Oscar Asche as his greatest actor, Dorothy Brunton as the actress with the most delightful personality, and Gus Bluett as the funniest comedian.

And that selection, if I know anything about theatre, is enough to start arguments that could last till Christmas.



LES DAVIS, of Sydney's Theatre Royal. The other photographs on this page are reproductions of some of the autographed originals given to Les in his 50 years of theatre.

Our Christmas Custom contest

WHAT does your family do every Christmas? What special family customs do you keep up on Christmas Day?

Nearly every family has a Christmas tree and enjoys a festive Christmas dinner; nearly every family has some special family custom which is part of the day, and eagerly looked forward to through the year.

One woman we know, a widow with three married daughters and nine young grandchildren, all under 10, says she has dispensed with Christmas dinner in favor of Christmas breakfast.

"All my daughters, with their husbands and children, come for 9 o'clock breakfast on Christmas morning," she told us. "We have fruit, ham and eggs, and our presents are distributed in a non-stop breakfast party that ends round 11 a.m. with coffee and Christmas cake."

"All the children then go off to their respective in-laws for Christmas dinner."

"I find my Christmas breakfast delightful. My grandchildren are all fresh and excited; my girls and their husbands delighted to come at a time when it's not a problem to fit in with other clashing invitations."

Sharing the day

Some families invite strangers — children from orphanages or old people from Homes — to share Christmas.

One family drinks a special toast each year to its friends overseas whom they haven't seen for years.

A teenager told us:

"Everyone in our house has to do a Christmas deed. It's a kind of practical Christmas present."

"Last Christmas my sister and I took the children next door to the park for the afternoon so their mother could rest after her big Christmas-dinner cooking."

One country family has individual bush Christmas "trees." They explained:

"We just tie a gum sapling to each verandah post. Each one of the family has his own post and decorates it himself, and that's where we tie that one's presents."

Tell us, in not more than 200 words, what YOU do each Christmas that makes the day different, and special.

The best letter received will be awarded £10, and we will pay £2 for every other letter published. Closing date for the competition will be Monday, November 10.

Send your entries to "Family Christmas," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Meta Pagdin: Menindee's mender of bodies, souls

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Sister Meta Pagdin, of the Methodist Nursing Service, is really "one in a thousand." Based at Menindee, a Darling River town 639 miles west of Sydney, she is the only medical authority in a settlement of more than 1000 people.

MENINDEE, 69 miles from Broken Hill, once was a "port" for paddleboats moving upstream as far as Bourke.

The Darling River trade has gone. Only pelicans now float on the brown water, in the shade of giant gums.

Centre of a pastoral district, and skirted by citrus and tomato farms, Menindee has clusters of homes, several stores, and two old but comfortable hotels.

A Methodist deaconess as well as a trained sister, Meta Pagdin takes church services and officiates at marriages, christenings, and funerals.

Often she baptises children she has helped to deliver, or leaves a service to drive her ambulance on an emergency call.

Widow of a Methodist minister, Sister Pagdin went to Menindee five years ago from Grafton, N.S.W., reverting to the nursing career she had given up on her marriage.

With a small hat covering her dark hair and wearing a blue working uniform, Sister Pagdin, at the wheel of her ambulance, is a familiar sight throughout Menindee and district, which extends for hundreds of miles.

She has little time to relax in the cottage she shares with 22-year-old Methodist deaconess Ruby Sloan, formerly of Junee, N.S.W.

Just off the sitting-room of the cottage is the surgery, where Sister Pagdin treats local patients. Just off the verandah is the radio transceiver, which must be operated twice a day. Its call sign is 8DV.

"The call sign is a coincidence, but appropriate,"

said Sister smiling. "D.V. stands for the initials of the Latin words meaning God willing, and I'm no expert with the transceiver."

Sister Pagdin, however, works the transceiver as she does her rounds—efficiently.

Five years ago she couldn't drive a car. Now she takes an ambulance along tracks that wind between great trees on the banks of the Darling River, or speeds over the fast (if corrugated) road to Broken Hill.

She said: "When I came here, friends said they didn't know what I'd do with myself in Menindee."

"Well, I'm so busy I haven't had a day off since January."

Two patients

"There's a good picture-show," said Sister, "but it's not worth my while to go. Last time I saw half a film, then had to go on a call."

Once a baby was born in the ambulance when Sister and Deaconess Margaret Tredinnick (now at another post) were driving the mother towards Quondong Bridge, to rendezvous with the Broken Hill ambulance.

There were two patients, the baby wrapped in Deaconess Tredinnick's cardigan, when the ambulance arrived at the bridge.

"Another night the local police sergeant drove me in his jeep to a little tin shack on a hill where a woman was having a baby," said Sister. "Two sides of the shack were boughs. A little fire was burning inside."

"You won't want me," said the Sergeant, hanging up a lantern. He went away, then I delivered the baby."

Sometimes Sister Pagdin's methods of transport have

METHODIST deaconess and nurse, Sister Meta Pagdin holds chubby eight-week-old Aileen Williams, watched by the child's mother, Mrs. Anzac Williams, of Menindee, N.S.W.

been unorthodox. One journey comprised a trip along the railway line by "tricycle," a drive in a jeep over boggy roads, and a flight by air-taxi with the patient to Broken Hill.

During the Darling floods, when water inundated Menindee and the surrounding country, Sister Pagdin travelled by motor boat or was rowed to her cases. She said:

"I remember one trip when I was told, 'Someone will row you across,' and the someone turned out to be a boy of seven with a big old boat, which he had to stand to row."

"There was water in the boat. I started to bale."

"As we moved off, the boy said, 'Sister, if this fills to the top, I can swim like mad. Can you?'"

Accidents and emergencies

are always happening, especially in the fishing season.

"People use huge fishhooks, more than one to the line, and it's not always the fish who gets hooked," said Sister. "In one weekend I removed five fishhooks from patients. The hooks are so tough that it takes all my strength with a pair of strong cutters to free them."

Sister Pagdin is used to "stitching people up." She said half-seriously: "I'm not bad at needlework like that. After all, any woman can thread a needle and sew."

From Sister, children receive diphtheria, anti-tetanus, and whooping-cough injections and Salk vaccine.

As Menindee has no vet, she also has set magpies' legs, given distemper injections to dogs, anti-tetanus injections to horses.

Dental aid

There's no local dentist, either, but Sister can stop-up an aching tooth, do extractions if necessary.

Swelling Menindee's population are more than 230 men working on the Menindee Lakes Storage Scheme, which eventually will conserve four times as much water as there is in Sydney Harbor.

Because Sister cares for these workers, the Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission gives money to the service, maintains the ambulance, and has volunteer drivers rostered to help in an emergency.

Sister Pagdin finds her work has physical and spiritual benefits.

And there's one small child named Meta, after the Sister who was present at her birth.



EXPRESSIVE face of Mr. Reg Williams shows his gratitude for Sister Pagdin's care. Wall of Mr. Williams' bedroom is papered with pictures from *The Australian Women's Weekly*.



ABORIGINAL children have a shy "Hello" for Sister Pagdin as she pauses on her rounds. She sees more than 400 patients a month in Menindee and its large district.



STANDING on a levee built to hold back Darling River floodwaters, Sister Pagdin talks to Mrs. Reg Williams and her daughter Kathleen, aged 16.

NEW LUX MYSTERY STAR!



GOLDEN HOLIDAY FOR TWO IN EXOTIC FIJI

PLUS £100 CASH

Before you even step on the plane, you'll be handed a cheque for £100 — just for pin-money!

Then, after a thrilling flight by Pan American's luxury President Service... exciting, tropical Fiji! Two glorious weeks lazing in the sun... dancing by moonlight... seeing the sights! And that's not all!

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HERE'S YOUR CLUE...

TIPS TO HELP YOU WIN

Lux Toilet Soap is the chosen beauty care of 9 out of every 10 film stars. You'd find it in their dressing rooms, and in their homes, too. New Lux in gold foil is more wonderful, more beautifying than ever!

New whiteness... new fragrance... new purity. New, perfect balance of ingredients makes New Lux milder, purer than ever before! You'll see the difference — a new, dazzling whiteness that's proof of unmatched purity. You'll smell the difference — a new, different fragrance, as carefully protected as the finest of French perfumes. Wonderful New Lux — wrapped and sealed in gold foil.



"A" is for her first name.
Her second starts with "B".
She sings and smiles her way to fame...

Film star and mother of three
Who is this dark-haired beauty
Whose radiance says... New Lux?



**For still another clue,
listen to the voice of our Mystery Film Star,**
heard on these radio programmes: "Australia's Amateur Hour", "Leave it to the Girls", "Portia Faces Life", and "Dr. Paul", and on TV in "Zorro" and other leading programmes.

CONTEST RULES:

1. Prizes will be awarded to the contestants correctly naming the "Mystery Film Star" and who also, in the opinion of the judges, complete the best sentence judged on originality, aptness of thought, and neatness.
2. Send as many entries as you wish. Every entry will be opened and

judged on its merit. The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Contest closes 9th November, 1958, and all entries must be post-marked prior to midnight of that date. Prize-winners will be announced in leading newspapers on November 27.

All New LUX
New whiteness... new fragrance
...new purity
NOW IN EVERY STORE!

ENTRY

FORM

Just complete the sentence below in not more than 15 additional words:

If I were lovely (insert name of mystery film star) and a friend asked me why I insist on All New Lux for my beauty care I'd say

Tick here if you're including Lux Toilet Soap wrapper* — Yes ☐ No ☐

*Wrappers are not invited from entrants in those States where legislation does not permit the sending of wrappers.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Mail to "NEW LUX Mystery Star Contest", Box 7059, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 4404, G.P.O., Melbourne — Box 1448T, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 1480L, G.P.O., Adelaide — Box 100, P.O. North Fremantle.



CONVICT-BUILT St. Matthew's Church of England, at Windsor, N.S.W., showing the old tombstones in the churchyard. The cross on the dome is about 100ft. high.

Landmark restored

Hard work, polish and £15,000 make old church shine

● The oldest Anglican church in Australia, St. Matthew's, Windsor, N.S.W., will hold a special service to dedicate extensive restorations on October 12, exactly 141 years and one day since the foundation stone was laid by Governor Lachlan Macquarie.

THE foundation stone actually was laid three times.

Governor Macquarie placed under the stone a Spanish dollar with a circular piece struck from the middle, then the currency of the colony. A thief removed the stone, and the dollar.

The following day the Governor tried again, with a dollar supplied by the first rector, the Rev. Robert Cartwright. This, too, was stolen, and the stone had to be laid for the third time.

The parish register, kept at the time by the parish clerk, Joseph Harpur, tells the story of the stone in copperplate handwriting that is gradually fading with age.

He described how "the transaction was witnessed by His Honour Lt. Gov. Erskine of the 43rd Regiment, Major Antill, D. Allan, Esq., Chief Magistrate of the Hawkesbury, Mr. Surgeon Mileham, J.P.,

several gentlemen, and the most respectable inhabitants of Windsor."

Two years later the church was debt-free, and consecrated by Australia's first Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Samuel Marsden.

In the same year St. Matthew's rectory was built. Mr. Marsden died in it in 1838,

—By—
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

of pneumonia. Local legend says that his ghost still haunts the rectory.

I asked the present rector, the Rev. W. F. Carter, if the ghost of Mr. Marsden had bothered him.

"I haven't seen him," he replied, smiling, "but my predecessor did. He told the Archbishop, who asked what he'd said to the ghost.

"My predecessor replied: 'I

asked him to contribute to the restoration fund and I haven't seen him since.'"

The convicts who built the church of red clay bricks so many years ago wouldn't see such a big difference today.

The original stone floor, which was hollowed and worn, has been replaced with new stone. From the cedar pews and communion rails the layers of stain and varnish have been sanded, and the wood shines again.

The church has been painted inside and out, and extensive repairs include a copper roof and guttering and a new drainage system.

The service on October 12 marks the end of restorations that have been in progress for five years. A total of £15,000 has been spent, and donations have come from many parts of the world.

The historic old church attracts thousands of visitors each year. On one day last year more than 300 people signed the visitors' book.

Among the many old graves in the churchyard is that of Andrew Thompson, an emancipated convict who became highly respected in the community.

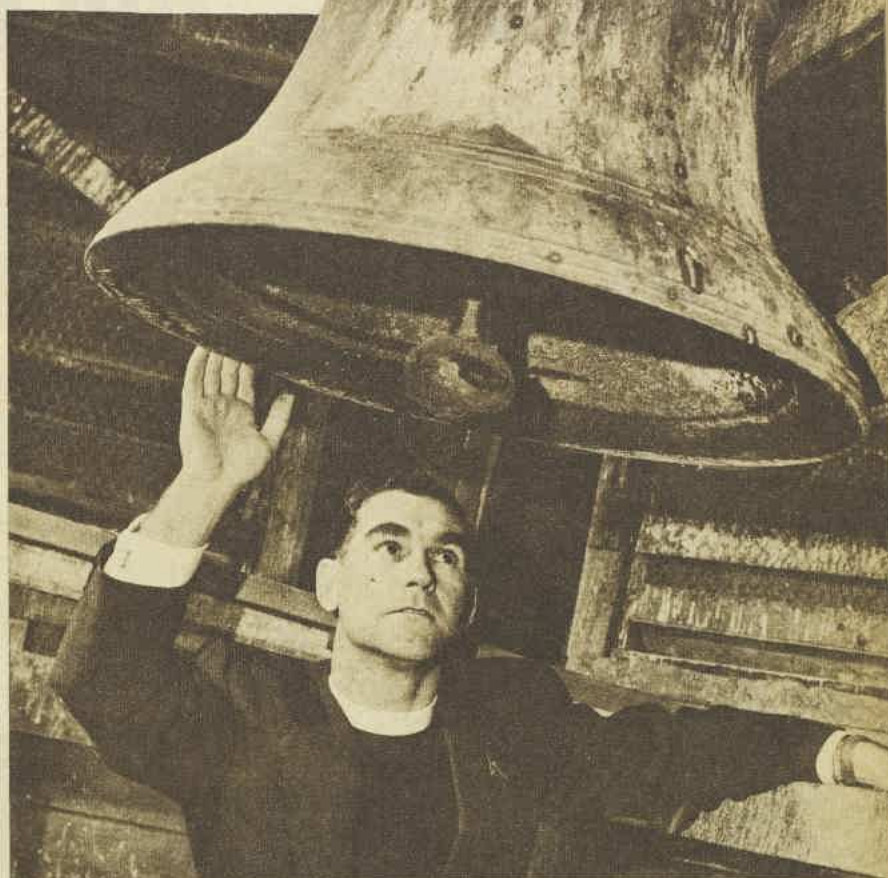
Governor Macquarie thought so much of Thompson that he ordered the large stone slab with the inscription on the ex-convict's grave.

Thompson was transported from Scotland in 1792, when he was 17, for setting fire to a stack of hay.

Another stone marks the grave of a man who died "of the curse of drink," another tells of Constable Green, "whose memory will remain ever-Green."

Inside the church is a memorial tablet topped by a rope-twined anchor.

It is to the memory of Captain William Hans Blake, and



RECTOR, the Rev. W. F. Carter, inspecting the church bell. Until recently the bell was rung every minute on the death of a parishioner, twice for a woman and three times for a man, and one toll for each year of life.

gives a long detailed history of the captain's career from the time "this gallant officer entered the Royal Navy in 1846" until he died in 1874 at Cape Coast Castle, West Coast of Africa, "from the effects of climate, brought on by excessive exertion and exposure."

St. Matthew's, often called the Hawkesbury River Cathedral, once had a parish that was described as including Windsor, "with all Australia west thereof."

The church was designed by Australia's first architect, convict Francis Greenway.

The clock in the church tower, still the only town clock in Windsor, was presented, according to tradition, by George IV in 1821 together with the enormous Bible and the communion vessels.

The organ in St. Matthew's, installed in 1840, was the first built in Australia.

Before the organ was installed, hymns were sung to music by Windsor's military band, which occupied the three back pews.

In those days parishioners rented pews, the charges ranging from £1/10/- to £5 a year for the whole pew.

The fading old parish registers of births, deaths, and marriages at St. Matthew's sometimes seem cruel in their brevity.

A suicide is dismissed with, "he laid violent hands upon himself."

In the early marriage register, beside the copperplate writing of every name, is the letter P or F, recording for years whether the person was a prisoner or free.

Most of the names written by the parish clerk have a big cross through them — the mark of the bride or groom who could not write.



LARGE BIBLE, being examined by the rector's warden, Mr. Arthur Wilcher. Because many visitors tore out small pieces as souvenirs, the Bible is kept in a locked glass case.



CEDAR communion rails, cut from the cedar trees that once surrounded Windsor, receive a final polish from the rector and his father, Mr. William Carter, who is the vergier.



RESTORATION WORK was not complete in the interior of St. Matthew's when this picture was taken.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

Housewife is Dutch migrant No. 100,000

● On board the liner Johan van Oldenbarnevelt when it reaches Fremantle on October 28 will be the 100,000th Dutch migrant to arrive in Australia since the end of World War II. She is Adriana Zevenbergen, a young housewife who is migrating to Australia with her husband, Cornelis, and their sons, four-year-old Kees and baby Addo. These pictures show the Zevenbergens in Holland. Their new home will be in Newcastle, N.S.W.



YOUNG DUTCH COUPLE Adriana and Cornelis Zevenbergen take their son Kees for a last walk along the cobbled street of Zwartewaal, near their home village of Abbenbroek, before leaving for Australia. Overcrowded Holland has a population of 11,000,000, with 370 people to the square mile. In vast, underpopulated Australia the ratio is 3.3 persons to the square mile.

She wants a better future for her sons

LETTERS from a childhood friend now living in New South Wales brought Adriana Zevenbergen, her husband, and two young sons to Australia.

Writer of the letters is Klazien de Byl, who lives with her husband, Egbertus, and their five children at Barnsley, 13 miles from Newcastle.

Egbertus and Klazien migrated to Australia 18 months ago. Three weeks after they arrived Egbertus bought a small house and started work as a rope-splicer at B.H.P. steelworks.

"There is so much more room to live here and life for the children is much better," said Egbertus. "Our children are getting along well at school. It was no trouble for them to learn English.

"There are far more opportunities in Australia, especially for boys leaving school. Even the weather is better than in Holland.

"When the Zevenbergens arrive I will help Cornelis to find work and get a piece of land. Then we will put up a garage or half a house, which will do until they can build a home."

Cornelis Zevenbergen is the youngest son of a farmer, but when he grew up there was no room for him on the farm. He went to sea and became a ship's engineer.

Before coming to Australia he was working as a fitter at an oil refinery.

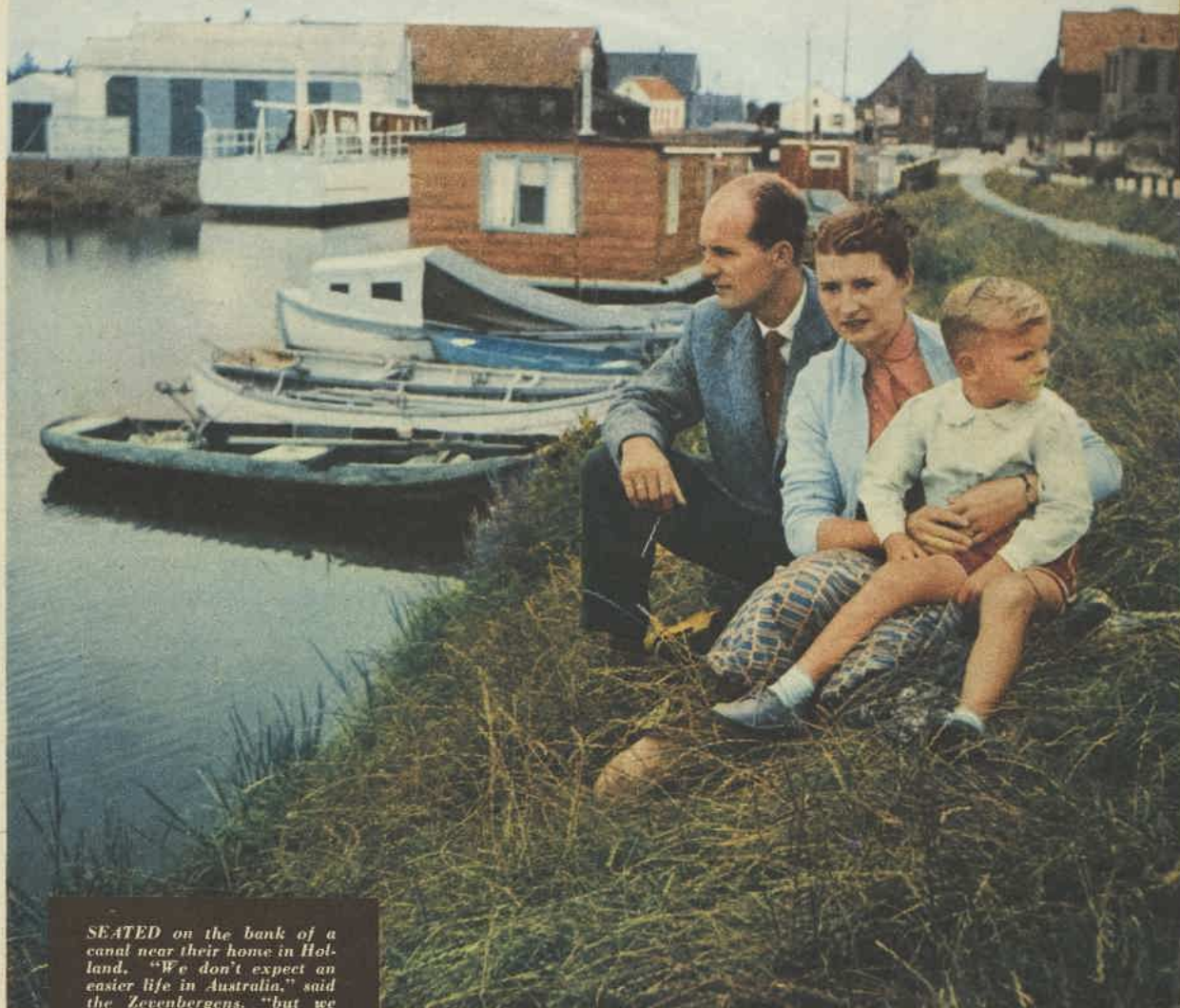
Adriana is a city girl who grew up in the bustling port of Rotterdam. When she married she moved to her husband's village of Abbenbroek.

Life moved smoothly until after their two children were born and Cornelis and Adriana began to worry about their sons' future in closely populated Holland, where opportunities are limited.

Then the letters began to arrive from the de Byls with glowing accounts of life in Australia. Cornelis and Adriana decided to follow them.

"We are going for a better future for my husband and our sons," Adriana said.

As soon as the Zevenbergens have their own Australian home, pride of place will go to the solid-oak Dutch dining-room dresser, oak dining chairs, Delft ware, tapestries, and rugs they are bringing with them.



SEATED on the bank of a canal near their home in Holland. "We don't expect an easier life in Australia," said the Zevenbergens. "but we will enjoy the warmer weather." Dutch friends living near Newcastle, N.S.W., encouraged them to migrate.



LEFT: Family group shows (from left) Cornelis' niece, Nellie, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelis Zevenbergen, Adriana, Cornelis, and Kees standing in front of the family home.

ABOVE: Grandfather Zevenbergen and four-year-old Kees join forces to feed Rhode Island hens in the yard of the 350-year-old farmhouse where Kees' father was born 29 years ago.



MILLIONAIRE Stanley Slotkin, of Los Angeles, who "gives away faces," checks the post-operative progress of a plastic surgery beneficiary.

The man who gives away good looks

By ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

● If all you'd like for Christmas is a brand-new nose or a different mouth or chin — and if you live in America — millionaire Los Angeles businessman Stanley Slotkin is waiting to play Santa.

for their change of face or recovery from some disfigurement.

These people include women whose mis-shapen faces were a barrier to marriage and happiness; children with cleft palates or webbed hands; men so disfigured they couldn't get jobs.

Generally, the beneficiaries are people whose appearances are so ugly, even grotesque, that it is hard for them to lead normal lives.

They are poor and unable to pay the considerable fees of plastic surgeons. And, since their disfigurements are usually classified by welfare agencies as "cosmetic defects," they are not accepted in hospital charity wards.

As news spread of the way Slotkin was helping these people, he began to receive pleading letters from all parts of America.

Almost invariably the letters

were addressed to "Doctor Slotkin," though his connection with medicine is strictly on the fringe.

Through his business, as one of the world's biggest suppliers of sick-room equipment to hospitals, he really knows his way round the medical world.

Slotkin pays the hospital bills for all the people he helps and usually persuades the surgeons to operate free of charge or at a greatly reduced fee.

Among those helped by Slotkin's "magic scalpel," wielded by a team of surgical specialists, are:

● A prisoner in a Los Angeles jail who "was a thief because he looked like a thief."

● A girl from Pasadena, California, who had no chin, but who is now successfully touring Europe as a singer; and

● A small boy whose playmates tormented him because of his "loving-cup" ears.

Through Slotkin's gener-



NEW FACES were last year's Christmas gift from Stanley Slotkin (left) to Ernestine O'Ward and Wayne Eden, of Los Angeles. Slotkin, whose hobby is providing plastic surgery for people with facial handicaps, has been benefactor to more than 1200 Americans.

osity, this year was brighter for two young people in Los Angeles.

Wayne Eden, 29, got a new nose and ears for Christmas, and Ernestine O'Ward, 16, is well on the way to becoming a fashion model after a corrective operation on a wide, squat nose that spread most unattractively over her face.

Beauty shrine

Demands for his philanthropy have become so great that to handle them Slotkin has set up a special, non-profit organisation — Abbey Rents Foundation Incorporated.

His next project is a plastic-surgery clinic, which he would like to build right in the middle of Hollywood, the shrine of beauty.

Explaining his interest in this work, Slotkin said:

"Our society places great emphasis on how a person looks. Sometimes we have to give nature a helping hand. I believe countless people could be made happier and better adjusted with corrective surgery on their faces."

Sometimes this surgery is so successful Slotkin fails to recognise former patients.

He related, as an example, the occasion he was at a Las Vegas hotel with his wife:

"A beautiful dancer in a short skirt and tight blouse came, put her arms round me, and said: 'Hi. Remember me?'"

"I guess I got red in the face, because I didn't know who she was until the gorgeous creature told me her name was Lorraine."

"The last time I'd seen her she had a face like a witch. But I had a tough time convincing my wife of that."

FOR though, a few years ago, Mr. Slotkin took nothing at face value, his main hobby and interest today is giving away new faces.

Formerly, character and ability were all that mattered to him — which may be one reason he became a millionaire through various business enterprises when he was just 40.

Twelve years ago he was aware of his secretary only as a tireless, efficient worker, who seldom smiled. But her incredibly "homely" appearance didn't register.

Then, one December, he asked her what she wanted for Christmas.



WIDE-EYED. Prince Charles arrives at King's Cross Station from Balmoral.

Happiness

The result of his Christmas-gift experiment made Slotkin feel so good that he became completely absorbed in the project of changing faces to give people a chance of greater happiness.

In the 12 years since he lost a secretary and gained a life-long friend, Slotkin, now 49, has been a benefactor more than 1200 people can thank

A prince returns to school

● After spending his school holidays with the Royal Family at Balmoral, the Prince of Wales recently began his second year at Cheam School, Berks. The day he arrived back by train from Balmoral he left London for school in a reserved

carriage with 40 other boys. These pictures of Prince Charles — obviously happy about his return to school—catch him with a variety of facial expressions. In all, he shows a growing likeness to various members of the Royal Family.



ARRIVAL, with plastered knee, at Paddington for school train, accompanied by governess, Miss Peebles.



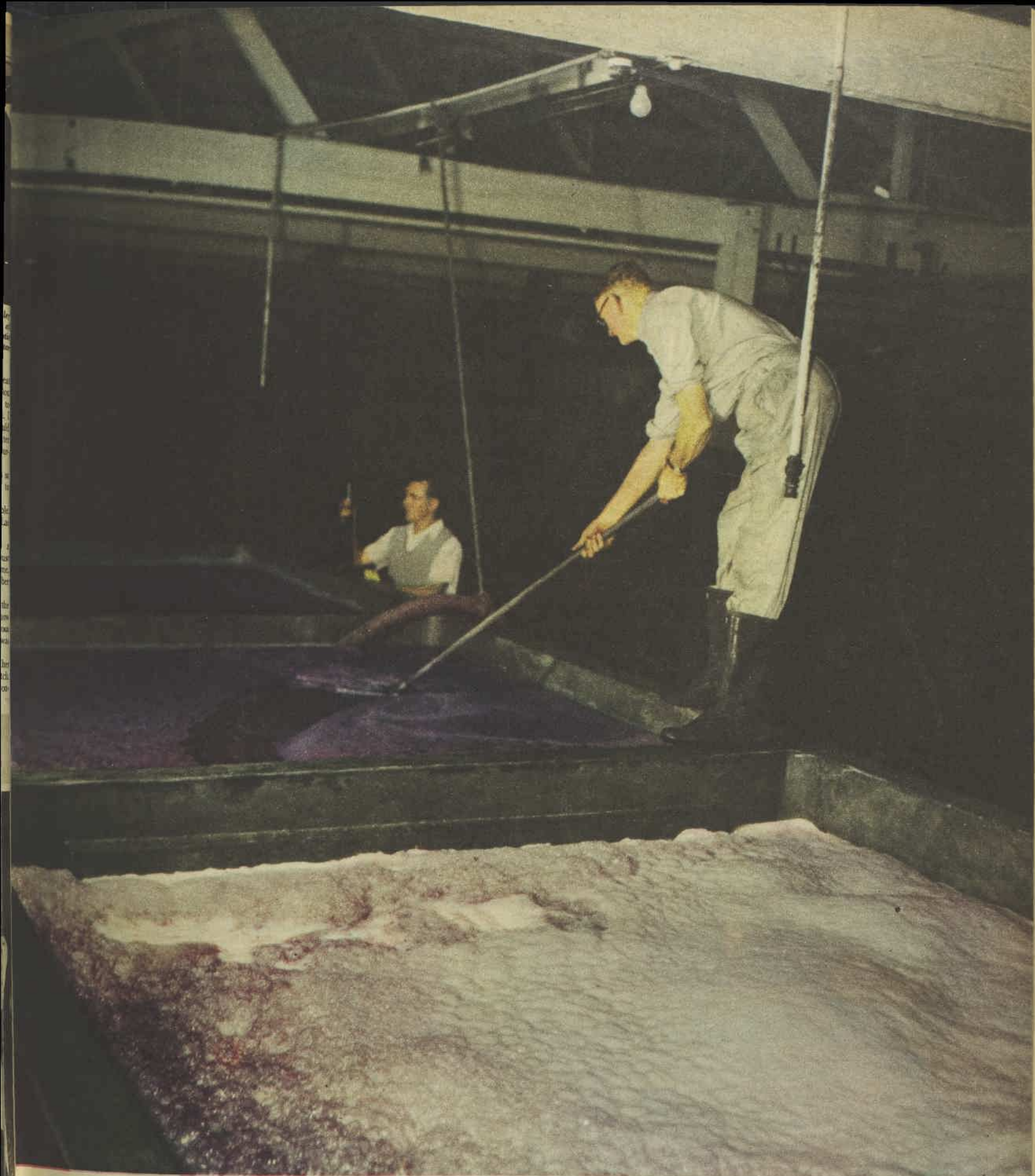
APPREHENSIVE. Carrying his suitcase and raincoat, he joins the other boys, ready for the new term's adventure at Cheam.



REFLECTIVE. A last look from the window for a leave to Miss Peebles before the school train leaves Paddington for Newbury, Berks.



FULL OF SMILES. He waves happily as the train finally moves off, and the Royal holiday is really over.



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

October 6 to October 10 is Australian Wine Week. Held in a different State capital each year, Wine Week 1958 is being celebrated in Adelaide, where leaders of the industry are meeting for vineyard inspections, wine tastings, and discussions. Grape cuttings and plants were brought to Australia by the First Fleet, but the pioneer of wine growing in Australia was John Macarthur, father of the sheep industry. He studied with vignerons in France, then cultivated French cuttings at his home, Camden Park, N.S.W. That State's



wine industry is today centred in the Hunter River Valley. In the 1956-57 season, Australian vineyards produced 29,000,000 gallons, most of it in South Australia; 1,750,349 gallons were exported to 47 countries. This picture by Max Farrell shows fermenting Shiraz grape juice in Mr. J. M. Guinand's Emu Winery at Morphett Vale, S.A. The foremost vat has fermented longest and has a deep layer of froth on top. In the centre vat scum is raked off to show the wine below; the fermenting wine in the third vat is being tested.

After 60, she started two brand-new careers

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

● A woman who started a physiotherapy course at 60 and had to give it up because of ill-health, then began painting at 72 as self-prescribed therapy thinks it "rather a bit of swagger" that one of her pictures is being exhibited.

SHE is 73-year-old English widow Mrs. Dora Grinsted, of Surfers' Paradise, Qld.

Her painting "Blitz on Britain" was selected by judges of The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize for hanging in an exhibition in Sydney only.

"Blitz on Britain" starkly recalls a summer morning in Bromley, on the outskirts of London, in 1943.

It is in the primitive manner, with a childlike innocence that has been likened to the work of "Grandma" Moses, the American who also started painting in her seventies.

Mrs. Grinsted is delighted at the success of her painting.

She began painting last year, busying her hands to try to ease the ache in her heart following her husband's death about two years ago.

She also wanted to challenge the physical pain and frustration of inactivity caused by the deterioration of a wartime hip injury.

"I'm not an artist by any means," she said. "I could not paint a leaf if I sat beside one all day."

"I just pour out my feelings and stored-up memories in color. It has the same effect as being able to talk over one's troubles with a friend."

"The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize was my first attempt at anything contemporary," she said shyly.

"In fact, I had to look up the word in the dictionary, which said 'contemporary' referred to a certain period."

"I'm too crippled to move about and see what is happening in Australia, so I started to paint war-torn England — a time deeply engraved on my mind."

"I felt, too, it would be good to get some of it out of my head."

"It took the deuce of a time."

"There were so many little figures to be done — welfare workers collecting homeless children, A.R.P. and Red Cross members, and all the people trekking to Chislehurst Caves for shelter."

"It had been a frightful night."

"Besides incendiaries, a land mine had exploded and the bombers and doodlebugs were still going over."

"Fires were raging everywhere."

"The parish church nearby had been hit. Only the tower was standing. Even family vaults had been blown up."

"In the rubble I remember seeing a torn piece of marble from a tomb, with the name Sir John Childs on it."

"The Childs' were an old Bromley family and so I put it in the painting."

Mrs. Grinsted, a Red Cross worker, saw many mornings like the one she painted.

In 1945 Mrs. Grinsted and her husband settled at Bournemouth, a popular place of retirement for elderly couples.

Mrs. Grinsted, however, had no thought of retirement. At 60, she started a three-year physiotherapy course.

"In 1894 I had won a scholarship to the London Polytechnic and had taken chemistry, hygiene, and other subjects, but I married instead of starting a career," she said.

"It wasn't until after nearly 40 years of marriage that I

realised I would have to hurry and do something useful with my life."

"I knew I must use my mind. Housework had never satisfied it."

Mrs. Grinsted not only completed her physiotherapy course by the time she was 63. She also made a special study of English and American experiments in color therapy and included it in the treatment of patients at a little clinic she opened in Bournemouth.

"In recent years it has been found that many nervous and emotional disorders respond to skilful use of color therapy," she explained.

"The treatment varies from the importance of introducing color as an 'appetiser' in foods to deep-breathing exercises performed in colored-glass cubicles."

After the Grinsteds had lived in Bournemouth for nearly eight years, the ageing couple felt a growing loneliness to be with their only daughter, Mrs. Vera Kraai, who had settled at Surfers' Paradise.

"My husband and I had very little money, but I planned to practise my work in Australia," Mrs. Grinsted said, recalling their high hopes when they left England in 1953.

Mrs. Grinsted, however, found little demand at Surfers' Paradise for a physiotherapist.

"The holidaymakers were too healthy to need me," she said with a smile.

Eventually her own health began to fail. A fall aboard ship on the way from England had aggravated her hip injury.



COURAGEOUS ARTIST Mrs. Dora Grinsted with her widowed daughter, Mrs. Vera Kraai, at their cottage home in View Avenue, Surfers' Paradise, Qld.

This, with another fall and a scalding accident to her thigh at Surfers', led to an isolated life within her home. She was too crippled to go out and make friends or keep in touch with patients.

With her world becoming smaller and smaller she turned to painting as a release from her mental and physical captivity.

Her daughter has a secretarial job at Southport and Mrs. Grinsted began to fill in the lonely hours by adventuring with tubes of paint and turpentine.

Her first paintings were done on cardboard from the backs of discarded cheque books brought home by Mrs. Kraai from her office.

"I have to keep expenses to a minimum and can't afford to use canvas yet," Mrs. Grinsted said wryly. "Managing on a pension doesn't leave much for extras."

"I would like to be able to paint well, particularly portraits, but I really don't even know how to apply paint smoothly."

"And to be frank, if I could afford the things I want, you wouldn't see me with a paintbrush at all."

"The thing I want most is to found a therapist centre where people could have treatment and also be able to unload their hopes and fears by talking about them, just as I have got my worries off my chest by painting."

Paintings in our 1958 Art Prize will be on view at the Art Gallery of N.S.W., Sydney, until October 19.

The gallery is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays to Saturdays, and from 2 p.m. till 5 p.m. Sundays.



"BLITZ ON BRITAIN," Mrs. Grinsted's entry in The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize. Mrs. Grinsted was a Red Cross worker in London during World War II.

Piper of the McLennan Clan

Duncan follows a family music tradition that dates from Scottish kings

● "To be a good piper you need infinite patience, a good musical sense, a reliable memory, supple fingers, and a natural bent for it."

"YOU see, there's a lot to it, lassie," continued Pipe-Major Duncan McLennan.

"You must be fit, too. A piper usually has to march while he plays, and you couldn't have a weak-looking piper."

Pipe-Major McLennan lives up to the standards he outlined to me.

His ability, long recognised, has placed him at the head of pipers of the Victorian Scottish Regiment and the Victorian Police Pipe Band, who will play at the Military Tattoo to be held at the Showground on October 9, 10, and 11.

Physically, he is a big, brawny Scotsman, whose commanding figure is well known to Australian pipers and people who like to listen to pipe bands.

Duncan McLennan's eyes glow and his Scottish accent becomes broader whenever he is asked to talk about pipes and their music.

Women's band

A warrant officer in the Regular Army, he spends all his leisure time piping.

He is Pipe-Major of the Victorian Scottish Regiment of the C.M.F. and teaches piping at weekends.

Before joining the Victorian Scottish Regiment in 1936 he was Pipe-Major of the Hamilton Pipe Band for five years, leading it to victory in the country championships.

He served with the 2nd/5th Battalion, A.I.F., during World War II, was wounded in Greece, captured on Crete, and spent four years in a prisoner-of-war camp.

After the war he was posted to Ballarat as cadet instructor and took the Ballarat Highland Pipe Band from C to A grade in competitions.

He also trained the Ballarat Ladies' Pipe Band for three years, during which it won two championships.

The McLennan Clan has been famous for its pipers for centuries.

"It began when we were made standard-bearers to the Scottish kings," said Duncan McLennan proudly.

"Probably one of the finest pipers ever was George Stuart McLennan, Pipe-Major of the Gordon Highlanders for many years from 1915."

Duncan McLennan's uncle, the late Lewis McLennan, was Pipe-Major of the Victorian Scottish Regiment for nine years and was succeeded by his nephew, Lewis became almost

a legend in Australian piping.

Major Donald McLennan, Duncan's second cousin, is one of Scotland's leading pipers. He is a former Pipe-Major of the Seaforth Highlanders, with whom he has made several recordings.

Duncan's brother Lewis, who recently served as Pipe-Major of the Pacific Islands Regiment, is now Pipe-Major of the Perth (W.A.) Highland Pipe Band, and instructs the Perth Scotch College pipe band.

Lewis is a McLennan family name.

"Louis was the name of a Frenchman who saved my great-great-grandfather from drowning off the Scottish coast in the 18th century," Duncan McLennan said.

"My great-great-grandfather called his next son Louis, and the name has been in each generation since, although it has become Lewis."

"One of the McLennans in Scotland must have changed the spelling. None of the Australian McLennans is to blame. Anyhow, we still pronounce it Louis."

Pipe-Major McLennan began piping as a nine-year-

By
**SHEILA
McFARLANE,**
staff reporter

old. He had lessons, whereas his famous Uncle Lewis had to run away from home to learn.

"My grandfather would not teach him to play by ear because it is not good enough, and the only way he could learn by music was to join the Army, so as a lad he ran away and joined the Seaforth Highlanders," said Duncan.

"He was known in the regiment as 'the little chanter' because he was never seen without his practice chanter."

"He became Pipe-Major of the Seaforths, served in India with them for 10 years, then returned home to join the Glasgow Police Force and became sergeant-piper of its famous pipe band."

Duncan McLennan also served in India as a young man. He was with the Highland Light Infantry from 1920 to 1927.

He has three sets of pipes—full, half, and chamber size.

"Chamber pipes should be played at home when you have difficult neighbors," he said.

There is no difference in the tone of a full and half set, but the chamber set is

particularly light and mellow.

Although all types of music are now played on the pipes, Pipe-Major McLennan said that only Col Mohr (the Gaelic term for "big music," meaning the classics) was played originally.

"In the early days, all the Col Beag ('little music,' such as marches, reels, jigs, hornpipes) was played on the harp," he said. "You see, we were very close to heaven, so used the harps a lot, but we've had to discard them in this modern world."

All pipes come from Scotland. Most are made from African blackwood, which is particularly resinous and does not crack easily.

Piping is an expensive hobby. The initial equipment for a piper in Australia costs at least £130.

The black cocks' feathers in the piper's Glengarry come from the Scottish moors. The Glengarries and sporrans also must come from Scotland.

The kilt, which takes six to eight yards of Scottish or Australian woven glaid, and the doublet (jacket) are made locally.

Most of Duncan McLennan's pupils are young men who became interested in Highland dancing, and from it graduated to piping.

"They have never mentioned having trouble with neighbors over their practising," he said.

"The pipes can make some queer noises when they are not played expertly, but they're no worse than the squeak of a violin, the shriek of a trumpet, the clatter of drums, or even the honk of a piano."

Piper son

Putting down his beloved pipes to have a cup of tea, Pipe-Major McLennan told me about his favorite drink—Athol Brose.

It is a mixture of whisky, honey, and oatmeal.

He has two sons. Duncan, jun., who is even taller than he, is in the pipe bands of the Victorian Police Force and the Victorian Scottish Regiment.

Duncan, jun., is doing well enough now, according to his father, but a couple of years ago, just at the "critical stage" in his piping career, he gave it up.

"To take on cycling of all things," his father moaned.

Younger son Donald, who is married, has not learnt the pipes, but his two little daughters wear tartan "track suits" whenever their grandfather visits them.



Pipe-Major Duncan McLennan, who will lead the pipers of the Victorian Scottish Regiment and the Victorian Police Pipe Band at the Military Tattoo at the Showground on October 9, 10, and 11. It will be the first tattoo held in Melbourne since 1955. When this photograph was taken, Duncan McLennan was playing "The Skye Boat Song" in the quadrangle at Victorian Scottish Regiment headquarters.

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COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Mead after their wedding at St. Andrew's Church, Corowa. Mrs. Mead was formerly Janet Fairley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Fairley, of Corowa, and Maurice is the son of the Bruce Meads, of Glen Waverley.



ON BOARD MARIPOSA are (from left) Mrs. Wolfgang Eger, Professor W. H. Trethowan, German Consul, Mr. Eger, and Mrs. Trethowan, who were among the 100 guests at the buffet dinner and film preview organised by the Naughty 'Nineties committee.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



FIRSTNIGHTERS at the Phillip Street Theatre for the opening of the new revue "Bats" were Mr. and Mrs. John Meillon, who starred in the previous show. Mrs. Meillon (actress June Salter) wore a dramatic theatre coat of guipure lace.

CARLOADS of young guests will be converging on Newcastle on October 31 for the gala ball hosted by twenty-five of Newcastle's prettiest spinsters.

Faye Martin is the president of the committee and dark-haired Katy Baker is secretary . . . the 300 guests will have cocktails before the ball in Winns' Shortland Room.

The ball is only the start to a weekend of parties—and lots of the hardier types are hoping that the weather will be hot enough for a swim during the day.

SPORTING the smoothest suntan in Sydney is Angela Money, who's just home after seven months as ground hostess for Qantas in Darwin.

HOMEWARD bound on Iberia are Dr. and Mrs. Barry Leań and their young son, Ian—they've been living in France for two years while Barry has been doing scientific research. After they arrive, on October 21, they'll be living in Newcastle.

SPRING is in the air at last and some of the fashions are finally appearing outside the shop windows. My vote for the best dressed last week goes to Mrs. Gilbert Pratten, who really turned all heads in her slickly cut trapeze coat in vivid turquoise-blue over a white silk dress patterned in blue and green.

HOLIDAY in Victoria for the Lambert Lathams, of "Elliston," Scone, who are spending a few weeks at their seaside home near Melbourne.

EDWIN WILLIAM are the names chosen by Sue and Ken Kelly for their second son. Proud grandmamma Mrs. Joyce Snelling says, "But, of course, he'll be called Ned Kelly."

Anna



WEDDING GROUP. Bridesmaids (from left) Jennifer Garland, Helen Baldwin, and Pat Campbell with newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Robert Baldwin at their wedding reception at the Pickwick Club. Mrs. Baldwin was formerly Susan Sheaffe, the only daughter of the Roger Sheaffes, of "Euroka," Walgett. Robert is the elder son of the Harry Baldwins, of Walgett.



PRETTY BRIDE Mrs. Campbell Latimer walks down the aisle at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with her husband. The bride was formerly Patricia Lemon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Lemon, of Dulwich Hill, and Campbell is the second son of Mrs. C. Latimer, of St. Ives, and the late Mr. R. Latimer.

NEW UNDIES?

No, Lux-washed as often as a hankie!



Here's why the makers of **LUSTRE** lingerie advise

"Wash delicate undies in Lux because it's so safe"

You felt wickedly extravagant when you bought these lovely, delicate undies — because you knew, just one careless wash could ruin them! Yet — there they are — countless tubbings to their credit, but as sweet, fresh and new-looking as the day you bought them!

A Lux miracle? Well — it's just that Lux is so special — made from the purest baby mild soap. No harsh chemicals. Those transparent Lux diamonds wash thoroughly, but gently, leaving delicate fabrics soft and silky.

No wonder the makers of Lustre lingerie say: "Don't punish delicate fabrics with bar-soap rubbing or harsh-washing methods. Use Lux and keep the soft texture, the clinging fit and supple lines of your most precious undies!"



Lux is so safe . . . you'll want to use it always

WHEN IN THE FORUM



ALBERT STOCKLI, above, chef-director of The Forum, prepares a shellfish specialty, *Tribute to Triton*. Ingredients include lobster, shrimp, crabmeat and cherrystone clams.

COMMISSIONAIRE of The Forum wears a modified Roman helmet when greeting guests at the discreetly unobtrusive entrance. The barman works in a gladiator's tunic.



YOU EAT AS THE ROMANS ATE IN 50 A.D.

Story and pictures by
ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York staff

● A scholar embarking on a study of ancient Rome might pursue its art at the Louvre and its literature at the Vatican.

BUT—oh happy research!—he would have to come to a plush new restaurant in New York to plunge into the epicurean splendor of the patrician's dinner table, circa 50 A.D.

Only at The Forum of the Twelve Caesars could our man taste such exotica as Belgic pate of wild boar with sauce of Damascus plums, peacock en plumage, or Apician ramekin.

Since few scholars can afford the prices at The Forum, the management prints the menu in English, not Latin, in deference to its principal clientele—celebrities, bon vivants, prosperous showfolk, social nobles, advertising-agency men entertaining clients.

The occasional stray who thinks The Forum is just a classy pizza-joint gets turned back at the door. Dinner parties must be booked in advance.

The Caesars ate no minestrone or spaghetti, and neither do the patrons of The Forum.

The Forum's chef-director, Albert Stockli, has established pipelines to remote corners of the world for his rarer provisions. From France comes a steady stream of white asparagus, frogs' legs, mushrooms; truffles from Italy; grouse from Scotland; and (incredibly) wild boar from Wisconsin.

The recipes are the result of two-and-a-half years' solid research by Joseph H. Baum, vice-president of Restaurant Associates, the firm behind The Forum.

Baum and his colleagues browsed through libraries and museums in the U.S. and Europe to bring to New York one of the most comprehensive bibliographies ever assembled on ancient Roman customs and cuisine.

Apicius, an early Roman epicure, gets the credit for most of The Forum's authentic specialties. Other research inspired such creations as the Lucullan Fantasy (king crab, heat and pink caviare), Tribute to Triton (an offering of various shellfish), and Caviar Imperator (on an ice throne with vodka and other accoutrements).

A prelude to the 178-item menu begins with a quotation from Catullus: "Cenabis bene . . . apud me. 'You will dine well at my table.' Thus might a Caesar invite the guests to share the epicurean treasures gathered for him from all the Roman world. 'Tonight we invite you to sup with the Caesars; you will dine well!'"

Unobtrusive elegance

And the patron does indeed sup with the Caesars—all 12 of them from Julius (44 B.C.) to Domitian (96 A.D.). They are represented in heroic paintings done by the 7th century Italian Camillo Procaccini.

The Forum's decor is a study in unobtrusive elegance. The entrance is discreet, marked only by the street number in Roman numerals and a faintly etched "THE FORUM" on the marble facade, using "V" for "U" (just like on the public library).

Other quaint touches lend atmosphere. The restaurant's telephone number is given as "Plaza VII-IV-V-O." The commissionaire wears a modified Roman helmet. The barman chills his wines in up-ended Roman helmets of spectacular silver.

Instead of salt-cellar, the tables are set with reproductions of the salinum, or open salt stand, symbol of affluence in ancient Rome (whence the expressions about guests seated "above the salt" and "below the salt").

A brilliant mosaic of life in ancient Rome dominates the cocktail lounge. Waiters wear modified purple tunic, clasped with a medal.

But the dining-room is furnished with con-



A PEACOCK, on its way to a Forum dinner-table, being inspected by chef-director Stockli and Joseph Baum, who spent 2½ years in research into Roman methods of cooking.

temporary banquettes, chairs, and tables.

"We decided to suggest subtly, rather than document, ancient Rome," Baum told me. "We tried to concentrate on the positive contributions made by the Romans and not on their excesses and debaucheries."

"So—no togas, couches, or lion pits."

As for the staff, they are all properly deferent before their Caesar-like customers. Before the restaurant opened last December, they attended special indoctrination lectures and screenings of the film "Quo Vadis" and "Fabiola." They read Suetonius' "Lives of the Twelve Caesars." None, however, has been caught so far computing his bills in Roman figures.

It is possible to enjoy the atmosphere and the food at The Forum of the Twelve Caesars with no thought of history. That is, in fact, the best way. Gibbon says it was over-indulgence that helped bring down Imperial Rome. But that was before the invention of bicarbonate of soda.

● **Apician Ramekin.** Recipe by Forum Chef Albert Stockli: 1 stalk leek; 4 eggs; 2oz. burgundy; ½lb. beef marrow, diced. Boil leek until tender (about 15 to 20 minutes). Dice leek and saute with marrow. Add burgundy and simmer for 10 minutes. Place mixture in equal amounts in four ramekin dishes (or souffle cups). Drop one raw egg in each dish. Place dishes in shallow pan containing ½in. of water. Place pan in 350-degree oven for 5 to 7 minutes. Remove and serve at once.

CREPES OF THE MAD NERO being prepared in the main dining-room for two enchanted guests. A pancake is filled with chopped nuts, browned butter, and honey, then flamed with cointreau, rum, and cognac.



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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE started my glory-box with two pairs of pink sheets, also pink and lavender hand and bath towels. The color will be just right for my hair and kind to my skin. And in about 15 years from now my husband and I will be looking at home plans for a neat little two-bedroom home. Is this the dream of a teenager? No, it is the plan of a long-married couple with three daughters and two sons who will be planning for a second honeymoon and a quiet life when their children are happily married.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Bentley, Cobbin Parade, Belmont, N.S.W.

MUCH has been said about our younger generation, but many people overlook the fact that an increasing number of young people patronise the arts. In these days when the crude appeal of rock-'n'-roll attracts many, it is heartening to see the numbers going to symphony concerts, opera, and the ballet. I am a regular concertgoer and I have been surprised at the increasing numbers of young people at symphony and youth concerts.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Clark, 301 Wanneroo Road, Tuart Hill, Perth.

WHY do so many people talk childishly to their children when they are just learning to talk? Such things as "gee-gee," "bubba," and lots of others really make me mad. Our daughter, aged two, can express herself far better than children twice her age. Baby talk is taboo in our house and the child is much better for it. Let's do away with all that "itty-bitty," "moo-cow," and such.

10/6 to Mrs. J. E. Oakes, 35 Lovett Street, Ulverstone, Tas.

I WONDER why the makers of matches don't put out different box sizes? For instance, a smaller box would be useful for the handbag, standard size for the men, and, a boon to the housewife, a giant box that would not only hold more matches but would be too big for the man of the house to slip into his pocket "by mistake."

10/6 to Mrs. F. O'Reilly, 2 Hygeia Street, Garden City, Vic.

I HEAR that the response to the adult anti-poliomyelitis campaign has been disappointing, and people who were anxious to protect their children by inoculation are themselves refusing protection. It is hard to follow their reasoning. My chief concern is for my family. Should I be a polio victim, the added burden falls upon my husband and children. Should he become a victim then the burden of providing for him and the children would be on my shoulders. We can scarcely wait for immunisation, knowing we are not only protecting ourselves but each other as well as the children.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Hastings, 33 Ferndeil Street, Chester Hill, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

I WONDER whether readers could send me their old Christmas and birthday cards? I make boxes with them and need a lot. Any type of card is suitable, especially those with flowers, birds, animals, and scenes.

Sent in by Mrs. T. J. Jeffrey, Private Bag, Broadmeadows, via Smithton, Tas.

AFTER the war I met on board ship a high-class Chinese businessman. I mentioned during our conversation that I had noted the evident devotion of Eurasian womenfolk towards their white husbands. The old man smiled and commented: "True contentment and happiness come to the man who marries the girl who loves him — not from marrying the girl he loves."

10/6 to Fred Rankin, P.O., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Endowment

IN common with "Snowy" (17/9/58) I appreciate very much the help of child endowment. However, I am tired of people who seem to think that because one has four children (all boys who are hard on their clothes) one has financial security with all problems solved. If one happens to mention it is difficult to keep all four looking their best all the time, it is immediately flung back, "Oh, but your endowment should clothe them." I find it better to do the best possible and keep all comments to myself.

10/6 to Mrs. S. Holmes, 6 Burr Street, Bendigo, Vic.

Family affairs

MANY difficulties are encountered by mothers of toddlers who refuse to eat the right food. My little son hated milk and eggs. This problem I overcame by introducing the "fairy's magic drink." The said drink was merely an egg flip, colored, flavored, and served in a special glass. My unsuspecting toddler quaffed it with relish and asked for more.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. F. Harvey, "Green Gables," Argus Street, Cheltenham, Vic.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I SPENT my holidays painting the house. A lot of men out our way do this now.

One of them will say to another: "Where did you go for your holidays?"

His friend replies: "We went over the outside walls with lobster-pink Splashe" (or Daubex, as the case may be).

My wife took part in the painting, of course.

We believe in spending our holidays together.

"Free!" I cried, when I woke up the first morning. "Two weeks with nothing to do except paint the house."

"I thought we might do a bit of weeding as well," she said.

"Yes—it'll make a nice break," I replied.

The holiday had been well planned in advance. We had studied a number of paint color charts.

The colors nowadays are so exciting it is hard to choose.

"Let's do the girls' bedroom in smog-grey with a feature wall of warm kipper."

"M-m-m-m. It might look better with matured-cheese walls and a ceiling in sunburn-red."

KNOCKING OFF WORK

We settled finally on tropic-dawn and pale celery.

When I climbed the ladder and started on the ceiling I felt full of the holiday spirit.

Before long I splashed some pale celery paint on the varnished door of the cupboard.



I climbed down the ladder to rub it off.

As I walked over the newspapers on the floor, drips of pale celery on the paper stuck to my shoes.

To get a cloth I had to walk over some floor where there was no newspaper.

The pale celery came off my shoes on to the floor.

I got down on the floor and rubbed it off, then went back up the ladder.

At the top of the ladder I remembered I had not wiped the paint off the cupboard, and came down again.

The pale celery wouldn't come off the cupboard, though. It made a stain. I called my wife in.

She gave a moan of anguish and said: "We'd better ring Uncle Fred and ask what to do."

Uncle Fred said we would have to french-polish the cupboard.

As we knocked off for lunch I said: "I hope you're not finding our holiday a teeny bit disappointing."

"I'm having a wonderful time," she replied grimly.

Some of the going was tougher later on.

There was a tropic dawn crisis. We found tropic dawn clashed with the bedspreads and had to switch to old mullet.

But all holidays have to come to an end.

Now I'm back at work again, with my memories.

I must say I've never liked work so much.

The Pink Hat

By ROSSA WILLIAMSON

THE pink hat was perfect from every angle. It complemented and flattered her dark hair and eyes. "But twenty-seven dollars!" Brooke said. She rested her chin in a hand and leaned towards her reflection.

"You look lovely, Brooke Eden," she told herself. "You look like an heiress or maybe a princess. And you never looked like that before." She removed the pink-feather hat and picked up her small black felt and set it on her head. "See what I mean? Now you look exactly what you are. A twenty-year-old in her first job, making a hundred and fifty dollars a month and paying board and insurance and hospitalisation and lunches and bus fares and . . ." She turned to the saleswoman. "Haven't you anything like it but not so expensive?"

The saleswoman looked sympathetic. "I'll see," she said. There were other pink hats, but they weren't beautiful, glamorous, out-of-this-world, twenty-seven-dollar hats. They made her look like nothing but Brooke Eden, typist. What more could you expect of a five-dollar hat? Then quietly the saleswoman picked up the dearer hat again and poised it delicately on Brooke's head. And again the girl's brown eyes glowed and her skin took on a soft radiance.

"Just think how your boss' head will turn when you walk in with it," the saleswoman said.

In the mirror Brooke's eyes looked startled. "You don't know my boss. He thinks young people should save their money—as he did."

The saleswoman went tch-tch-tch, but her eyes met Brooke's with ironic challenge. "Well?"

"I'll take it," Brooke said, opening her purse. "And I'll wear it. After all, when you pay twenty-seven dollars for a hat, you can't afford to waste a minute of it."

She went down the broad aisle, between the purses and jewellery, and through the revolving doors. It was windy on the Avenue, and she put up a hand to steady her hat. She walked along, catching her reflection in all the big windows. She felt sure that something wonderful was going to happen—that by stepping out of her five-dollar groove she had completely altered the course of her life.

At the corner opposite the Chalfort Building, where she worked, she stopped on the kerb and waited for the lights,

still holding her precious hat. A young man, waiting beside her, smiled at her. He was a pleasant young man—tall, hatless, with browned skin and white teeth, Brooke smiled back.

"Quite a wind, eh?" he said.

"Quite," she answered, and then—whether she'd relaxed her hold on the hat or the wind was all at once more furious—the pink puff was suddenly yanked from her head and sailed out into the street.

The young man made a prodigious leap for it, stepping off the kerb and almost getting knocked down by a big car that honked madly at him. Brooke screamed and caught his arm. "Don't! You'll be killed!" The hat disappeared.

When the lights changed, there in the cleared traffic lane lay a sad little pancake. It was no longer pink—or even a hat any more. Brooke took it from the young man's hand and then with a little shudder she dropped it, and they went on to the other side of the street.

At the kerb the young man said, "I'm sorry. It was a nice hat."

"It cost twenty-seven dollars."

"Whew! Was it insured?"

"No." She shook her head, and her lips trembled. "I bought it just ten minutes ago." Her mouth went completely out of control, and she turned and ran towards the entrance of the Chalfort Building.

Mr. Brisbane looked at her and then at the clock when she came into the office of the Brisbane Real Estate Company. There were still two minutes before she had to be seated at her machine, so he needn't have done that.

Clack, clackety, clack . . . She shuddered as she thought of the dismal pancake lying in the middle of the street, and her heart gave a new lurch of terror as she thought of the young man's chivalrous leap into traffic. Who was he? Would she see him again?

Brooke was terribly tired that night and went to bed early. She had walked home because, having spent the twenty-seven dollars that would ordinarily take care of her bus fare, lunches, and so forth, she was faced with a period

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"Leave it! You'll be killed!" Brooke screamed as the young man made a flying leap after her hat.



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It was an international match . . . a gay romance

By N. J. CRISP

Girl who loved a Yank

CAPTAIN MARK CLAYTON, of the United States Air Force, drove his little English car slowly along the village street. The roads in the English cities were always uncomfortably narrow, yet the main street of this village of Purbridge was wide enough to accommodate a six-lane highway. This generous allocation of space was not truly necessary, since the main London road passed a mile clear of the village, to the south, and what little traffic went through the village did so diffidently, as if apologising for crossing the dogs' and children's playground.

At first, Mark had stared and wondered critically, but he did so no more. He accepted it. It was England. And recently he had come to like England a great deal.

He glanced at his watch, saw that he was ten minutes early, and parked his car at the side of the road. He loosened his collar. With the engine switched off, the silence of sleep surrounded him, but it was quickly cracked by a familiar roar. A great four-engined bomber climbed low over the outskirts of Purbridge, its engines beating the heat into great waves of sound.

Mark watched critically. One wing seemed a little low, but then it moved up slowly to match its fellow, and the bomber disappeared, taking its noise with it. The village returned to its silent state, the tiny shops drowsing behind their blinds. The chemist, white-coated, came out of his shop and stood idly looking after the aeroplane. He waved to Mark and started to come over, but Mark pointed to his watch and drove away.

Jill was early. She was already waiting on the river bridge just below the old mill. She smiled, and squeezed his hand. "You can see the trout," she said.

The trout wiggled incessantly, grey shadows, noses an inch from the stone buttresses of the bridge, while the current streamed past them.

"They look cool," said Mark.

"You can swim, farther down the river."

"No costume. But let's go and watch."

There was no one swimming, and they sat on the grass, fanned by the river-cooled air. Mark waited, chewing a piece of grass, but Jill was apparently content to watch the flowing water. At last he said, casually, "What news?"

"Bad, I'm afraid, Mark."

Her lovely face was grave, and Mark touched her hair. "Did you tell him everything?"

"Yes. I told him that we're much in love, and that I want to get married in September so that I can go to the States with you."

"And?"

"He won't hear of it. He says that I am much too young and that . . . well, never mind. I'm much too young."

"Can he stop us?"

"Yes, Mark. I explained it to you. Until I'm twenty-five I need his consent. And that's two years away."

Mark stood up and straightened his tunic. He held out his hand. "Come on, honey."

"Where?"

"We're going to see your father."

Her self-control crumpled a little, and she stared at him helplessly. "No, Mark! We can't!"

"Sure we can. I'll say: 'Now look, Colonel Blair, sir. See you are Jill's father, you must be a fine man. Now I want to marry your daughter, so let's talk it over reasonably. And after a while, we'll get friendly, and then . . .'"

"No, Mark."

Her beauty still stopped his breath as it had on the day they met. She was fair as the English cornfields, and grace enchanted him.

She patted the grass. "Sit down, Mark."

He sat down and she said: "There's another reason. I shall have to tell you to make you understand."

"What is it?"

"Mark, he—he hates Americans. I said could I at least bring you along to meet him, and he . . . got quite angry. He said he would never admit an American to his house."

It was not an uncommon attitude, and Mark flushed. He was about to answer angrily, but he stopped at the sight of Jill's face. She was laughing at him, and after a moment he grinned. "I'm sorry. No good biting your head off. I'll darn it—"

"I know, darling. But you see now why you can't go to see Daddy."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1941



ILLUSTRATED BY

As Jill poured Mark's tea, she frowned and shook her head at him, so he guessed her father must be somewhere close by.

They talked round and round the subject, and the more they talked the farther out of focus it went.

"Two years!" said Mark, disgustedly. "How can I live without you for two years?"

"That's sweet."

"Yes, but what are we going to do?"

"Something will happen. It will be all right."

Her blue eyes were very large and clear, and he could only grin at her. "Maybe you're right. At least we'll be able to see each other for the next five days."

"No, we won't, Mark."

He frowned, not understanding. "But I've fixed it. I don't have to fly again until Monday. I changed duty with another fellow."

"I shall not be free. There are a number of jobs I have to do for my father. I'm sorry, but—"

Mark burst out: "The old devil! He's only trying to keep us apart. How can you let—?"

She leaned over and kissed him on the mouth, first softly, and then hard. She whispered: "I'm very much in love with you, darling, but until now he's been everything to me. I hardly knew my mother at all. I can't suddenly stop loving him."

Her arms were round his neck, and her hair, soft and ine-span, brushed his cheek. She made him feel large and lumsy. He said, "I'm sorry," into her hair.

She leaned back, smiling, and stroked his cheek. "I must go now. Take me back to the bridge."

During the days when stagecoaches had rattled across the and, and before the new London road had been built to the south, Purbridge had been an important stage on the run from London to the West. To bed and feed the passengers, a fine coaching inn was built, with a tall archway leading to a cobbled courtyard.

Today, the courtyard was overgrown, and some of the customers might speak in the accents of Texas or Wisconsin, but the landlord still let rooms with great beds encased in sheets cool as snow, with a china jug and basin on the washstand table. In the morning, Boots brought a metal jug of hot water to the room, for shaving, and the breakfast might have contented Mr. Pickwick.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

Mark could not face going back to the airfield, and he booked a room at the inn. The long bar was a refuge from the evening heat outside, and Mark saw with pleasure that the village doctor, Harry Matthews, was leaning on the counter, talking to a little group.

"Hiya, Doc," said Mark. It was a standard greeting. Harry claimed that no American would ever say, "Hallo, Doctor," as Mark had done when first they met.

The doctor's face was tense and frowning, and Mark was quick to recognise a companion in misery.

"What's the trouble? Serious?"

The doctor nodded and signalled for a pint of beer.

"Anything I can do?"

"Yes. Drink this."

Mark sipped the beer with appreciation, and the doctor went on: "Yes, it's very serious. We're a man short for the cricket match tomorrow."

Mark started to laugh, realised too late that a mouthful of beer was on the way down, and choked into his handkerchief. The doctor watched him coldly. "Serves you right. It's nothing to laugh about."

Mark recovered a little and said: "So you're drowning your sorrows?"

"Nothing of the kind. These gentlemen and myself constitute the selection committee. We always meet here in the inn. It's a very convenient meeting-place."

Mark eyed the row of empty glasses, felt for some money, and gestured to the landlord. "Yes. I can see it is."

"This is no ordinary cricket match," said the doctor. "Tomorrow is the day when we should deal out righteous retribution to Brickellford."

Mark remembered a bridge crossing a railway line, with a church on one side and stone cottages strung out in each direction: all seen, flattened, from the air, and sliding away under one wing.

"Isn't that the place about fifteen miles to the east?"

"That's it. And there's bad blood. Very bad blood. Ever since the day they poached our most promising young batsman."

The remainder of the selection committee spoke in turn. "And they won the ploughing match by a trick!"

"Then there was the point-to-point when their rider won by cutting across and missing two jumps!"

"And now they're playing Larkin, who isn't even a Brickellford man!"

"Ah!"

They drank deeply to control their feelings.

Harry Matthews put down his glass. "So you see," he said, now that all was clear, "how important it is that we thrash the blighters. And we're a man short, dammit! A man short!"

Mark said: "Can't you find someone else?"

"We've tried every able-bodied man and boy in the village. But not being regular cricketers they're afraid of Larkin. And you can't blame them."

"Larkin?"

"He's a fast bowler, really fast, who's played for the county a few times. Brickellford have roped him in for this one game."

One of the selection committee said: "They say they're actually paying him for the match, too!"

"Ah!"

"When Brickellford find out that we can't even raise eleven men, they'll laugh their silly heads off."

The doctor's eyes were fixed miserably into space, but then they focused slowly on Mark's insignia. Equally slowly, he placed his glass on the bar.

"Mark," he said, in an odd, gentle voice, "you've seen danger, I expect."

"I guess so."

"You wouldn't be afraid of a little ball, would you?" His voice was rising. "You've been here long enough to qualify as a Purbridge man. You play for us tomorrow!"

"Now wait a minute. I don't know anything about cricket."

The doctor refused to listen. "That doesn't matter. It's just to make up the team. We shall look such fools if we only field ten men."

The selection committee added their urgings, and Mark

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The Teaspoon Locket

A short short story

By AUDREY GORDON

My thoughts wandered
back over the years as
I held the locket in my
hand.

I WAS going through the things in the cabin trunk, the one my father gave me and which he brought here from England with him fifty years ago.

It has long been used as a repository for all those odds and ends that I've never had the heart to throw away. You know the kind of thing—the certificates I won at school, Mother's Day cards, the pretty, useless evening frocks that are past their first glory, but which I think vaguely may come in handy for fancy dresses one day.

My nine-year-old daughter, Nan, was home on school holidays and was supposed to be helping me, but by the time she investigated everything that she touched it was more like hindering me. Although really I was not much better myself. I had stopped to read an old cookery book and then found a pile of old letters.

I was vaguely aware of Nan's mutterings, as she was enthralled with each treasure she was turning out. Then she came across a small round black box and lifted the lid.

"Oh, what's this?" she cried. I glanced up from the pile of old letters I had been reading.

She was entranced with the collection of pseudo jewellery in the box; broken pendants, a signet ring I never wear, the half-sovereign which my favorite aunt gave me the year I was born.

I took from her hand a small round silver object, rather clumsy, but unmistakably heart-shaped, made to be worn on a chain.

Looking out the window at the sweep of blue gum trees, I didn't really notice them. There was a sound of surf in my ears and the smell of the sea on the wind. Under my feet I could feel the hot prickling sand, and the summer sky over me was wide and blue.

I was fifteen when David and I met. He was a little older and a year ahead of me at school. His people had moved into a house near ours, and we had struck up an instant friendship.

Like most of the youngsters in our group of friends, we spent nearly all our free time on the beach nearby. From our homes we could climb down on to the beach, over rough steps hewn into the cliff face.

We had a favorite meeting place. On Takapuna Beach there are two large rocks that jut out into the water at high tide. Everyone calls them the King and Queen. They make a wonderful natural sundeck and diving-board. We would swim until we were tired, then stretch out on our towels on the rocks and dry off in the sun.

There was always a crowd there through the long hot summer weekends and when the Christmas holidays came. It was a golden year.

Towards the end of March the days began to grow cooler, and the other boys and girls began to drift away from the beach. Late one after-

noon David and I sat on the rock together.

The long sweep of the beach was almost deserted, for a cold wind had sprung up and most of the bathers had gone home.

I shivered and hugged my towel around me. There were goose pimples on my legs, and I knew I should also go before one of my brothers was sent to call me. Yet I was reluctant to leave. David was lying on his stomach tracing pictures on the sand with his finger.

I looked idly down at the sand. He felt my eyes on him and stopped what he was doing, then swept his hand across the sand so that it was ruffled.

I had seen what he had drawn, though; over and over again, inter-twined hearts with his initials in one and mine in the other. For a moment we said nothing.

David put his hand over mine. It was warm, and for a moment I let it stay there. Then I jumped to my feet and said quickly, "I must be going."

David stood up, too. Even then he was nearly six feet tall, and I was as tall as I would ever be, which is five feet three inches. Without premeditation his arms went around me, and we kissed.

It wasn't a very successful kiss; we bumped noses and I dropped my towel when I stood on tiptoe; but his lips were firm and warm and tasted of salt water. I suddenly knew that I had been wanting David to kiss me for a long time.

As the year passed into winter we knew without any shadow of a doubt that we were in love. As David had a curious younger

brother, and I an equally interested and unscrupulous elder sister, we invented a code so that we could write to each other without our letters being read by anyone else.

David purloined one of his mother's best teaspoons, and spent many secret hours in their workshop fashioning it into a heart-shaped locket for me to wear.

We could hardly bear to be away from each other, and we were determined that just as soon as we were old enough we would marry.

Our families regarded us with amused tolerance, and I once overheard Mrs. Pettigrew saying lightly to my mother over a cup of tea, "They'll grow out of it. These calf-love affairs never last long." I bristled. Calf love, indeed! I told David, and he smiled.

"They'll see," he said, and left it at that.

We were totally unprepared for the blow that fell. David's father was suddenly transferred to the Sydney branch of his firm, and the Pettigrew family were to be uprooted and transplanted across the Tasman.

I cried myself to sleep for weeks,

until even my brothers stopped teasing me about it.

The night before David left I slipped away from the house and went down to the beach. It was already dusk, and the moon had risen early and was peering cautiously over Rangitoto's shoulder at the sea.

I knew David would be waiting for me, and as I reached the bottom step I could see him sitting on the bank in the shadow of a giant pohutakawa.

We talked for a long time that night, and when we finally kissed goodbye we had promised to write faithfully until David came back to New Zealand.

Until he came back... Even that was wishful thinking, we both knew, because David knew that once over in Sydney his family would do their utmost to get him into a job there, living at home with them. So our hearts were heavy as we parted on the beach for the last time.

I think we both knew that our young love was too delicate and unformed to be asked to stand the test of a long separation, though

neither of us would admit to the thought. We would never meet again on quite the same footing, and I felt that a chapter in my life was closed when David went out of it.

I smiled a little sadly as my daughter's voice chased away the vision of sun and sand and sea, and I was in the outback, where the sea is out of sound and sight, and pohutakawa trees are but a memory of scarlet and green. Nan was still puzzling over the teaspoon heart.

"Why, it's got a little catch in it," she said, and pressed it.

"What's that you've found?" said my husband from the doorway. He was frowning a little.

Nan opened the locket, then closed it and dropped it back in the box.

"I thought it might have been something exciting," she said, disappointed. "A present from an old flame or something. It's just a picture of Daddy!"

I dropped the lid of the trunk and went to get David his afternoon tea.

(Copyright)

Hide my eyes

Beginning an absorbing mystery serial by MARGERY ALLINGHAM

THE arrival of the bus was timed to perfection. Nobody of the slightest importance saw it at all. Traffic was slack, the theatres were only halfway through the evening performances, and no police were due on point duty until the after-the-show crush seventy minutes away.

Almost more significant still, if one were seeking a reliable eye-witness, Commissioner George Wardle had just stepped down into the staff room of the "Porch" for his mid-evening pint and sausage, and so was not on duty outside the famous old restaurant, which faces the Duke of Grafton's Theatre and the dark entrance to Goff's Place which runs down beside it.

The spring rain was fortuitous, but it was an enormous help. It turned out to be one of those settled downpours which, in London, seem to involve more actual water than anywhere else, and there became a penetrating and absorbing irritant guaranteed to keep the mind of the passer-by upon himself and his discomforts.

The bus came trundling along from the eastern end of the Avenue, looking archaic but not nearly so noticeable as it might well have done if there had been no fashion for vintage petrol-driven vehicles in the West End. It was a small closed single-decker of the type still used in remote country districts. Shabby but comfortable looking, its snugness was enhanced by absurd little woollen curtains trimmed with bobbles and draped at small discreet windows like those on elderly French airliners. It was lit from within by a single low-powered bulb and only the passengers on the front seat were visible from the street.

These were in tune with the vehicle, two cosy figures, plump and elderly, in decent out-of-town finery. The man wore a hard hat above his rounded beard, and his wife—for one could not imagine that he was out with any other woman—wore beads on her out-of-date bonnet and a rug wrapped round her stiff shoulders. They were not talking but dozing, as the old do, and looked warm and protected and out of the wet.

The driver swung the bus neatly into the Goff's Place entry and turned it into the tiny cobbled space behind the theatre. The Place was a minute cul-de-sac, an airshaft shared by the Duke of Grafton's and the three tall houses whose back doors and fire-escapes gave on to it. These were shops and faced the other way on to Deban Street, Soho, which runs nearly but not quite parallel with the Avenue.

The original Goff had long been lost in obscurity. His Place now contained nothing but a telephone booth, a street drain transformed on this occasion into a whirlpool, and a single, rather fancy light bracket sticking out over the Grafton's stage door.

For the past five hundred weekdays at this time in the evening the area had been crammed with just such country coaches up from the villages with parties to see the latest domestic musical in the series for which the theatre was noted. But tonight the building was dark. The piece had finished its run and spring-cleaning was not due to begin for another twenty-hour hours.

The driver parked the country bus with remarkable care. It took him some little time to get his clumsy vehicle exactly into the position he desired, and even when he had succeeded the purpose of the manoeuvre was not apparent. True, the bus faced the exit ready to drive out again, but its rear door, by

which all passengers must ascend or alight, was almost directly above the step of the back entrance of one of the Deban Street shops, while the nearside of the bus was hard against the telephone booth, screening it entirely from the sight of the Avenue.

With this lighted kiosk obscured, the whole area had become appreciably darker and the driver was only just discernible in the streaming gloom as he sprang out of his seat, his black oilskins flickering below the white plastic top of his peaked cap. He was carrying a small leather attache case and turned into the booth with it.

In the coach the old people did not move. If indeed they had arrived late for a performance which was not taking place anyway, the fact did not appear to worry them. They sat close together in the warm, dozing, while the rain poured over the tiny window beside them like a brook over a boulder.

The yard itself might have been at the bottom of a fountain, so drenched and dark and remote it was from the unnatural brightness of the Avenue, where the illuminated signs and the shop windows blazed at empty pavements and the tarmac glittered like coal.

In the telephone booth the driver settled himself with his back against the wall, wedged his case on a small shelf under the instrument, and felt in his pocket. He appeared to know how much money he had, a crumpled ten-shilling note and eight separate pennies, for he found them at once and put them on top of the case, but it did not prevent him from making a complete search. When he was satisfied at last he thrust the screwed-up note into the other side pocket of his coat and took up the coins.

His peaked cap cast a shadow which was as dark as an eye mask over the upper part of his face, but the plane of his thin cheek and strong jaw and neck muscles caught the light. The impression was of a youngish face, probably handsome, but at the moment frankly horrible. Either through a trick of the light or because of some unexplained condition its whole nerve pattern was apparent, dancing and quivering under the stretched skin. He was also smiling as he stretched out a gaunt hand for the instrument.

The telephone was one of the ordinary dial and coin-in-the-slot variety, fitted with the A and B button money-back device, but the driver ignored the printed instructions. He inserted four of his coins, dialled a number, and then slid down in the booth so that he could peer up through the rainy dark at the back of the house directly in front of him.

For thirty seconds he listened to the number ringing out and then, high up in the building, a pale oblong of yellow light sprang into existence. He pressed the A button immediately, so that as soon as he heard his caller he was able to speak without any tell-tale click betraying that he was in a public-box.

"Hullo, is that you, Lew? You're still there, are you? Can I come round?"

The voice, pleasant and schooled as an actor's, was unexpected, the undertone of excitement transmuted into confidence.

"Come round? Of course you can come round. You'd better. I'm waiting, aren't I?"

To page 65

"I mean, what was in it? What was on the seat?" Annabelle said when he did not reply to her question.

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD



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(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity)

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Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour later. Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzae, Streptococcus pyogenes, Pneumococcus Type II, Streptococcus salivarius and other "secondary

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Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:

- Hepatitis
- Pneumonia
- Poliomyelitis
- Influenza
- Scarlet Fever
- Common Cold



It seems to me

LAATEST news about mice: In America they are being used as passengers in miniature submarines which are dunked in tubs of water.

The purpose is to study the physiological effects of submarine life.

When the history of this century is written mice and rats may emerge as the most important creatures of the time.

They go up in satellites and down in submarines. They are used in their millions for the study of diet and disease and the effects of radiation.

If they were able to think and talk they might rebel against this role in modern affairs.

"Are we mice or are we bunnies?" one mouse might say to another. "We have no control over our fate at all."

To which a wiser mouse could reply: "Who has? If the gunfire on the islands of Quemoy gets louder there won't be much to choose between the lots of mice and men."



Dorothy Drann

NOW 71, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has made news for the greater part of her life.

She is a woman of intelligence, energy, and good sense. She has always played a prominent role in public affairs, and has made many pronouncements that were quoted in the world.

But nothing she has done or said has created such a stir of interest as her statement in her latest book, "On My Own," that she had three chocolate-covered balls before breakfast each day.

(The title of the book provokes an objection, but perhaps the chocolate is an effective disguise.)

She says that the garlic aids her memory. Inventing unlikely food combinations is a hobby with a small but select following. I have a family of sisters who were specially good at it. They had many brilliant thoughts on the subject, though their flights of fancy were, perhaps fortunately, translated to one of their ideas was pickled herring or red-currant jelly.

Even that pales beside chocolate with a mixture that may or may not aid the memory but is certainly memorable.

THIS week's carp concerns the current popularity of the word "level."

Hardly a speech or an annual report or a reference to discussion or activity "on the management level," "on the executive level," "on the university level."

Let's hope the fashion for the word levels off.

AND while we're grumbling about the spring is very conducive to grumbling), what DO the weather men mean by the word "mild"?

They use it freely in relation to a temperature of 65 degrees. Words mean different things to different people, and so do temperatures, but the Oxford Dictionary defines weather as "calm and warm."

Never mind, that kind of weather will be here and the weather men can give it the name they like.

AUSTRALIA has broken out in a rash of festivals in recent years.

Sydney's Waratah Festival will be followed by Melbourne's Moomba, and the country town celebrations are legion.

Anyone with leisure and an addiction to such goings on could proceed from town to town, from lilacs and cherry blossoms to jacarandas, with never a pause between.

In the past these celebrations have been marked by a fairly subdued air. Australians by nature are inclined to be staid, not given to pelting one another with flowers in the streets.

The first Sydney Waratah Festival was hardly noticeable to the average citizen going about his business.

But the impulse towards more and merrier festivals becomes increasingly marked. Time, and the mixture of migrant blood in the population, may change the national character.

LONDON police have organised an unofficial "go slow" strike because of a Scotland Yard edict that police should cease private tea-brewing and cups of tea from canteens.

The London policeman's wonderful. Or so we're always told;

Unruffled, smiling, unafraid—

If need be, firm and bold.

He's fond of tea, and, so it seems,

He likes to brew his own.

He doesn't want it mass-produced,

And there he's not alone.

You'd think the powers would take

And wisely let him be.

He only wants to make himself

A nice hot copper tea.

THEY GO TOGETHER FOR

Easier Polishing
Quicker
cleaning
Lasting
floor
beauty



Thrifty
30-oz. can

CHEX is concentrated

—just one part of CHEX to 20 parts of water is all you need to send dirt swirling away. So easy to use —the swish of a mop does the job! CHEX does *more* than clean—it preserves the original beauty and colour of your floor.

CHEX is ideal for:

- ★ Cork, vinyl and asphalt floor tiles.
- ★ Rubber flooring—prevents costly damage to those rich, beautiful colours.
- ★ Linoleum—both old and new.
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- ★ Terrazzo—enhances and preserves its charm.



Convenient
20-oz. can

Duraglo is the heavy duty liquid polish.

No stooping or bending! Just pour a little DURAGLO out of its non-spill can . . . spread it over your floor with a lambswool applicator . . . polish . . . then marvel at that rich gleaming lustre!

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- ★ Linoleum—leaves a gleaming anti-slip finish.
- ★ Wood floors—perfectly polishes all types.
- ★ Rubber flooring—gives greater protection from less applications.
- ★ Composition floors—that DURAGLO shine lasts and lasts.
- ★ Cork and soft vinyl flooring

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ADELAIDE: McFarling Sales Ltd., 15 Queen's Court (off Currie St. West). LA 3876, LA 1337.
LAUNCESTON: Peerless Emulsion Supplies Pty. Ltd., 137 George St. B 5291.
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GEELONG: Harold L. Young, Efficient Floor Surfacing Co., 141 Molap St. X 7777.
BALLARAT: Maurice W. Collins & Co., 6 Skipton St. Ballarat 520.
ALBURY: Provincial Floor Supplies, 817 Mote St. Albury F93.
ROCKHAMPTON: Ron Ball, Eldon Street, North Rockhampton, Rockhampton 5334.
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Remember—You'll save work the **Peerless** way!

SOME WORK...

Do millionaires



SOME MILLIONAIRES, wishing to prove their worth—apart from their wealth—devote their time and energy to public life. Averell Harriman, who chose politics, here holds his wife's hand aloft at the celebration of his election as Governor of New York in 1954.



MARSHALL FIELD, JUN., millionaire publisher of the Chicago "Sun-Times," and his wife with candidate Eisenhower just before he was elected President. Mr. Field once said he didn't give a damn about the money he had—he cared only about money he earned.



THE ROCKEFELLERS over three generations have given away millions for research and education. Here Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III welcome home their daughter, Sandra, after a visit to Britain last year, when she stayed with an ordinary family to learn how the other half lives in a campaign for better international relations.

YOU'RE RIGHT! They don't have the problems and worries that you do. But they do have a harassing set of their own. The psychology of the rich is here examined by E. M. D. WATSON.

● At a dinner party not long ago, Dorothy Parker wondered aloud what it would be like to be a millionaire. "I never expected to become a millionaire—but," she added, "I think I would be darling at it."

MOST people think they, too, would be darling at it. They would not be unhappy, like Barbara Hutton and Tommy Manville.

Unlike the thrift-ridden, rich Bostonians and the self-conscious Rockefellers, they would not be afraid to spend money on themselves.

They would really enjoy the Riviera, delight in each sip of a vintage wine.

"Money can't buy happiness," one heiress tried to tell a less solvent friend.

"Maybe—" replied the friend cynically—"but I'd rather cry myself to sleep on a silk pillow."

Millionaires grow more numerous every year; there are currently 33,000 in the United States. They are not all on the same financial level, of course.

There are the "poor" rich—those who have only a couple of million. On a slightly higher level are those who have perhaps five to ten million and who make nervous stabs at the social strata above them.

Then there are the even richer—an estimated 150 to 500 who won't ever have a thing to worry about, financially speaking, because they have 50 million or more.

In a more rarefied atmosphere are a handful, about 75, whose fortunes range from 75 million to 1000 million.

What can this favored group possibly fret about?

Real friends?

Just a few little things. For instance, just how do you tell your real friends from the hangers-on?

Is it your wealth and social standing that really intrigue them?

Children are another worry—how do you avoid spoiling them?

Then there is the problem of dealing with the crackpots who write asking for "only a million dollars" or a new washing-machine.

And there is your need to prove to the world that you're bright or talented or individual, or something besides rich.

Maybe that goal was established when Elsa Maxwell swore she'd give parties "to which everyone would want to come, but the rich would be invited only if they had something more important to offer than money."

Every super-rich man knows that every time he lays out a dollar, whether for lunch, a necktie, or a gift, a host of people will claim he's tight-fisted because it should have been more.

The rest will claim it's too much—he is flaunting his riches.

Moreover, almost no one treats the very rich like normal human beings.

A neighbor of the Rockefellers in Tarrytown, New York, once wrote an open letter to her "rich neighbors" which tells something of the reason for this.

"You are simple," the letter read, "you are kind. And yet we are not friends. . . . The explanation is your money."

"We are so afraid that you will think we are after it that we dare not talk freely on any of the subjects which interest us most deeply—because those subjects are all objects; and objects always need money."

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, jun., replied: "Most rich people seem unresponsive, but it is not entirely their fault; they are not treated naturally. . . . The rich are given what they are expected to want. . . . A sense of humor and a good mind may be hidden beneath a tiara."

But, oddly enough, most people don't seem to think so. One reason is that the rich are commonly afflicted with a fear that makes it impossible for them to behave naturally themselves—the fear of being taken.

Seen in the light of this fear, even a normal pleasantry or an impulsive kindness becomes a cause for suspicion.

Riches attract all kinds of people, and the rich naturally fear to become friendly with those who may have ulterior motives.

With huge households to manage, they frequently become convinced—with or without justification—that money and possessions are finding their way into the pockets of retainers.

The behaviour resulting from this belief often looks like bewildering eccentricity. Illustrative of this is Palm Beach society's favorite story about Mrs. Frederick Guest.

Mrs. Guest, whose estimated fortune is between 200 and 400 million, and who has been known to be quite generous with her money, arrived one day at her Palm Beach bank

followed by her chauffeur carrying a crate of soup.

She wanted the soup placed in her bank vault. It was to be called for at the rate of three cans a day. Someone on her staff, she explained, was an untrustworthy servant.

When bank officials murmured, pointing out that vaults were filled with jewels and vintage wines, the manager showed her power, ordering the manager to transfer some 28 million dollars' worth of her securities to bank down the street. "I have enough room for now," she declared.

Being taken

The bank hastily accepted the soup. As Mrs. Guest parted, she sent a parting word at the flustered manager, "you remain in the banking business, young man," she said. "you will learn that the more to banking than knowing accounting."

To a millionaire, "being taken" may also mean being overcharged. He resents it bitterly.

Tommy Manville's generosity is well known; one year he gave 15 limousines to friends for Christmas, and has been known to cross streets to hand money to beggars.

Yet when he gave a party at a plush nightclub, and a non-drinking friend charged 75 cents for a drink, Manville flew into a rage, insisted he was overcharged, and left, never to return.

But other millionaires are incredibly casual about money—especially other people.

During a visit to the United States, Lady Astor, who has not been permitted to take any money with her, suggested to Gerard B. Lambert, of mouthwash and razor blade fame, that he give a million dollars; she wanted to give it away to people.

Lambert, amused, refused to come through with even a lar.

The hard-working Lambert was further amused at the wilder psychology of a wealthy friend when, having invited her to go on a young trip, he received Lady Astor's cabled regards, and a lofty answer that she had time for the idle rich.

Why are the rich frequently so casual of other people's money, allowing less attentive friends to pick up their checks, letting acquaintances pay their tips, often

Have headaches, too?

... while others play

ought without enough money in their wallets to pay their share of a taxi fare?

The fear of being taken motionally rather than financially is at the root of this. A rich person, knowing the attraction money has, often forces his friends to go to extremes to prove that they like him for himself.

But sometimes the rich feel contempt for friends who cannot pay the bills.

One millionaire has his suits made without pockets, because money spoils the lines of his clothes. He has been known to travel across the country without carrying money. Who pays his bills? Anyone who thinks it's worth

Another, who belonged to a snooty shooting club in Chicago, never had the dollar for his share of ammunition. What's more, he didn't even carry his own cigarettes. Someone would always pay for the ammunition and give him a cigarette.

The fact is that many a millionaire is so intent on making his companions prove they're sincere friends that he frequently drives away real friends who won't stand for such shenanigans.

The people who take it as usually hangers-on—and the millionaire is aware of it.

The sphere in which the millionaire most fears being taken is that of matrimony. No wonder. Heiress after heiress has found herself the target of fortune-hunters.

One fortune-hunter reportedly even pursued Barbara Hutton while on a honeymoon with a lesser heiress.

No woman wants to believe that her money is her big attraction. In her mind remains the perplexing question: "How attractive would I be to myitors (or husband) without those millions?" She wonders whether she's loved.

Most fortune-favored girls are inclined to play safe by marrying men with equivalent fortunes.

On the other hand, more and more rich young men,

unable to get into Ivy League colleges, are attending Western universities and marrying the girls they fall in love with, solvent or not.

Special problem

The rich who inherit money rather than make it have a special problem. As one psychiatrist who ministers to many of the troubled rich puts it: "Wealth displaces common achievements."

The inheritors of wealth, cushioned against life, must provide their own challenges. Some go to great lengths to prove themselves.

A Mellon becomes influenced by Dr. Schweitzer, becomes a doctor and establishes a hospital for poor natives in the Caribbean.

A certain young heiress at college knits all her own sweaters and makes her clothes as a way of saying, "I'm me. I didn't just buy this on a charge account."

Huntington Hartford supports the theatre. The beautiful Shirley Oakes, sister of



JEAN PAUL GETTY, the richest man in America, has a fortune estimated at nearly 1000 million dollars (\$2446 million). Asked if wealth ever failed to buy what he wanted, he says: "There are many kinds of wealth—happiness, health, and kindness—which cannot always be obtained."

Nancy Oakes, becomes a brilliant lawyer. Averell Harriman goes into politics.

Marshall Field, jun., once stated that he didn't give a damn about the money he had—he cared only about the money he earned.

The self-made millionaire has less need to prove himself than has the inheritor of a fortune. He has already accomplished something.

Along with power, the rich pursue personality and talent. If they can't possess it themselves, they can at least associate with it. Being friendly with celebrities such as Clark Gable, Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper gives one prestige.

Double purpose

An even greater triumph is to be friendly with a millionaire of accomplishment, such as Cole Porter, who inherited timber millions before he wrote his first song.

These friendships serve a double purpose, a psychiatrist has pointed out. Besides enjoying the reflected glory of glamorous friends, the rich person gains the soothing feeling that "since the talented can be 'bought' as friends, talent may not be so important after all."

Others with fortunes are less concerned with success in society than with putting their money to public use.

Some people say they give to charitable causes only because their wealth gives them guilty feelings. Others suggest that heavy taxes are the only reason the rich are generous.

Whatever their real motives are, the rich must generally be resigned to having only selfish ones attributed to them.

Giving money intelligently, Andrew Carnegie once pointed out, takes as much business acumen as earning it in the first place.

Giving away money sometimes does help cut down on that nightmare of the rich—taxes.

The Ford family would have

lost control of the Ford enterprises through inheritance taxes if they had not established the Ford Foundation.

Some millionaires buy undeveloped oil land and sell it to their children. If the land later gushes oil, the children are richer; if it's a dud, the parents buy the land back and assume the loss.

Most rich people who have children are worried how best to equip them to handle the wealth which they will some day inherit.

Gerard Lambert, in discussing this parental headache, says: "We know of the evils money will probably bring, but we prefer to think that in our case it will be different."

"In these days the tax situation will spread what you leave very thin, and in one more generation the problem disappears."

The problem of how much it's "safe" to leave children goes hand in hand with the question of which kind of schooling—public or private—will best prepare them to handle their fortunes.

In a recent survey, 41 per cent. of wealthy parents favored public schools. But the prevalent attitude is expressed by the Boston lady who said, "I could have been a pioneer and sent my daughter to public school, but who wants to be a pioneer with her own children?"

Strict allowance

One nervous mortgage broker, worth 40 million dollars, is so concerned about the possibility that money will "spoil" his son that he has had the child on a strict allowance from the time he was six.

The child has worked on building projects during the summer months for "experience."

Abby Rockefeller, fearful that her children would develop false values, made a famous attempt to give her children training in handling wealth responsibly.

The result is that her sons feel themselves trustees of the family fortune.

But Abby Rockefeller's efforts to teach her children the value of money were sometimes frustrating.

Young Winthrop, at boarding-school, was so impressed with the importance of earning his way that he took time from his studies to cut his schoolmates' hair. His mother had to point out that this was "poor economy in the end."

One thing about which rich parents worry less these days is the danger of kidnapping.

There are still a few estates where guards and radio-equipped police cars patrol constantly, but no longer is the fear of kidnapping as strong as it was in the days when Newport's John Nicholas Brown, once known as "the world's richest baby," was tied by a cord to his governess' wrist and surrounded by guards in a feudal castle.

Incidentally, Brown, in reaction to such protection, now lives in a house built entirely of glass on Fishers



OTHER MILLIONAIRES spend most of their lives in a search for fun and marital happiness. Some, like Tommy Manville, above, and Barbara Hutton, below, never seem to succeed. Manville, 63, who is with his tenth wife, showgirl Pat Gaston, while in hospital for a check-up, announced that this would be his last marriage. It lasted only 10 weeks. Miss Hutton seemed happy on her Mexican honeymoon with her sixth husband, former tennis star Baron von Cramm, but they separated four months later. "That kind of person can never know real happiness," was his verdict.



Continued on page 31



INHERITOR of a grocer's fortune, Huntington Hartford "proves" his worth by devoting his life to the theatre. This meeting with British actress Vivien Leigh was during her unsuccessful campaign to present the demolition of London's St. James Theatre.



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Remember! Well over 2,000 dealers throughout Australia stock and recommend the PINNOCK FRIDOR fine range of Sewing Machines. See your dealer NOW!

Cover-girl sweater

● Here are the instructions for knitting the attractive pastel-striped sweater on our cover. Ideal for summer's cooler moments, it is a star garment for any occasion.

TO accentuate the bulky look of this sweater, knit it at least two sizes bigger than your ordinary must measurement.

Materials: 6 (B-7, C-8) balls pink; 4 (B-4, C-5) balls yellow; 3 (B-4, C-4) balls blue; 1 pair of needles, Nos. 11 and 12.

Measurements: Length from p. of shoulder, 26 (B-26, C-26) in.; bust, 36 (B-38, C-40) in.; length of sleeve arm, 17 in. (all sizes).

THE RICH

from page 29

and, the exclusive resort of the very rich.

Today's wealthy flinch at the idea of ostentation. Houses with 18 gardeners and a gaggle of servants are no longer the rule.

Dislike of ostentation is over among those who have inherited their wealth in among the newly rich. In fact, the many-generations-rich Bostonian is probably no longer even capable of spending money simply to enjoy himself. He is it is less sinful to put money into charity.

In Texas, oil-rich Haroldson Fayette Hunt, whose income is approximately a million dollars a week, lives an almost ascetic life; he eats simply like a servant.

W. Richardson, rated a millionaire by financiers, lives a two-room suite in Fort Worth.

One Texan who would rival Bostonians is James H. West, of Houston.

West spends part of his 100-million-dollar fortune on his cars and four planes, starts day by day flinging showers of dollars to the help.

Why, with all that money, so many of the rich pursue simplicity?

Why at exclusive resorts like Hobe Island off Palm Beach and Fishers Island off Long Island is it disastrous for a guest to dress for dinner? Why are tennis sneakers, the more battered the better, de rigueur for Whitneys, Bassetts, Harrimans?

The answer is that where the real, everyday challenges of life don't exist, artificial ones are created.

There is as little reason for the fabulously rich at Hobe Island to stumble along with their lights to visit one another for Gloria Vanderbilt to do own shopping at a supermarket.

But to the rich person, it is not the illusion—he is not dependent on the trappings of riches; that has some personal self-sufficiency.

Okay. We freely admit that the rich has its problems. But we'd still be willing to take our chances. We think it'd be darling at it.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin.; 10 rows to lin.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and pink wool, cast on 148 (B-156, C-164) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 in. Change to No. 11 needles and yellow wool and work in st-st., working 3 in. yellow, 3 in. blue, 3 in. pink alternately. When work measures 17 in. (all sizes) ending with 3 in. yellow, cont. to work for 4 in. before changing colors, and shape armholes by casting off 5 (B-6, C-6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 (B-5, C-6) rows, then every 2nd row 5 (B-5, C-6) times. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 128 (B-134, C-138) sts. When armholes measure 7 in. (B-7, C-8) in., cont. with pink wool and shape shoulders by casting off 8 (B-6, C-6) sts. at the beg. of the next 10 (B-14, C-14) rows. Cont. in rem. sts. for lin., inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Cast off very loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as for back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and pink wool, cast on 72 (B-76, C-80) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 in. Change to No. 11 needles and yellow wool and work in stripes as for back in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 102 (B-104, C-108) sts. When sleeve measures 17 in. (all sizes), cast off 5 (B-6, C-6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 48 (all sizes) sts., then every row until dec. to 30 (all sizes) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side with a cool iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams and turn back lin. facing around neck. Stitch sleeves around armholes, matching stripes. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

LOOSE LOOK in a classic sweater for the girl who likes outdoor living. Choose the delicious pastel shades of the original, or make the sweater in colors to suit yourself.



magic texture...
magic colour...



Cuban Pink by YARDLEY

... singing new lip colour with an undercurrent of excitement that will quicken your pulse, make you feel irresistible. Creamier, smoother, more indelible than ever before. So 'long-lasting', you will feel it's part of you...



Lipstick, 13/9; Quick Change Refill, 8/6.

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Mink contest prizes

● A hint for an easily made toy, a washing-up saver, and "Father's Special" win this week's three £1 Progress Prizes in our Mink Coat Economy Hint Contest.

WINNERS of these Progress Prizes will still be eligible to win the magnificent £2000 Dior-designed mink coat, which is being offered as first prize in the contest.

Here are this week's three progress winners:

Mrs. C. Blackwell, High Street, Campbell Town, Tas.
Mrs. C. R. Petch, "Gwandalan," Broadford, Vic.
Mrs. E. N. Donkin, Karaak Flat, Wingham, N.S.W.

Here is Mrs. Blackwell's hint:

● Good pieces from a discarded sheet, cut into rectangles 16 in. x 8 in., then sewn strongly together up the centre, make the base of a lovely picture-book for a toddler who tears books easily. Use pinking shears, if possible, for an attractive edge.

Make some paste (add cloves to keep it sweet), then cut front pages from old Christmas cards and paste them side by side on to the rag. On the second, fourth, and every other page try to overlap card on join of cards on the previous page for extra strength.

Mrs. Petch's hint is: ● Use a plastic sugar shaker, which shakes out just one teaspoon at a time, for soap-powder in the kitchen.

In the average home washing-up is done three times a day or more. If using one of these, instead of just tipping the powder out of the packet, the amount of powder you save will amaze you. These

handy containers may be had in colors to match the kitchen.

This is Mrs. Donkin's hint:

● Instead of buying expensive gifts for Father's Day this year we gave Dad's possessions a complete overhaul. Teenage daughter and I set to work on all his clothes, replaced buttons, darned socks, patched working clothes, pressed suits, or sent them to dry cleaners. Eldest boy polished harness, saddles, cleaned car; little boy polished boots, shoes.

A sponge cake with "DAD" written across it and a fireside tea completed our "Father's Day." Result — no expense, many loving thoughts of Dad, plus the satisfaction and convenience that a special mending effort brings.

CONTEST RULES

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

HOW TO ENTER

Send us your favorite money-saving hint or hints.

Write, type, or print your hint or hints on one side of the paper only. Add, in no more than 100 words, why and how the hint is economical.

Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper as well as on the coupon below.

Attach your hint or hints to the completed coupon. Remember, you may send as many entries as you like.

Mark the envelope containing your entry "Mink Coat Contest" and address it to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

● Throughout the contest, progress prizes of £1 will be awarded. These entries also will be eligible for the big prize.

● Closing date of the contest is October 29. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

The Australian Women's Weekly MINK COAT CONTEST

£2000 ENTRY COUPON £2000

Name..... (Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Address.....

State.....

No. of entries.....

I agree to abide by the contest rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

beauty on your table

Patterned Table Silver by RODD is so much more attractive.

Though finest A1 quality it is not expensive, a 44-piece service of lovely CAMILLE (illus.) costing from as little as £30/19/6.

Matching occasional-ware is available in all patterns.



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You'll love the keen, fresh flavour of Steam Rollers. Cool and refreshing, they're full flavoured and lasting. If it's peppermint you like, you'll find the best in Steam Rollers.

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3^d
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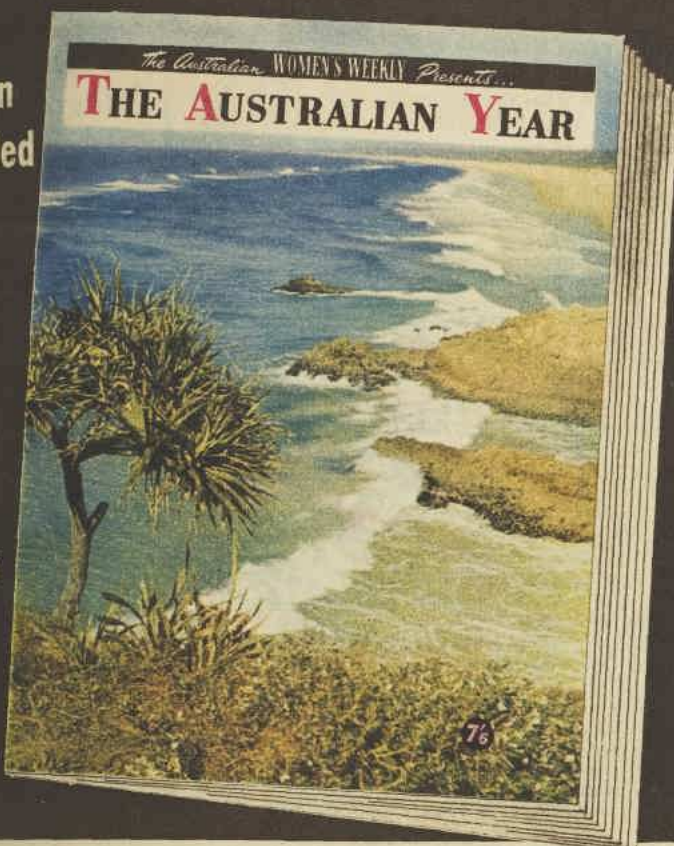
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True fruit flavours that really quench your thirst... Orange, Lime, Lemon, Pineapple for only 4d. per packet.

ALLEN'S SWEETS ARE *Good Sweets!*

NEW GIFT BOOK

The Australian Year, filled with 73 dramatic color pictures, is the ideal Christmas gift for friends overseas.



These outstanding color pictures are representative of the exciting variety you get in "The Australian Year"—a quality production you will be proud to present to friends at home or overseas. This 64-page book is packed with 73 color photographs showing the life of Australia, season by season.

Illustrated above is a seascape off Stradbroke Island, Queensland. Below are scenes of a pavement cafe in Melbourne, and Standly Chasm, in Central Australia. You can send this magnificent book to any address in the world for 7/6. Order now with the coupon below. Copies may be obtained also from newsagents and our offices in capital cities.



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Please DISPATCH copies
of "The Australian Year," price 7/6
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FOIL WRAP SEALS IN
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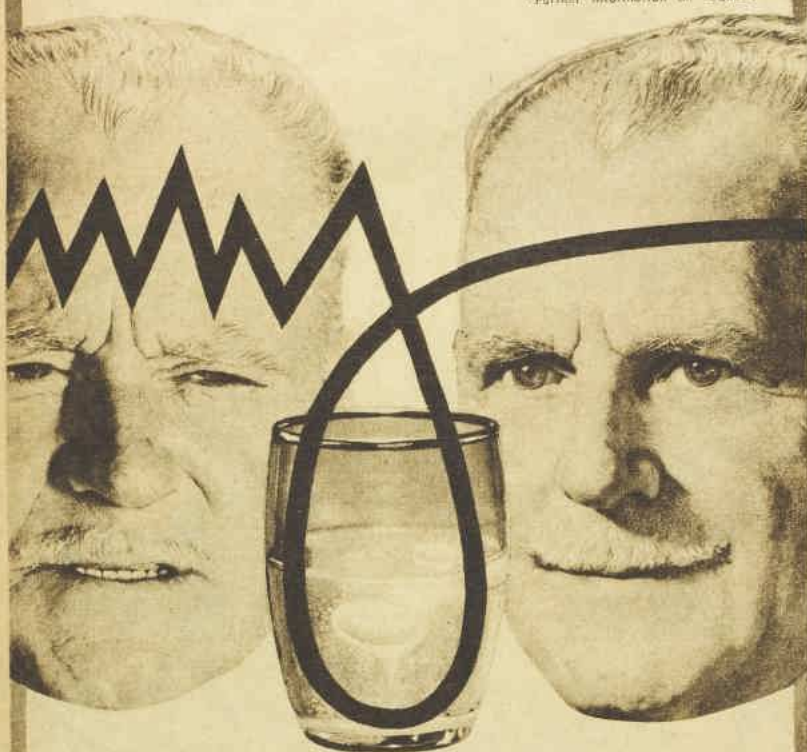


costs no more than ordinary soaps!

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a risk you take with
ordinary aspirin and a.p.c.

** Medical experience has shown
that aspirin causes stomach upset*

* Further information on request.



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THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

will not upset your stomach
relieves pain fast

HERE'S WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU: Ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. do not readily dissolve — they merely break up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these particles of aspirin can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people. Others can suffer symptoms of irritation such as indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn.

But Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution in your stomach. No irritation of the stomach lining occurs. And Disprin is far less acid. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

PERIOD PAINS

Disprin at such times is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFE FOR CHILDREN

Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



DOCTORS RECOMMEND

DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills, 'Flu.

Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Division), Sydney

Worth Reporting

A ^CYDNEY housewife, Mrs. Ivan Morris, of Bondi, has what she claims is one of Australia's largest wardrobes of gloves.

She keeps a pair in each room of her house and never goes out without rubber gloves in her handbag.

For, while doing the normal chores of a housewife, helping her husband in his photographic studio, and washing up at her weekly Red Cross bridge nights, she wears her fingernails 1½ in. long.

Mrs. Morris claims that long nails are "most comfortable for me."

She said: "I give myself a manicure about once a month. It takes three hours, because I file them down exactly to length."

"Then I put on a base coat, three coats of red or pink polish, and a sealer."

"Last year when I broke a nail I used wood glue to repair it."

For evenings Mrs. Morris paints her nails with clear lacquer, then coats the tops with silver glitter and the underneath surface with deep blue glitter, to give a two-tone effect.

"It takes me about two hours to put on," she told us. "But it goes beautifully with my new blue-and-silver evening dress."

★ ★ ★

THE Yanks are always full of bright ideas, and here is one that all major Australian city councils should copy.

New York's Department of Commerce has produced a folder called "Kid Stuff," which lists special children's attractions—such as the Bronx Zoo's Farm and Rail City, as well as regular children's parks and amusement centres.

It is issued free to parents bringing the kids to town for holidays or to city parents desperate for new ideas for Sunday outings.

Couple out to tell the world

A PERTH couple, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Farrar (Tom and Bambi), are on their way to Europe to tell the world about Australia.

The Farrars, who ran a newsagency before they left, haunted the Public Library for months to collect a vast quantity of information about life in Australia.

"We'll give combined talks," Mr. Farrar explained. "I'll deal with the productivity side, jobs, wages, and housing, and my wife will deal with women's interests."

"Our aim is to interest people in Australia, as tourists or migrants."

"The Immigration Department is not sponsoring us, but has assured us of help everywhere."

The Farrars will illustrate their talks with 350 color slides.

They expect to be away about two years, hoping to come home via Canada and the United States.



"You are intelligent, charming, and attractive to the opposite sex—it has your weight wrong, too."

WHAT is a woman? Poets and artists have debated the subject throughout history. For the scientific age a British Technical College magazine has this definition:

"Thought to be a member of the human race. Accepted at 120lb., though known isotopes vary from 80lb. to 200lb. Seldom found in natural state. Surface usually coated with solution of paint. Low boiling temperature and freezing point varies. Highly explosive and dangerous except in qualified hands."

Christmas and a good cause

WE were reminded that Christmas is coming when Mrs. M. F. Peterson showed us this year's batch of UNICEF (United Nations Children's Fund) greeting cards.

Four famous artists — Leo Lionni, of the United States, Rangel Hidalgo, of Mexico, Fritz Busse, of Stuttgart, and Keiko Minami, of Japan, designed the cards with "Season's Greetings" printed in English, Chinese, Russian, Spanish, and French.

Mrs. Peterson told us that last year 7,597,000 cards were sold in 70 countries. This year UNICEF hopes to sell ten million.

The cards, on sale at most big department stores, cost only 10/- for a box of 10.

Buying one box enables UNICEF to protect another child from blindness; five boxes mean 200 more children can have milk for a week; ten boxes, and five children can be cured of leprosy.

In defence of working Mums

DEFENCE of the working mother comes from a working mother who holds down one of the world's top jobs — Mrs. Golda Meir, Foreign Minister of Israel.

In London for high-level talks with Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd, Mrs. Meir told of her 16-hour working day.

Asked if her children, now in their twenties, missed her when they were young, she said: "In the long run children gain more than they lose by having a working mother. She comes home refreshed and stimulated, her personality developed by outside contacts."

Fourth wife is there to stay

IN London, recently, the fourth Mrs. Erskine Caldwell, wife of the American author, announced confidently: "There will be no fifth Mrs. Caldwell."

Mrs. Caldwell listed five points on how she plans to keep her man:

- I never call him Skinny. He's not any more and he hates the nickname.
- I never tell friends my telephone number. He hates the telephone to ring when he's working.
- I never attempt to peep at the script of his latest novel unless he shows me the proof.
- I never disturb him when he's working, and I keep the children out of his way.
- I cook him steak three times a day, five days a week.

Caldwell, standing by with his son by his third marriage and his wife's son by her first marriage, said: "I concentrate on books."

★ ★ ★

HOW to tell whether a young American is "going steady": He'll be wearing a loud pair of Argyle socks, hand knitted for him by his girl.

Knitting has apparently replaced cooking as the sure way to a man's heart, and U.S. college girls now do their lessons to an orchestra of clicking needles.

"Weekly" off to Prague

ON its way by airmail to Czechoslovakia is a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly of October 1 with color reproductions of the winning entries in our Art Prize.

Among them are paintings by two Czech women artists — Ivana Vrana, who won the £250 award for best portrait by a woman, and Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova, who won last year's woman prizewinner and whose entry of "Tom with Yellow Hat" will tour Australia in this year's exhibition.

Mr. Arthur Lee, of Merveth, N.S.W., came into our Sydney office to collect a copy to send off to his friends in Radio Prague.

"They were delighted when I sent them last year's Women's Weekly with news of Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova's win," he said.

"In return, they sent me a recorded interview with Vilma and a portfolio of her paintings."

Sixty-five-year-old Mr. Lee, a railway telegraph officer, is a short-wave radio fan.

"I've been listening to the Czech English-speaking programme from Radio Prague for three years," he said.

"I write to tell them technical details of how their programmes are received."

His Prague friends ask him many questions about Australia, and he illustrates his answers with pictures from The Australian Women's Weekly.

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Kill every fly immediately it appears
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4 out of every 5 Australian
Families ...
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... me with denture breath!
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specially made to *compliment* you and your home
... showing off textures with soft, natural tones.
See what a difference MAZDA "Homelite" makes
—available in 2' and 4' lengths and 16" circles.

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AT YOUR USUAL SUPPLIER

Page 36

THE ASTHMA COMPLAINT

● Nobody knows how many people in Australia lead lives of misery or discomfort because they suffer from asthma. But if the figures parallel those in the United States, the total could be round 150,000. Here are some painful facts about the complaint and its effects.

SIMPLY, asthma is difficulty in breathing, a choking caused by obstruction of the small bronchial tubes.

The lungs become distended, breathing becomes labored, the chest swells, the neck muscles strain, the sufferer gasps and wheezes, and, generally, can't lie down.

Suffering is often severe and may last for hours, days, and even weeks.

Asthma spells may be frequent and may even become continuous, but although the patient suffers much distress the condition is rarely fatal.

Statistics show that you have a much greater chance of being killed by a motor car.

Complications, however, may be far-reaching—permanent stretching of the lung sacs, chronic bronchitis.

One of the most important results of asthma is mental suffering, with loss of initiative and confidence. This is often a serious problem in the normal development of children.

An asthmatic child may miss school, be deprived of playmates and group activities, may suffer behaviour and personality disorders.

He may become unmanageable, irritable, hostile, dependent, or may go to the other extreme and become aggressive, demanding, bullying towards his parents and other children.

There are several kinds of asthma.

One fairly frequent type, mainly in older people, is linked with heart trouble. Many other cases are caused by bacterial or virus infections, principally those involving the sinuses, throat, and bronchi.

But by far the most common is the type produced by allergy. This is a condition of sensitivity which certain persons may develop to substances ordinarily harmless to the rest of the population.

These substances may be taken into the body by being inhaled, swallowed, by skin contact, or by being injected.

All these sensitising substances are called allergens, and can produce allergic symptoms, although not all cause asthma.

Common allergens are pollens, moulds, house dust, skin or hair shed by dogs, cats, horses, and other animals, insecticides, feathers, orris root, corn starch, gums used in cosmetics and hair lotions, kapok, dyes, perfumes, metals, and chemicals used in industry, and many more.

Nylon stockings are allergens to some women, and so is the nickel in suspender belts.

Then there are foods like eggs, milk, nuts, wheat, fish, chocolate, and drugs like antibiotics, hormones, serums, and the sting of wasps and bees. Even heat, cold, and

duces irritation in particularly sensitive tissues like the nose, eyes, skin, bronchial tubes, digestive tract.

Why some people are allergic or sensitive to a particular substance which is harmless to others is a medical mystery, but heredity has a strong influence.

In a big percentage of cases the asthmatic patient has relatives with asthma or some other allergic disease, like hay fever or eczema.

Allergy may be in the parents or it may skip a generation and have been in the grandparents.

Many members of the family who have no asthmatic or allergic symptoms may have inherited the tendency, but until they become sensitised to some particular substance and then develop symptoms there will be no sign they are allergic.

The allergen which most

knowledge that dust, foods, and drugs can cause asthma, it is not generally known that drugs can cause some of the worst types of asthma attacks.

Generally, it's most unwise for any asthmatic to take any drugs unless they are approved by his doctor.

The possibility of severe reaction in certain asthmatics after injections of penicillin spotlights the need for great care by the doctor.

One thing doctors do not know clearly is whether there is a close relationship between emotional strain and asthma attacks.

They say it is true that nervous strains and emotional states may precipitate an attack, that sometimes asthma's first appearance will be at the climax of an emotional crisis, that nearly always asthma will be made worse by anxiety and nervous pressure.

But these are only contributing or secondary causes to the basic allergic constitution, for whether asthma is ever produced by psychosomatic factors alone is still a question mark. Much more research is still needed on this problem.

Contributing or secondary causes, however, may incite an attack.

For example, ordinary street dust or chalk dust may bring on a spell of asthma in a person who is already allergic to something else and under the influence of the allergy.

Chemical fumes, paint odors, coal smoke may irritate the membranes of the bronchial tubes so that the allergic person will have an attack of asthma, although basically his sensitivity may be due to a pollen or a food or an infection.

Temperature changes, humidity, rain, or an infection of the bronchial tubes, such as a cold, may bring on an attack, although the basic cause is an allergy.

Nervous pressure

sunlight can cause allergic symptoms.

Bakers may develop a sensitivity to flour, furriers to fur, tobacco workers to tobacco.

An undertaker developed painful dermatitis whenever he handled chrysanthemums in funeral wreaths. A bank teller developed a similar reaction to coins.

When an allergen is taken into the body of a person who is sensitive to it, the tiny cells in the tissue may produce special substances, called antibodies, which attack it.

These antibodies may not be produced immediately, but only after repeated exposure to the allergen, or after a very heavy exposure.

But once these antibodies have been developed in the individual's system, further contact with the allergen pro-

commonly causes asthma is pollen, and generally this pollen is from grasses, especially rye, and some trees, including English trees, which are a contributing factor in Australia.

Next to pollen as a source of allergy are the spores or microscopic seeds of moulds—known to every housewife as the fungus growths on stale bread, cheese, and other foods.

Although some people react to mildew on damp walls, these housegrown moulds are relatively unimportant as causes of allergy. But moulds which grow out-of-doors, on grains and grasses and leaves and even in the soil, send their windblown spores over big areas.

People inhale the spores and become sensitive to them — just as they do to pollen.

Although it's common

Common causes of suffering



ASTHMATICS suffer for many reasons. The complaint may be caused by bacterial or virus infections, or may be linked mainly in older people, with heart trouble. But by far the most common type of asthma is produced by allergy. A few of countless allergens are represented in these pictures. Skin or fur shed by cats, pollen from flowers, the sting of bees, feathers, eggs, and street dust can all produce in certain people the allergic symptoms which launch asthmatic attacks.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

Passport to misery

From a handbook prepared by the Allergy Foundation of America, adapted by an Australian specialist.

Any mechanical, chemical, weather, infectious, or nervous irritation will bring on asthma, given an existing basic allergy such as pollen, moulds, dust, or food.

Unfortunately, you may develop asthma at any age, though it is more likely to appear in the first two decades of life and to diminish after 40 years of age.

Unfortunately, too, the asthmatic child rarely outgrows his condition, and if his particular sensitivity is not detected he may be physically retarded and may have permanent damage to heart, lungs, or chest wall.

The younger a patient and the sooner treatment is started, the better chance he has of controlling his asthmatic condition and leading a normal life.

Your doctor will want to know a lot of things about your general health and background when you consult him about your asthma.

One of the things he will do is give you a skin test.

Skin tests are made by scratching the skin of arm or back and dropping on the scratch a powdered or liquid extract of allergens.

These tests are not painful, nor do they scar, and if the allergen is one to which you are sensitive, reactions will occur in a few minutes in the form of a small hive resembling a mosquito bite.

The results of your skin tests do not give an absolute diagnosis, but they help the doctor narrow the field of suspected causes.

To pinpoint the cause, the doctor will follow the skin tests by actual trial. He will remove one food or suspected source of irritation and watch the reaction.

It takes skill and patience to carry out the tests and to interpret them, for a patient sensitive to one allergen is often sensitive to several, and they may be elusive.

Yet the cause of asthma may be revealed early in a case history, like the woman who told her doctor she was always free from symptoms at her grandmother's house—where there were no dogs—for the patient was allergic to dog dandruff.

When a doctor finds a specific cause of your asthma, he has two methods of handling the treatment.

The first is to eliminate the offending allergen or allergens. If the allergen is something you inhale, like animal dandruff or dust from feathers, it must be removed.

You may have to give away your dog or cat or bird. Pillows and mattresses may have to be covered with rubber or plastic covers and closed by zippers, or foam rubber bedding substituted.

For children with dust sensitivity, similar precautions may be necessary, and even toys made of dust-producing materials—wool, kapok, fur, hair—should be removed.

When the allergen is a food

like eggs, milk, flour, or chocolate, all foods including the sensitising ingredient must be excluded from diet.

For many patients this must be done at first with great strictness, as even the smallest amount of the allergen can cause trouble.

Because of the restrictions imposed on the diets of some asthmatics their nutrition needs to be carefully watched.

It is sometimes better for the patient to take frequent small meals than to stick to three main meals a day.

Heavy, greasy food, difficult to digest, should be avoided. Sugar is not allergenic, and asthma sufferers can find a source of energy in sweets.

Since there may be loss of fluid in asthma attacks, the patient should have plenty of liquids.

With infants, foods are more often a cause of sensitivity than in adults, and milk is a common offender.

Boiled milk and evaporated milk are less likely to cause trouble than raw milk.

Egg, orange juice, and fruits, also vegetables, should be added to the diet gradually in very small quantities.

Since it is often impossible to remove the allergen from the patient, it may be more effective to remove the patient from the allergen.

Your doctor may recommend a temporary or permanent change of occupation or climate.

For asthma due to bronchial infection a dry, warm climate may be helpful, but it does not produce relief in all cases. High altitudes have also been found beneficial.

But it is foolish for anyone to put their faith in a cure through a change of climate—for there is no such thing as a climate without asthma.

Often relief from responsibility and strain, the relaxation of a holiday, the absence of house dust in a new locality are just as potent factors



PAIN AND MISERY suffered by asthmatics is not restricted to adults. Many children have the complaint, which causes the lungs to become distended and breathing labored. Then, as chest swells and neck muscles strain, the victim wheezes.

Even if immunisation wears off, the injections can be resumed until the patient is immunised again.

Sometimes, with children whose asthma is caused by certain food sensitivity, immunisation can be achieved by total abstinence from that food, followed by very gradual feeding.

The allergen—milk, eggs, orange, or other substance—is removed from the patient's diet for a time, then minute

asthmatic to prevent attacks.

He should try to keep in good physical condition. He should get prompt treatment for respiratory infections. He should avoid extremes of heat, cold, and damp.

Infected teeth, infected sinuses and adenoids should be cleared up.

The diet should be watched particularly to compensate for the loss of that food which may cause sensitivity.

The doctor will advise about alcohol or tobacco. Tobacco smoke sometimes irritates the bronchial tubes. Alcohol may even help relieve an attack.

Most important is plenty of rest and, if possible, freedom from anxiety, strain.

Parents of asthmatic children should try to keep an attitude of calm and confidence, especially during attacks, and the home atmosphere should be affectionate but not over-protective.

What is the outlook for the asthmatic?

If the start of asthma is early in life and if attacks are rare and caused by a single allergen—the outlook is good.

If asthma occurs in middle life with complications of bronchitis, sinusitis, if it is of long duration and there is difficulty finding the source of sensitivity—the outlook is not so good.

But with skilled treatment it's rare for an asthmatic not to get comfort and relief.

Recognition and treatment of asthma—early—is half the battle.

OSTI SPRINGTIME PARADE



Nylon strong — Satin smooth 'NYLA-SATIN'



No-see-through undies in 'NYL-OPAQUE'



30-yard Show-off Petticoat in 'RESILION'



Wash and Drip-dry printed 'NYLA-QUILT'



No-see-through undies in 'NYL-OPAQUE'

Treating an attack

as climate in the improvement of a patient.

No change of climate should be considered until your allergy has been thoroughly investigated and you have received competent treatment.

As part of general treatment of asthma your doctor may try to immunise or desensitise you.

This means that he will try to build up your resistance to the allergen affecting you by giving you injections of it in small but gradually increasing amounts.

At the start the injection is so small and mild that you can tolerate it easily. Doses increase as your tolerance increases.

With proper care and good medical attention, the process of desensitisation is safe and harmless. In a large percentage of patients it's successful.

amounts of the allergen, in highly diluted form, are added to the diet and the patient's tolerance carefully watched.

An average of three or four months of gradual feeding is needed to achieve results. Even then the child must be studied for any return of sensitivity.

Asthma can be frightening or seriously distressing. The most important thing to remember in an attack is to keep calm.

Attacks can usually be relieved at home, with medicine your doctor has given you, but an injection of adrenalin will almost certainly relieve any attack.

But to doctor yourself, without medical advice, is dangerous, because you can't judge the effects of medicine on your specific condition.

A lot can be done by the



***NEW 'TERYLENE' BLENDS REDUCE CLOTHES - CARE TO A MINIMUM**

The shops are featuring *new* fashions, *new* colours in wonderful *new* blends of 'Terylene'.

'Terylene' has been blended with Viscose-Rayon in exciting new casual clothes that you can actually wash and wear: Thanks to 'Terylene' — suits, trousers, skirts and sportswear retain their shape, shed wrinkles easily, and always look immaculate. 'Terylene' blended with cotton and with Nylon has made possible a complete new world of 'easy care' shirts, blouses, and lingerie in glorious colours.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

Live a care-free* life and say thanks to
'Terylene'

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"ABOUT 24 years ago I met a young man about four years my senior. At that time I was 164. He asked me out, but my mother thought I was too young, so I had to refuse. Six months ago I heard from a friend that he was being transferred to the country, so I wrote and told him I would still like to go out with him before he went away. I did go out with him and had a really wonderful evening. He told me he would like to see more of me and said he would ring me up the next day, but he never did. The next week he went away, and I wrote to him, as I thought he might be lonely, but I have not heard from him to this day. My sister is being married in two months, and I would like to ask him to the wedding. Do you think he will come?"

"Brokenhearted," N.S.W.

No. He wouldn't come because obviously he doesn't want to see you again. He's made that quite clear. He didn't ring you up, didn't answer your letter. You've just got to sit this one out. That crack in your heart will eventually heal.

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and my boy-friend is 17. We love each other very much and have promised to be true to each other for ever. Do you think we are too young to be going steady? Or tell me do you think we should keep on with our romance, as we both are quite happy and we often talk about the future."

"Worried Maxine," N.S.W.

I'm sure you know how I feel about going steady. I think it is just plain silly. Both people in such a relationship miss a lot of fun and friendship with members of the opposite sex and the excitement of meeting new people, making conquests, and going out with lots of different boys or girls.

Mixing with lots of different girls or boys and going out with them doesn't make you fast, or a flirt, or a good-time girl. It makes you a more interesting human being, much nicer to know.

Vows of eternal love are wonderful to make but awful to keep. Just get out and enjoy yourselves without giving the romantic future any serious thought.

"THE boy I go with is 23 and I am 19 and I have been going with him for two years. He tells me he loves me and that we will marry in a few years, but that is only when we are alone. When we are out he introduces me as a very old friend. He had a broken engagement and he never mentions getting engaged. I sometimes wonder if I should keep going with him. I love him very much."

"Unsettled," Vic.

The other woman is always ruining something for someone. In your case it might be so, but I doubt it. All men are marriage-shy, really, and they hate to be pinned down. Why don't you be a bit cool for a while and see what happens? Probably nothing will, but you can try. I'm sorry to be so dull about this, but with the little information I have I can't be of any real help.

"I AM 13, nearly 14, and I have a terribly big bust for my age. Could you please advise me what I should do?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Do nothing except hold your shoulders back, stand up straight, and wear a good brassiere. You are a very lucky girl; a well-developed bosom is what every girl wants.

Sometimes it is a bit embarrassing at your age, because of the different ages at which girls develop. It's more noticeable when you develop quickly among a lot of undeveloped schoolfriends. But by the time you're a few years older you'll be right. Nature does a wonderful job of matching up bodies to harmonise in their proportions.

About the brassiere: Go to a big city store and ask to be fitted with a suitable brassiere. It takes only ten minutes and it's amazing the difference it makes. Don't be shy about it.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

I HAVE to disagree with Pee Wee Hunt when he says on the cover of his new LP, "Cole Porter a la Dixie," that the result is both good Porter and good Dixieland. Those two ingredients just don't mix. Porter's tunes are the epitome of sophistication, and the essence of Dixieland is its very happy-go-lucky rough-and-readiness. So you'll just have to forget who wrote the music and enjoy Pee Wee's solid beat. One number of the twelve comes out surprisingly well. That's "Don't Fence Me In," but maybe because that song is the most un-Porterish that the slick Cole ever wrote.

All the melodies are well known. You probably have most of them in straight versions, so you'll no doubt enjoy the novelty of hearing hotted-up versions of "Night and Day," "Easy to Love," "It's All Right With Me," and "I've Got You Under My Skin," among others. One particular track is brilliant — a wickedly cruel parody of that bizarrely macabre song "Miss Otis Regrets." In this Pee Wee puts the finger right on every blues singer who ever moaned this lugubrious ditty. Catalogue number of this 12-inch is T.984.

MOOD music certainly gets the stamp of approval when the string section of the noted Pittsburgh Symphony gets together under the baton of Richard Jones and records "Stringtime" on T.890. This is definitely the high-class treatment in extremely realistic high fidelity of a dozen above-average popular tunes. Lots of you will join me in voting this one the best disc of its type to appear in a long, long while. It'll be many moons before you hear finer presentations of "Here in My Arms," "We Kiss in a Shadow," "Laura," "Autumn Leaves," and "Day in, Day Out," to name a few at random. The cover is appealingly wacky: a lady swooning under a tree upon which violins grow! But that's beside the point. Forget the cover and enjoy the really good entertainment in "Stringtime."

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

A word from Debbie . . .

• Diamonds are undoubtedly a grown girl's best friend, but when she's growing it's a different story.

If you want to have the beauty that goes with diamonds later on it's your breakfast that's your best friend. A breakfast egg, two slices of wholemeal toast, a piece of fruit, and a glass of milk lay the foundation of continuing health, give you shiny hair, sparkling eyes, and a complexion to match.

Adopt the "can't eat in the mornings" attitude and in no time you'll be a sourpuss with a turned-down mouth and the tired feeling that goes with it.



I'm in love with a wonderful shine!

I'm a Shinoleum girl!

What's so wonderful about Shinoleum?

Simply this! Shinoleum gives a deep down shine that stands up best to busy feet . . . try it yourself. See how a quick rub over brings back the Shinoleum shine time and time again.

What's your line . . . paste or liquid?

High quality pure waxes in Shinoleum paste give your floors a hard coat of protection and a bright shine that really lasts and lasts. Shinoleum liquid wax goes on easily . . . cleans as it shines.



LINOLEUM LOVES

SHI-NOLEUM

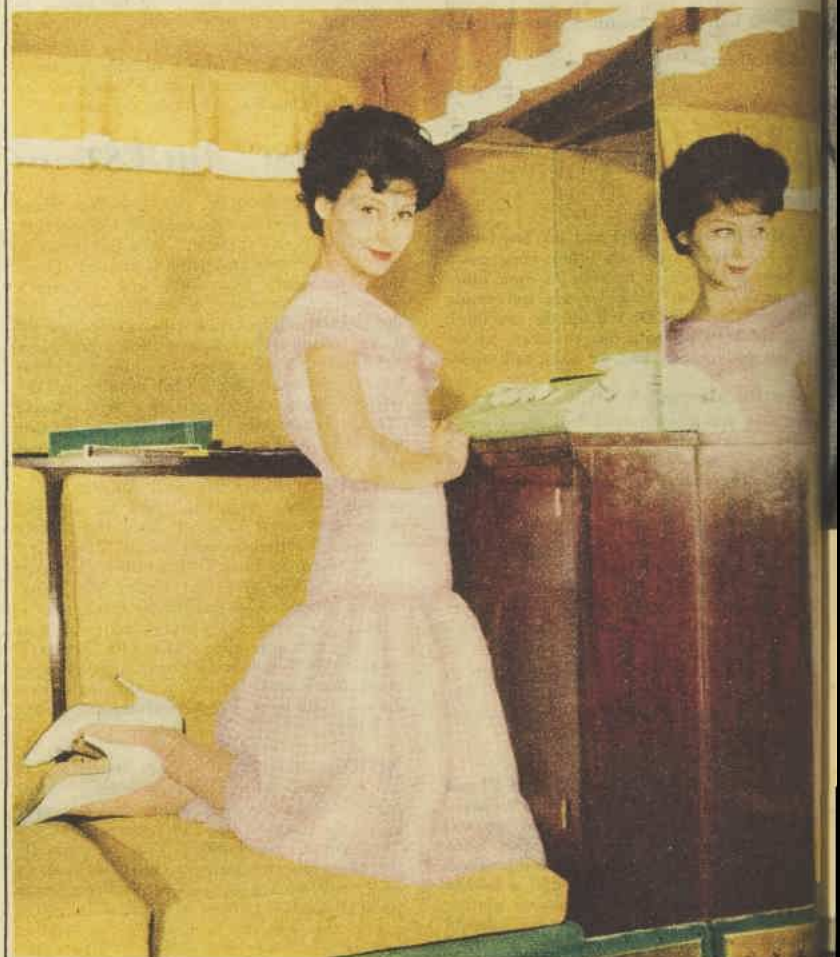
FLOOR POLISH

Sweet and feminine

● Running through summer evening fashions is a soft, sweetly feminine look. This season a woman can think Empire and baby doll, and in terms of chiffons or rose-printed silks. The wise woman will certainly consider a short evening coat made in deluxe fabric, and wear it to cover every evening and late-day situation from now to autumn. If she thinks jewellery, bracelets twisted around the wrist are news; and a sentimental piece of neckline decor is a locket suspended on a narrow chain.

—BETTY KEEP

**This is the year
when even a classic
makes a change...**



● Feminine and pretty dress (above) made in pink organdie and finished with a fichu collar and rose trim. Fullness is released below the hipline. The dress is from the Heim Jeunes Filles collection.



● Rose-printed Empire-line dress (left) from the Pierre Cardin autumn collection is designed for the cocktail hour. The straight, loose line of the dress is evolved from the flowing baby-doll line.

Two new ways to shape a classic — shorter skirts, a svelte silhouette, necklines as flattering as a string of pearls — demonstrated here with cool perfection by Sportscraft in fine Moygashel linen. White, sky blue, pale aqua, ink blue, sapling, apricot, blossom pink, sand, mink, pale amethyst. Dress at left about 11 gns. Centre about £10/19/6. Now at all Sportscraft specialists throughout Australia.

PURE IRISH LINEN BY MOYGASHEL

SPORTSCRAFT

Summer evenings



• Two de luxe evening coats (above) made in currently popular fabrics, chiffon and faille. The check chiffon coat at right is designed by Castillo at Lanvin; the coat at left is from Maison Dior.

• Empire-line dress (below) has a draped bodice finished with a single rose. The evening coat, made in moiré taffeta, has new fullness. Ensemble is by Castillo from the Lanvin autumn collection.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958



• Baby-doll dress (above) by Carosa was much applauded in the Italian summer collections. Excessive fullness floats from the high yoke, which is outlined with a lei of self-material petals. The fabric is chiffon.

DRESS SENSE

● The new summer edition of the cool bare-armed one-piece, easy-shaped and easy to make, is the dress illustrated at right.

I have chosen this style for a young reader. Here is her letter and my reply:

"AS a reader of your paper, I would like to take advantage of your fashion service. I need a design for a frock to wear in hot weather, and I am not very good at sewing, but if I have a pattern I can make a simple frock. Could you supply the style and pattern for a SSW fitting, and post it to me with the price? I am 20 years of age and very short."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. The design is cool, simple to make, and beautifully scaled for a petite figure.

ure. I hope it is just the type of dress you had in mind.

The price of the pattern is 3/9, and we do not accept C.O.D. orders. Beside the picture are further details and how to order.

"WOULD a sheer material be suitable for a semi-formal evening frock? If so, would it be possible to use it in a chemise style? I would also like you to suggest the shade."

Floating, gossamer-like sheers are extremely fashionable for late-day and later, and they are used extensively for very feminine chemise dresses. Design suggestion: semi-fitted chemise (in chiffon) finished with a deep hemline of ruch-

ing; the neckline bateau-shaped and bow-tied on the shoulders. Under the easy-waisted chemise have a fitted sheath in matching colored silk. Color suggestions: sherbet-pink, raspberry, champagne, and white.

"WHAT is the correct length for a chemise dress this summer? I would also like to know the right shoes and style of hat."

Height in hats (the turban) and lower heels on pointed-toe shoes and rope necklaces are the correct accessories for the chemise silhouette. The chemise is further improved and balanced by a shorter (than last season) skirtline. I suggest a skirt just covering the knees.

"IS a fairly heavy floral linen-like material suitable to make a summer day coat?"

Yes, it is. Keep the silhouette slim and straight, and have it finished with bracelet-length turn-back sleeves and low flap pockets. Neckline high and uncollared, finished with a flat self-material band.

"COULD you please answer the two following queries: How will I have made a cocktail frock in pink-and-white floral silk? What should I wear with a navy light-wool suit?"

One of the newest silhouettes for late-day is the Empire-line, and I think this silhouette would be very pretty made in a pink-and-white flowered silk. I suggest a white overblouse for your suit.

by
Betty Keep

DS331. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36 in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Beauty in brief:

Take stock of beauty

By CAROLYN EARLE

● It's a good idea to take an inventory of the dressing-table now to prepare for warm weather and outdoor life.

HAVING a good supply of basic needs for grooming — cotton-wool, emery boards, nail-polish remover, and tissues — means time and temper saved, and a better-groomed you.

These make-up items are basic for evening or late-afternoon wear: A foundation to provide a powder base, mascara, eyeshadow, a choice of two shades of lipstick, and a jar of cleansing cream.

When your make-up seems fine for daytime but lacks sparkle and glamor at night, investigate the cosmetic counter for such extras as hair glitter, glamor eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil, and a lipstick brush for a smooth and clean-cut lipline.

Want to see your figure neater?

Make your daily bread

RYVITA

NO FATS OR SUGARS IN RYVITA

—and that makes all the difference!

Crunchy Ryvita is *all* nourishment, rich in whole-rye vitamins, minerals and protein to increase your energy. No fats or sugars! Ryvita satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer because it is made from rye in this very special way. You become less hungry and more energetic, so your surplus pounds melt *naturally* away.

Good for the whole family. Make munchy, crunchy Ryvita your whole-family crispbread. Ryvita is good for everybody, delicious with everything. Enjoy it with butter, cheese, salads, savoury spreads, use it for lunch-time sandwiches, after-school snacks!

Ask for Ryvita — no sugars or fats!

MAKES YOU FIT—KEEPS YOU SLIM



Spring-Summer Pattern Book



Beginning this week, we present a new pattern service for the home dressmaker. We hope the professional seamstress will find it helpful, too. The section includes four pages of pattern designs, and its coverage is wide. The large and the small figure are both catered for; there are easy-to-make teenage, sub-teen, and children's clothes, plus basic and high-fashion designs and beach wear. A special regulation dress for women bowlers is also included. Women's sizes range from 30 to 44in. bust. Prices are from 2/6. Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. For addresses see page 46.

This special pattern section is sponsored by NECCHI (sewing machines), DACOLYN (fabrics), and BEUTRON (buttons).

F4972. — Two views (left) of a fashion-wise classic, the shirtmaker dress. The bodice is perfectly detailed, the skirt full and softly pleated. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4973. — Dress and matching jacket, far and away the smartest and most useful fashion for any age group. The one above is classic in design, and the short jacket is fashion news. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F4975. — Beach ensemble (above and right). Sizes: Blouse, 32 to 38in. bust, requires (with hat) 3½yds. 36in. material. Pants, 26 to 32in. waist, require 2½yds. 36in. material. Beach bag requires 1½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. canvas interlining, and 1½yds. plastic lining. Price 6/6.



Fashion PATTERNS

This special pattern section is sponsored by NECCHI (sewing machines), DACOLYN (fabrics), and BEUTRON (buttons).

F4713

F4713.—Slimming lines are chosen for the one-piece matron's dress (below, left). The design can be made with short or wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires (long sleeves) 4½yds. 36in. material; (short sleeves) 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4780.—Day-short 5 o'clock dress (below) made in Dacolyn and styled with an Empire-line bodice-top and prettily flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F5005

F5005.—Slender sleeveless one-piece (left) finished with a shirtwaist collar and 4 pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5008.—Teenage party dress (below). The bodice-top is gently tailored, the skirt a soft fall of tiers. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 7yds. edging. Price 3/-.

F5011

F5009.—Smart front - buttoned sheath dress (right) made in Dacolyn and styled on neatly tailored lines. The dress is finished with eight Beutron Tecpearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.

F5010.—Unusual bodice detail for the one-piece dress (right) trimmed with six Beutron Tecpearl buttons. The skirt has moderate fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5007.—Cool summer one-piece (right) designed with an open, pretty neckline and soft skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5006.—Comfortably tailored regulation bowling dress (left) made in Dacolyn. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4660, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

2 Way Dress

• Here is our special two-way jacket and dress designed to enter smartly into any fashion situation. The material is Dacolyn. Beutron Teepearl buttons are chosen as a trim.

F4974. — Jacket dress (right and below). The dress is styled with the new eased silhouette, the jacket is the smart just-below-waist length. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 64yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F4974



Fashion PATTERNS

F5012 — Junior party dress (below) has a pretty ruffle trim and ribbon sash. Sizes 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 2yds. ribbon. Price 3/6.



F5012

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4660, G.P.O., Sydney. Fashionists should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5013. — Front-buttoned one-piece (left, sleeveless, and below, with tiny sleeves) has a Beutron Teepearl button trim and heart-shaped pockets made in Dacolyn. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 1/2 to 3yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F5013

F4163. — Party bonnet (right) designed with a ribbon-threaded trim and streamer ends. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1/2 yd. 36in. material and 1 1/2 yds. ribbon. Price 2/6.

F4163



F5016



F5014



F4332. — Pretty summer twosome (above), sunsuit and matching bonnet. The suit is fastened with 8 Beutron Teepearl buttons. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1 1/2 to 2yds. 36in. material and 3yds. frilling. Price 3/6.

F4332

F5015



F5015. — Small boy's tailored sunsuit (above right) made in Dacolyn and fastened with two Beutron Teepearl buttons. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 3/4 to 1 yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4216. — Sun-bonnet (above left) opens out flat for easy laundering. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1/2 yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4216

F5017. — Brother-and-sister sunsuit made in Dacolyn with contrast on bib top and pocket. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1/2 yd. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

F5017

F5014. — Sun-frock in plain and printed dress fabric (left), trimmed and back-fastened with Beutron Teepearl buttons. Sizes 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 811. — TENNIS DRESS

Sleeveless Empire-line tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron white poplin and white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/3; 36 and 38in. bust 42/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 812. — ZODIAC TEA TOWELS

The towels are printed with an attractive zodiac design on pure Irish linen and are obtainable ready to make. The color choice includes grey and pink, green and pink, red and blue, and turquoise and lemon. Size 22 by 32in. Price 7/3 each. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 814. — BLOUSON AND SKIRT

Attractive twosome is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron faille poplin. The color choice includes pale pink, lemon, turquoise, navy, and mid-grey. White cotton is used for the bodice trim. Top and skirt are fastened with Beutron Teepearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 56/9; 36 and 38in. bust 59/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

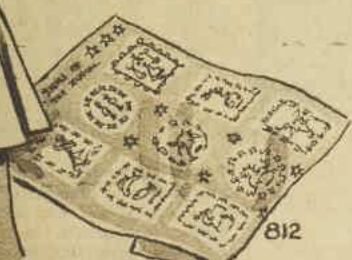
No. 815. — GINGHAM ONEPIECE

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in woven check gingham. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, lemon and white, green and white, pink and white, and black and white. The bow trim is white poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/6, 36 and 38in. bust 41/3. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

This special pattern section is sponsored by NECCHI (sewing-machines), DACOLYN (fabrics), and BEUTRON (buttons).



811



812



814

815

Paris-Inspired

● Choice-of-the-week high-fashion design—the trapeze. Its shorter hemline and semi-fitted silhouette are clearly spring-summer 1958.



F4988

F4988.—Trapeze-line dress (above) trimmed with a bow and streamers at its collared neckline and finished with tiny sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 2yds. ribbon. Price 4/-.



F4259

F4259.—Slimly moulded one-piece dress (above) has a chic white trim and matching buttons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

HOW TO ORDER

● Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

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F4985.—Prettily styled sundress (right) topped with its own little back-buttoned cover-up jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. printed material and 1½yds. 36in. plain material. Price 4/9.

F4986.—One-piece dress (right) is designed for sundown onward. The dress has a cool, bare-armed bodice and graceful skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 3½yds. frill edging. Price 4/-.



F4891

Fashion PATTERNS

This special pattern section is sponsored by NECCHI (sewing machines), DACOLYN (fabrics), and BEUTRON (buttons).



F4985



F4986

● Select a pattern — each one includes an easy-to-follow instruction chart—and start sewing before summer begins.

F4891.—Universally flattering slim one-piece (left) marked at the waistline with a self-material belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. The pattern includes short and long sleeves. Requires: Short sleeves, 3½ to 4½yds. 36in. material; long sleeves, 2½ to 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4772.—Important-occasion dress (below) is ideal for spring and summer parties. The new-again Empire-line bodice is prettily bow-trimmed, the skirt bells gracefully from below the bosom. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F4606



F4987

F4606.—Easy-to-wear one-piece dress (above) has a flower-trimmed yoke. The dress can be bare-armed or finished with wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires: Bare-armed, 4½yds. 36in. material; long sleeves, 3 1-3yds. 54in. material, plus ½yd. lace flowers for trim. Price 4/-.



F4772

F4987.—One-piece (above left) has pretty eased fullness above a slim skirtline flattering to all figures. Contrast is used for neckline trim and waist belt. Perfect for summer city wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

Wagner's Cosima: who lived for him alone



A STORMY ROMANCE preceded the marriage of the great composer-dramatist-poet Richard Wagner and Cosima, who was formerly married to Wagner's greatest friend.

● One summer day in 1862 a vigorous young woman of 26 climbed into a wheelbarrow in the main square of Frankfurt and invited Richard Wagner, then nearly 50 and the greatest composer-dramatist-poet of the day, to trundle her across the square to their hotel.

THE incident sparked one of the stormiest romances of modern times.

The girl, Cosima von Bulow, wife of Wagner's greatest friend, was to take control of every phase of Wagner's life. She married Wagner after breaking the heart of the most considerate husband a woman ever had.

Cosima Wagner was the daughter of vain, dynamic composer and pianist Franz Liszt by his mistress, Comtesse d'Agoult.

She was brought up by Liszt's next love, the ravishing, cigar-smoking Princess Caroline von Wittgenstein, in a bohemian household where nothing mattered but music.

Cosima was 16 when she first met Wagner, a penniless fugitive seeking asylum with Liszt from the debacles of a Dresden freedom revolution.

She was a tomboy of 16 when Hans von Bulow, a rising pianist and conductor, asked Liszt if he could marry her.

Liszt was delighted. The tomboy Cosima did not mind.

With the precocity bred in a hothouse of music, the 16-year-old bride thought she saw greatness in von Bulow. She was determined to make him the equal of Liszt and Wagner.

She spurred him to compose, wrote an opera libretto for him to set to music.

Von Bulow failed her. He had no creative urge. Cosima abandoned all hope of greatness for him.

Despite their two children, the marriage was humdrum and purposeless when she met Wagner again that summer day in Frankfurt in 1862.

Wagner was already famous for the immortal operas "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin." He was drawn towards the vigorous young daughter of his friend Liszt.

She was constantly in his mind when handsome young

King Ludwig II of Bavaria paid his debts and invited him to compose in peace under his patronage.

At last Wagner was free of the financial worries that haunted him. He lacked one thing, however, in Munich.

For the first time he was without a woman in his house. And he needed the companionship of some adoring woman before he could compose.

He wrote to two of his former loves to join him. They could not come. Then he thought of the von Bulows.

"Bring your family and people my house for me," he wrote to Hans. "I am sustained by the truest love and purest intentions."

Hans von Bulow was busy on a series of concerts. He sent Cosima and the children ahead.

Within days, Cosima had given all to Wagner in a dedication to genius that lasted to the end of her life. Wagner persuaded King Ludwig to make von Bulow his Court pianist. From then Cosima was always near him.

Though she lived with her husband, two rooms in Wagner's house were set aside for her.

She grasped his affairs firmly and defiantly. She rebuffed duns, managed his finances, answered his letters, received his guests.

She even turned away relations when he was composing in his satin-hung, scent-sprayed music-room. His affronted friends called her The Baroness.

"Wagner is completely under her influence," wrote one. "You can no longer speak to him alone. No letter reaches him without her opening it and reading it."

Wagner could not bear to

be without her. "We must never be separated again," he wrote when she left him for a few days to visit Liszt. "You are the soul of my life. You draw music from my soul."

In due course Cosima gave birth to a daughter, Isolde.

Von Bulow had no suspicions. He was certain the child was his. There is little doubt, however, that the true father was Wagner, who stood godfather at the christening.

Cosima's guilty romance was far from smooth. Scandalous rumors spread.

Though the Bavarians admired his music, they hated Wagner. They resented the heavy taxation imposed by King Ludwig to build fairy-tale castles on mountain-tops.

The money he gave Wagner was the last straw.

Newspapers and politicians joined in a slander campaign. Wagner replied hotly, attacking the Cabinet, who

promptly forced the King to banish him.

Lonely in exile at Tribschen, on Switzerland's Lake Lucerne, Wagner appealed to von Bulow to join him. Again von Bulow sent Cosima and the children.

The day after she left, a letter arrived for Cosima. Thinking it might be urgent, von Bulow opened it. It was a passionate love-letter from Wagner.

At last Hans knew the truth. He went to Tribschen and faced the lovers. Then, racked with bitterness, he gave up his wife to his friend.

Though the Bavarian Court hummed with rumors, they tried to keep the arrangement secret for fear the erratic King would revoke Wagner's allowance.

Meanwhile, protected from

all outside slights by Cosima's love, Wagner completed "Die Meistersinger."

After the triumph Cosima threw aside all pretence. She wrote von Bulow she was breaking with him permanently to devote her whole existence to fostering Wagner's genius.

"I will bear the contempt of the world gladly and lightly," she wrote. "My greatest pride is that I have thrust everything from me to live for him alone."

They were idyllically happy at Tribschen. She bore Wagner another daughter and, to his great delight, a son. He completed the opera "Siegfried" and began "Gotterdammerung."

Her only reproach was the grief she had caused her husband.

Gradually he mellowed. His admiration for Wagner's genius returned. He treated Cosima generously, allowed her to keep his children, gave her the bulk of their joint property.

When, after divorce, she married Wagner, he expressed gladness that "she, who was once the unhappy companion of a second-rater, is now the happy comrade of the greatest poet and artist of the century."

Cosima's life was not all smooth. She had the humility of seeing the ageing Wagner embark on a passionate affair with a young French actress, Judith Gautier, who, he said, inspired him to create "Parsifal."

By then they had moved to Bayreuth, where Cosima achieved her final mission of enshrining the memory of Wagner in the world-famous Festival Theatre.

At Bayreuth in 1882 Wagner conducted 16 performances of "Parsifal." The effort was too great. He died on February 13, 1883, in his 70th year, while resting at Venice.

Cosima lived for another 47 years, steadily fulfilling her mission of making Wagner immortal through the Bayreuth Festivals.

When she died, in 1930 at the age of 94, her stormy romance had been forgiven and she was admired the world over as The Lady of Bayreuth.

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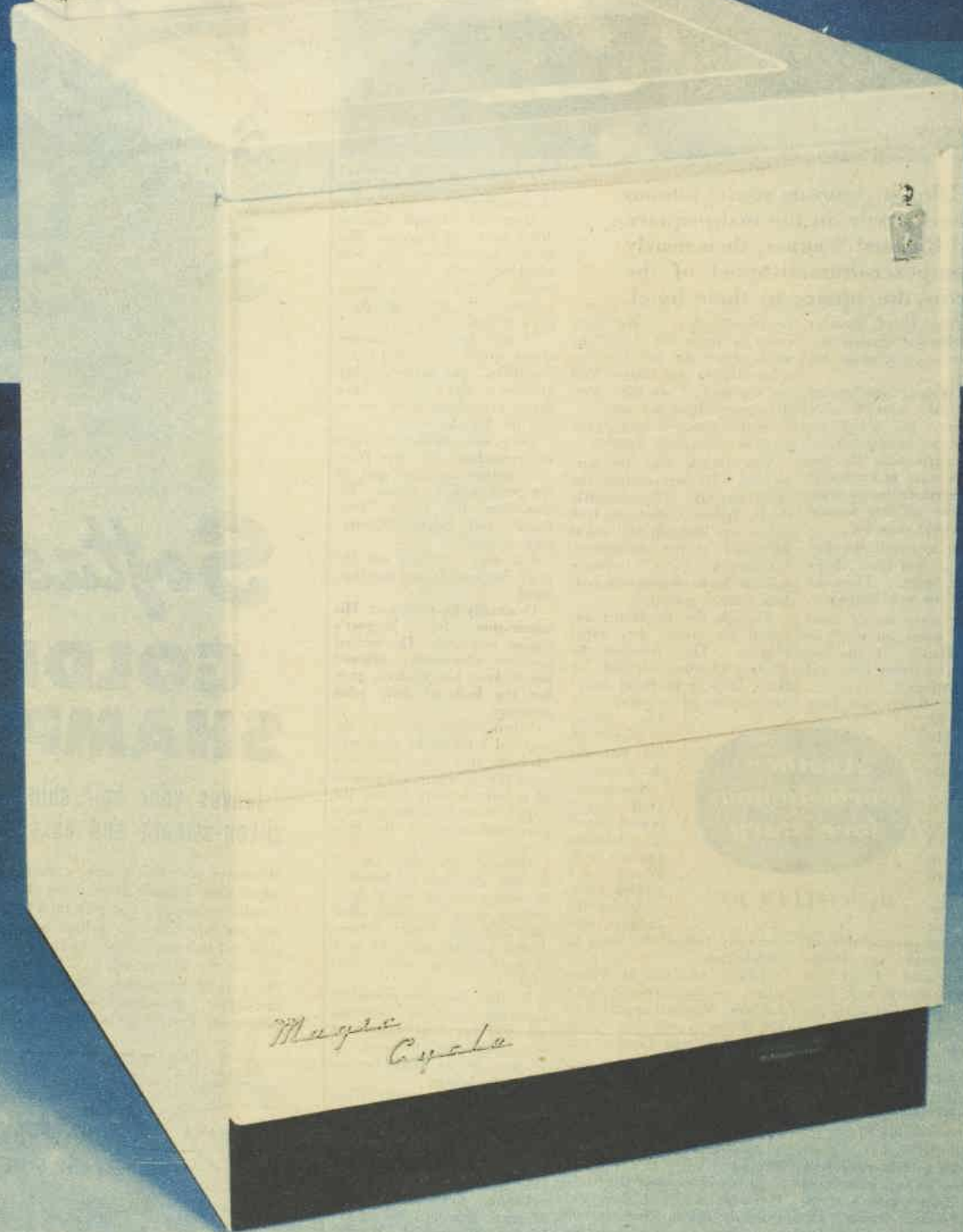
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By WILLIAM JOY

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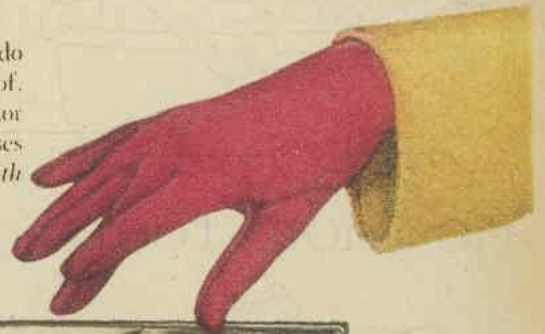
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

M5970

Page 49



no more tears



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Won't burn or irritate eyes!

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55711



Continuing . . . The Pink Hat

[from page 19]

of rigid economy. And Mr. Brisbane had been in a perfectly fiendish mood all day.

She turned on her bedside radio and began to leaf through a magazine. Soon the music ceased, and an announcer began to give news items:

"... windy at the Chalfort corner this afternoon. The girls had trouble with their skirts, and one young man made a perilous leap into traffic when his ladylove's pink hat blew away. The young lady screamed and held him back. Apparently she preferred the loss of her hat to the loss of her swain."

"Me!" Brooke exclaimed aloud. "He's talking about me!" He had called her the young man's ladylove. Suppose the young man had heard it. Suppose he was engaged—or married. He'd be terribly annoyed, wouldn't he? Wouldn't he?

When the paper boy entered Brisbane Real Estate the next afternoon he stared in solemn friendliness at Brooke. "Well, I see you got your pitcher in the paper," he said.

"Picture? Me? What are you saying?"

"Well, it sure looks like you. See!"

There where the boy's finger pointed was a candid shot of a girl walking along the avenue, holding on to her hat, and admiring herself in a store window. The lines read: "Candid-camera Joe Walsh snapped this picture shortly before 1.30 p.m. yesterday. He wonders if it could be the girl who lost the pink hat on the avenue near the Chalfort Building. He says, 'It sure was a swell hat.'"

"It's you all right, ain't it?" Brooke nodded. "Uh-huh." And she took the paper in to Mr. Brisbane, careful that her picture was folded under.

"Funny," she thought, "I owned that hat for only ten minutes, and now half the people in town will see me in it."

A few minutes later Mr. Brisbane called to Brooke. "This your picture in the paper?"

"Yes, Mr. Brisbane," she said.

"What's it in for?"

"It was just one of those fellows who take people's pictures. I didn't even see him."

"Did you lose your hat?"

"Yes."

"Get it again?"

"Well, no. It wasn't worth picking up after a million cars ran over it."

Mr. Brisbane grunted and returned to his paper. Brooke went back to her typing. She was hungry because she'd had only an apple for lunch. If only it weren't so long till payday! Then she thought of old Mr. York, who ran a small agency down the hall and did his own typing. Maybe he'd like a little help for half an hour or so after the Brisbane office closed. Even a tiny bit of money would help out.

Funny . . . she'd never had her picture in the paper before. She wondered if the nice young man would see it. Again the next day she had an apple at her desk for lunch and again by mid-afternoon she felt miserable. Mr. York had wanted the typing, all right, but he'd said, "Just keep track of your time, Miss Eden, and I'll pay you at the end of the week." And this was only Wednesday. Staying in at lunch made her head ache, too, but she couldn't bear to go out and see the people going into restaurants. So when Mr. Brisbane asked her to take a special-delivery letter to the post office, she agreed warmly.

She was headed for the special-delivery window when there — coming away from the mailing chute — was the young man. The young man

who'd been willing to risk his life to save her hat. Even as she stood staring at him he reached the west doorway and disappeared. She remained where she was, swaying with weakness, partly from hunger and partly from something she couldn't name. She'd seen him again—and it was wonderful!

She was still in a light-headed daze when she got back to the office, but Mr. Brisbane's voice brought her back to earth. "Miss Eden, how much did you pay for that hat you left lying in the street?"

Brooke opened her mouth in amazement. "Why — well, really, Mr. Brisbane, isn't that my private business?"

"Private? It's been on the radio, it was in the paper last night, and now—look!"

Brooke looked where his thumping finger directed and read: "More about the famous pink hat. We had a call today



"Know what I'd like for Christmas?"

from a saleswoman who says, 'You might be interested to know that the pink hat that blew away on the avenue Monday was one I'd sold just about ten minutes earlier. It was one of the best hats in the store, and the girl paid twenty-seven dollars for it.'"

"Is that true?" Mr. Brisbane was almost green.

Brooke straightened. "Yes, Mr. Brisbane. Quite true."

He went from green to purple. "Miss Eden, any girl who pays twenty-seven dollars for a hat is a fool, and any girl who leaves a twenty-seven-dollar hat lying in the street just because a few cars have passed over it is a wastrel—two characteristics I will not encourage. On Friday at five o'clock your connection with this office terminates. I'll give you two weeks' pay."

It was on the tip of Brooke's tongue to tell him to keep his two weeks' pay, but her stomach bridled her speech and she said coldly, "Very well, Mr. Brisbane."

Shortly after 5.30 on Friday Brooke came through the revolving doors of the Chalfort Building and stood looking sadly up the street. In her purse was Mr. Brisbane's cheque for seventy-five dollars and Mr. York's for ten. And thirty of that total had to be handed over to the boarding-house that very night. Well, there was no time to be lost in finding a new job. And all because of that pink hat!

She bought a paper and went into a coffee shop to look at the ads, but they told her nothing about the men who had inserted them. Suppose she got another Mr. Brisbane! Thoughtfully she sipped her coffee. Why shouldn't she advertise and let people come to her?

In the want-ad department of the newspaper Brooke told the girl at the desk, "I want to put in an ad for a job."

"What sort of job?"

"One with a good salary. I'm a typist."

The counter girl flicked her eyelashes. "Any references from your last employer?"

"Him?" Brooke said. "I didn't want references from him."

"Oh?" The counter girl looked up. "The kind who wanted to play a bit?"

"Play? Gracious, no! He didn't want to do anything but work and save money. Why, he fired me because I paid twenty-seven dollars for a hat."

"Say, you're not the girl who lost the pink hat?"

"Yes, I am. And I wish I'd never seen it."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

The girl drew a pad towards her and wrote. "How's this? 'Girl who lost pink hat on the Avenue wants good secretarial position with adequate salary. No references. Was fired for being extravagant.'"

"Oh, no! Not the pink hat again!"

"Why not? It's famous, you know—and the ad might get results."

"Well, all right." Brooke lifted her chin. "And you can give me a box number, please!"

The next afternoon at 5.30 Brooke again took the elevator to the want-ad section. She'd have the ad changed, she'd decided. But as she stepped into the room the counter girl waved to her, and a tall young man standing at the counter wheeled suddenly.

"Y—you?" Brooke gasped.

"In person," the young man said. "And to think I had to find you in the advertising section of a newspaper."

"Oh, that!" Brooke said. "Wasn't it awful?"

"Not for me—and look!"

"Oh, goodness!" Brooke took a handful of letters from the counter girl. "What — what'll I do with them?"

He laughed a warm, chuckling laugh. "Read them — Miss Box 312."

"My name's Brooke Eden," she said shyly.

"Brooke — what a lovely name! I'm Barney Thorpe. Look, Miss Eden — would you have dinner with me at the new place up the street? You could open your mail there. Will you?"

He was so charming and nice, and, anyway, hadn't she been thinking of him all week? "I'd love to, Barney," she said.

In the elevator he asked: "Where have you been all week? I've haunted the entrance to the Chalfort Building every lunch hour and at five o'clock, but no sign of you."

"I've been having my ap—my lunch in the office and I've been working after hours for Mr. York." She laughed. "I was flat broke after buying that hat."

He smiled at her. "It must have been quite a hat. I'd like to have seen it before the cars flattened it."

She stared at him. "But you did!"

"No, honestly. I didn't even notice that you had a hat till it blew off."

She was astounded. It was absolutely incredible that anyone shouldn't have noticed a hat that had cost her so much — twenty-seven dollars, a week of hunger, and finally her job.

"I was looking at you," Barney went on, "and thinking that you were the loveliest thing I'd ever seen."

His grey eyes were warm, and because he'd said she was lovely she felt lovely. Irrelevantly, absurdly, but truthfully, she said, "Golly, but I'm hungry."

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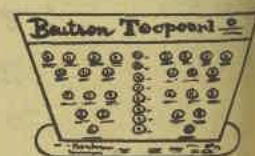
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felt hemmed in. Anyway, it would be something to do.

"Okay."

"Excellent! We'll find a pair of flannels and some boots to fit you." The doctor looked out of the window to the rosy evening light. "Come on, now. Drink up. We've just time to give you some practice in the nets."

The next day it was hot again, and Mark was glad to take off his uniform and put on the cool-looking white shirt and long white flannel trousers. He laced up the white buckskin boots that the doctor had lent him and stood gazing from the pavilion window.

Tall elm trees surrounded the grass of the cricket ground, and beyond were green meadows. A marquee, bright with flags, was next to the pavilion, and here and there along the white-marked boundary line were deckchairs. Spectators were drifting in lazily, happy in the sun.

The doctor came up and said: "Ready, Mark? We're fielding."

"What do I do?"

"They send their batsmen in and we try to get them out. I'll show you where to stand, and you have to stop the ball crossing the white line. Always throw it back to the wicket-keeper. That's the chap with the pads on, and big gloves. And if you can catch one, do, because that's one way of getting a batsman out."

It was pleasant in the sun, and Mark stood in his appointed place, relaxed, trying to see the purpose of the movements of the white-clad figures.

Dr. Matthews opened the bowling, taking a short little skipping run, his right arm flailing over with controlled accuracy. Each ball pitched a yard or so in front of the batsman, who was content to prod it down, not trying to score.

The beginnings of a drive, half checked, off the last ball of the over sent the ball Mark's way, and, accelerating fast, he picked it up and threw it in, arm below the shoulder. The ball thumped into the wicket-keeper's gloves, and the batsman, surprised at the vicious

Continuing . . .

Girl Who Loved a Yank

from page 21

speed of the throw, looked shocked.

Sounds of approval came from the spectators, and Dr. Matthews called, "Well done!"

Mark began to feel part of the game.

Time slid on, and the two batsmen, though scoring few runs, looked steadily more settled as they saw more of the bowling. Dr. Matthews scratched his chin, took himself off, and called up a slight youngster.

The wicket-keeper caught the ball waist-high and knocked the bails off the stumps in one clean sweep.

There was no need for an appeal to the umpire. The batsman turned from the wicket and walked slowly back to the pavilion, crossly swinging his bat.

The spectators let out a collective "Ooh," and began to clap earnestly. Dr. Matthews

didn't last long. Wickets began to fall, and Mark caught the team surge as Purbridge realised they were on top. The feared Larkin, medium height, spare and dark, came and quickly went, to the sound of triumphant jeers from the Purbridge small boys.

"He's no batsman," said Dr. Matthews. "It's his bowling we fear."

The slight young bowler, confident now with the feel of wickets taken, was mastering the Brickellford men.

Dr. Matthews was beaming.

"If we can keep this up we'll beat the blighters, Larkin or no Larkin! Look at that scoreboard. Thirty-four for eight. Isn't it lovely?"

But the rosy picture changed. The last two batsmen, relying little on technique and much on a good eye and strong muscles, belabored the slight youngster until he retired, discomfited, to the outfield, and Dr. Matthews took his place. But the doctor's quicker bowling did not check the scoring. Aided by luck, they hammered the ball until Mark thought the cover would fly off, and he could almost hear the spirits of the Purbridge men sinking.

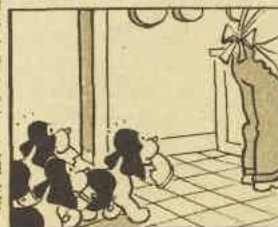
Then at last the luck of the last man ran out. Swiping cross-batted at a ball from Dr. Matthews he mis-hit, and sent it flying high and wide of one of the fielders, who turned, ran, dived, rolled over, and triumphantly held the ball up. Eighty-five all out.

Tea was ready in the marquee, and Mark discovered an appetite for bread and jam, scones and cake. Enmity with Brickellford did not seem to apply off the cricket field, and both teams were talking cricket together amicably. Mark listened, pleasantly relaxed, and only remembered Jill when he found her pouring tea into his cup from a huge teapot. She frowned at him in warning, shook her head, and passed on.

To page 53

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



The youngster, red with nervousness, bowled slow and high. The first ball was wide of the wicket, and the batsman let it pass; the second was pitched too far up, and, with a smooth swing of the bat, it was driven along the grass, wide of Mark.

With a desperate sprint, Mark intercepted the ball before it crossed the boundary. The batsmen hesitated, then started another run. Mark turned and with one movement threw the ball in a screaming arc, full pitch to the wicket-keeper, beating the running

came over to Mark and said, "Good man."

"What did he do," said Mark nodding at the retiring batsman, "to get applauded like that?"

"You ass. They're clapping you."

"Why?"

"It's not often you see such throwing like yours: low, fast, and accurate. Where did you learn it?"

"We play a ball game, too, you know. Called baseball."

"Ah, yes. Well, man in."

The next batsman came in looking determined, but he

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

Which must mean that her father was there.

Mark studied his team-mates with new intensity. Only one seemed a possible retired military man. Red-faced, with a grey moustache, he'd been sitting near Mark, quietly enjoying a cup of tea. Before Mark could decide what to do, the tea interval ended and the battle was joined again.

Dr. Matthews' fears were quickly justified. The military man opened the batting, but his partner was soon out, and as the wickets toppled helplessly only the military man stayed. He batted with a concentrated skill dulled only by his years, and was the only man to play Larkin with unright confidence.

Larkin's bowling was beautiful to watch—from a distance. He accelerated smoothly through his long run up to the bowling crease, and his final leap and controlled follow-through gave his bowling a fire that left Purbridge helpless.

His bowling was genuinely fast. From the side, Mark

Continuing . . .

Girl Who Loved a Yank

[from page 52]

could hardly see the ball as he slung it down, giving the batsman only a fraction of a second to make his stroke.

Dr. Matthews held up the collapse for a while, but then came in, rubbing his arm, grumbling, "If you look like staying there the blighter bounces them at you. Damn near broke my arm."

A groan went round the ground, and another batsman started to walk back to the pavilion. The doctor grunted. "Come on, Mark. I'll help you on with your pads."

Mark watched as the doctor strapped on the big white pads, and flexed his fingers in the odd, rubber-spiked batting gloves. Out of the window he watched Larkin still hurling them down at a tremendous pace.

"I can see now why you

need to put on all this stuff. What if he bounces them at your head?"

"You duck," said the doctor comfortably.

Moving awkwardly, Mark went and sat on the pavilion steps. The slight youngster, looking grim, was just walking out, and the doctor said, "Better brace yourself. You're next in."

But the youngster stayed for many minutes and for the first time runs came freely. The military man faced Larkin as much as possible, and the number plates clacked steadily on the scoreboard.

The doctor fidgeted, mumbling to himself. "By golly, if the youngster can stay there we might do it yet."

Just then Larkin's speed beat

the boy, and the ball rocketed into the stumps, sending the bats flying. The doctor groaned, and then began to applaud the youngster as he walked in for a brave effort.

Mark walked slowly out, and the doctor said, "We're sixty on the board. If you can stay there the colonel might just bring it off."

So it was the colonel out there. Well, there was little enough chance of impressing him with cricket ability. Mark realised that he was nervous. It was a long walk out to the wicket in silence, with everybody watching. Rather like walking to an execution.

He awaited the first ball.

Larkin commenced his run-up from what seemed a great distance. Mark tried to remember the single stroke they had taught him the evening before. The forward defensive stroke. Left foot forward to the pitch of the ball, bat upright beside the foot.

He was still thinking about it when the ball flashed by and thudded into the wicket-keeper's gloves. The fielders visibly relaxed, and the spectators sighed.

The next ball was no better. His stroke was only half completed, bat nowhere near the ball, when it whistled past and shaved the stumps. There was no mistaking the sound from the spectators. It was a giggle. The fielders winked at one another, and Larkin was grinning.

Mark flushed. Did they expect everyone to have learned their stupid game? With bat close to the body, feet together, he could hardly move. Impatiently he placed his feet wider apart and moved his hands along the handle. At least he knew how to hold a bat that way.

Larkin was careless and overconfident. The next ball was slower and over-pitched. Mark hit it fiercely, full toss, and realised what a good instrument



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(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER AND TABLETS

To page 55

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

• Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- each to the two best entries.

MY wife announced that she had just found her first grey hair.

"You want to pull it out straight away," I advised.

My small daughter eyed my own thinning top in amazement as she inquired:

"Is that where all yours has gone, Dad?"

£2/2/- to Mr. L. W. MacDonald, Block 2, Mundubbera, Qld.

• Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

MY reading glasses were missing and there was a pile of sewing to do. I called the children angrily as I had seen them all trying the glasses on earlier. I read them a lecture on the evils of misplacing other people's property.

"You'll stand there," I concluded, "until the culprit remembers where my glasses are."

All three were grinning broadly when they told me. I had the glasses on.

£2/2/- to Mrs. C. Mackie, c/o P.O., Three Springs, W.A.

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Page 53

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a cricket bat was. Hardly a tremor reached his wrists as the leather ball flew high off the bat, soaring, and dropping with a clank on the roof of the pavilion.

Larkin's mouth dropped open. The umpire turned and held both hands above his head. Hands were clapped all round the ground. The wicket-keeper said, "Blimey!" Mark felt better. He said to the wicket-keeper, "What does that hit score?"

The wicket-keeper stared. "Are you kidding? Six, of course."

The fielders changed places, and the military man faced the bowling. He picked out a loose ball and sent it sweetly flowing to the boundary for four runs, but otherwise he did not score. Once the ball ran wide of a fielder and Mark started to run, but the colonel sent him back. "Sorry, lad," he called, "but my legs aren't as young as yours."

Larkin patently regarded any runs scored off his bowling as a personal and deadly insult. When Mark faced him again, his run-up was even faster, and, brows frowning, he flung the ball down well short of a length. It hit the pitch and bounded high, a red streak of leather. Mark hit at it, missed, and dropped his bat as agony bit into his shoulder and spread flaming down his arm.

When the waves of pain began to recede, Mark saw Larkin, arms spread, grinning. Suddenly, coldly angry, Mark took it seriously. Pushing away the fielders, he stooped and picked up his bat, though the gesture made him swim in pain.

The second ball reared and hit Mark on the wrist. Biting his lip and forcing himself, he bent and picked up the ball with the injured hand and threw it back to Larkin. Larkin caught it and called, puzzled, "You all right?"

"Yes. Hardly fast enough to hurt."

Continuing . . .

Girl Who Loved a Yank

from page 53

caught the wicket-keeper's eye, and said, "What now?"

"Blimey," said the Brickellford wicket-keeper, "aren't you all there? You've won, that's what. You've won."

The colonel waited for Mark and they walked back to the pavilion together. It was confusion, people clapping, patting him on the back, and shouting, "Well played."

At last Mark found himself in the pavilion. The colonel came up just as he was finishing dressing and said cordially, "A good knock, lad."

"It was your innings that won the game, Colonel Blair," Mark said.

"Oh, I was lucky I . . . Colonel Blair? He was the umpire. An old army colleague of mine. Lives near me. My name's Whittaker. Colonel Whittaker. Retired, of course."

Mark's day-dream fell to pieces, and morosely he walked out into the evening sun.

Jill was standing by a big, old motor car. She waved to him and he walked over. She said to the small man beside her, "Father, this is Captain Mark Clayton."

Colonel Blair was a neat man with the hooked nose and horn-rimmed spectacles of a predatory owl. Mark let out an involuntary groan as his hand was clasped firmly.

"Still painful?"

"A little."

The colonel said, "Have you played cricket before?"

"No."

"Then it was a brave innings. Particularly with Larkin on the warpath."

"He just made me mad."

The colonel's eyes glimmered and he opened the car door. "Perhaps you would like to spend the evening with us?"

Mark climbed in and Jill drove. The colonel was talkative.

"You must have a natural eye for the game." He sighed wistfully, and said, "With a few months' coaching you would make an excellent cricketer . . ."

Mark caught the drift. "Well, sir, I return to the States in September, but I would surely be glad if you would coach me until then."

Colonel Blair was silent for a moment, and then he said, "In America, I suppose, all the boys learn baseball?"

Mark said slowly: "I come from Philadelphia, sir, and we have there a very fine cricket club with a very fine ground. My sons will surely learn to play cricket."

Colonel Blair looked fiercer than ever.

"Damned ridiculous, really, I suppose," he said, "but I should hate to think of my grandsons not learning to play cricket."

After a pause, he said, "It's a relief to know that there is some cricket in America."

The car stopped in front of a house, and Mark grinned happily at Jill. Colonel Blair intercepted it and grunted.

"If we're going to get any serious cricket coaching in before September, you and my girl had better get married as soon as possible."

Mark jumped out of the car and saluted rigidly.

"Sir," he said, "I shall regard that as an order."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958



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Page 55

HOST HOLBROOK says:-



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Each recipe of Holbrook's famous products has, through years of culinary research, been perfected to bring you that certain distinction of flavour which is exclusively Holbrook's.



SERVE A MEAT LOAF

● "When in doubt, serve a meat loaf" is a good rule for family meal planners. Almost everyone likes this appetising budget dish that can be served in many different ways. The recipes below are basically the same, but flavorings and the method of serving give them variety.

LIVER AND BACON LOAF

One pound lamb's fry or calf's liver, 1lb. topside or round steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rolled oats, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers.

Soak liver in salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, drain, remove skin and mince finely with steak. Combine meats with onion, tomato, oats, egg, herbs, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly, press into a loaf-tin or shape into a roll. Bake in a moderate oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Turn out, or remove covering from roll. Cover with strips of bacon, return to oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve with vegetables as desired.

SEASONED ROLL

One pound minced beef, 1lb. minced pork, 2 rashers bacon (finely chopped), 1-3rd cup tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon parsley (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 egg, salt, pepper.

Season combined meats well and add tomato sauce. Spread out to cover a thickly greased sheet of grease-proof paper or aluminium foil 16 by 12 inches. Mix all other ingredients and place down centre of meat. Roll meat carefully round seasoning, remove paper, and pinch ends of roll together. Place in shallow baking-tin and bake in moderate oven 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve hot with vegetables or cold in slices with salad.

Seasoning variations: Use half amount of herbs given in recipe above and substitute celery with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried apricots, mushrooms, pineapple, or corn.

Omit herbs and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts or olives.

SAVORY MEAT AND SPAGHETTI RING

Eight ounces spaghetti, 2oz. margarine, 1 onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, 2oz. flour, 2 cups milk, 1lb. minced steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, salt, pepper.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until almost soft; drain. Melt shortening, add sliced onion and green pepper, cook 10 minutes. Add flour, stir in well and cook a further few minutes. Add milk, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Mix one half of sauce with meat, breadcrumbs, and one egg, season with salt and pepper. Add remaining sauce to egg and spaghetti and season. Place half meat mixture into greased ring-tin, cover with spaghetti, then with balance of meat. Bake in moderate oven 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours, turn out and serve piping hot.

(Spoon measurements in these recipes are level. Quantities are sufficient for 4 or 5 persons.)



MEAT LOAF served with stuffed tomatoes, onion slices, and potato spirals, and flavored with liver is a budget meal that is fit for a banquet.

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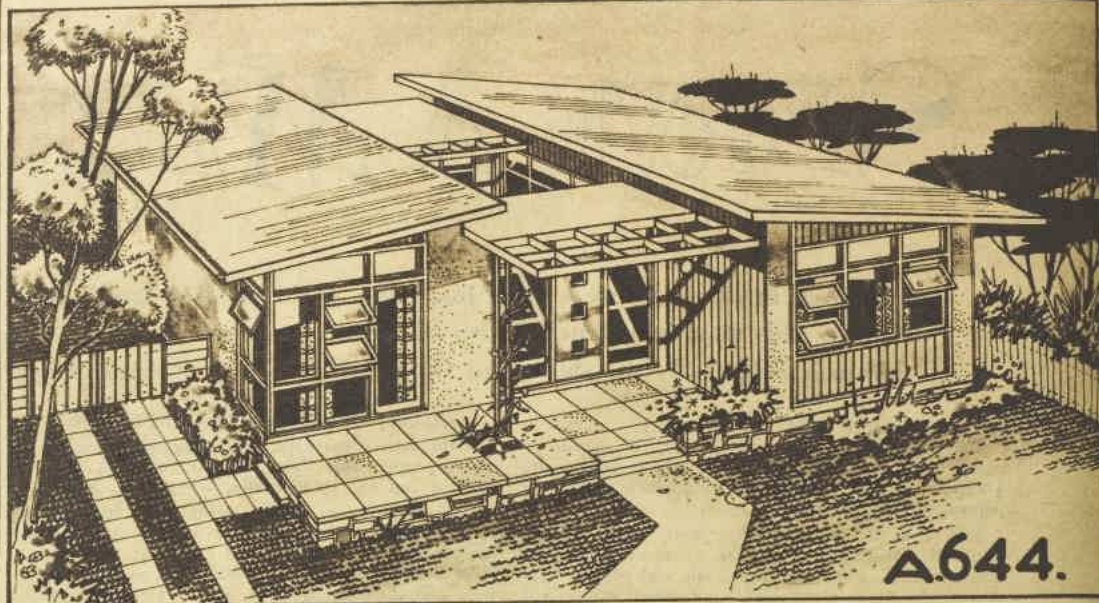
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Built round a courtyard



Contemporary styling is expressed in this week's
Home Plan for a three-bedroom home designed
around a central inner courtyard.

THE roof defines the modern character of the house—two skillions slope to the side boundaries and the central roof section is flat with projecting egg-crate screens.

Entry to the home is specially attractive, with colorful flower-boxes on the front terrace and a view from the vestibule to the greenery of the inner courtyard. Rooms in both wings look on to this courtyard, so the garden atmosphere prevails throughout the house.

The main bedroom extends at the front of the building, with the two smaller bedrooms immediately behind it. Thus sleeping quarters are close together for supervision of children, and well away from living-room noises.

Lounge, dining-room, and kitchen form a large L-shaped area that can be opened or separated to suit the preferences of the owner.

The lounge is a spacious room nearly 20ft. long, so a complete division with slid-

EXHIBITION

THE exhibition of prize-winners and other interesting plans entered in The Australian Family Home Competition sponsored by Taubman's Industries Ltd., on show at Boan's store, Perth, until October 11, will go to other States.

In Melbourne the exhibition will be held from October 17 to 25. Sixty plans will be exhibited at the Myer Emporium, and the remainder at Taubman's Gallery of Interiors, 562 Bourke St.

In Hobart the exhibition will be at Fitzgerald's store from October 31 to November 8.

ing doors to the dining-area may be preferred.

Bathroom and separate toilet are at the rear of the building in line with the kitchen and laundry. The service rooms are completely out of view from the front entrance of the home.

Kitchen and dining-room

are separated by a curved room divider that also serves as storage for china or as a snack bar. Stools can be stored under the counter.

Sink and stove are connected with working benches. From the refrigerator there is a full wall of bench and cupboards.

Approximate cost of building this house would be:

In Victoria: Brick, £4825; brick veneer, £4250; timber, £3345.

In New South Wales: Brick, £5415; timber, £3865; fibro, £3625.

In South Australia: Brick, £3865; timber, £3385; asbestos, £3340.

In Queensland: Brick, £5415; timber, £3500; fibro, £3390.

In Canberra: Brick, £5510; timber, £3955; asbestos, £3715.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4805; timber, £3325.

Where to buy this plan

THIS week's plan is available at all our Home Planning Centres which have been established in conjunction with leading stores.

All standard plans can be bought at our Centres for £7/7/- per full set.

Each week we publish a new standard plan, and hundreds of other designs are available from stock.

Plans will also be prepared to readers' individual requirements. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

Our Centres are at the following stores:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

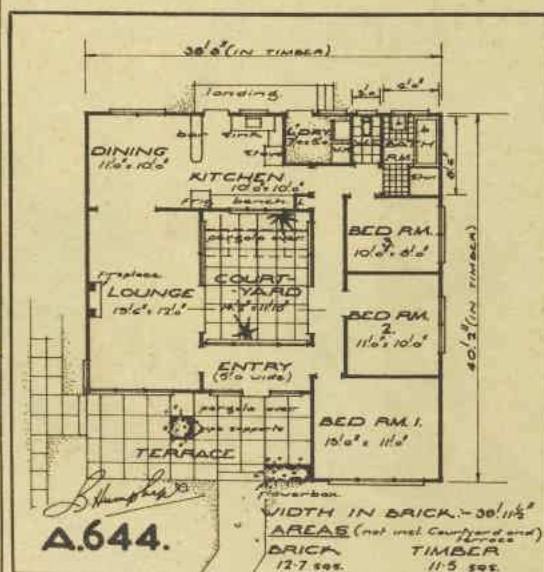
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.



GROUND PLAN of design. Separation of living and sleeping areas is achieved with central position of entrance and courtyard. Service rooms are together, along the same wall.

OUR HOME PLAN No. A644, shown above, has an area of 12.7 squares if built in brick and 11.5 squares in timber or asbestos. The central courtyard gives the house an individuality and has the practical advantage of allowing extra light to reach the adjoining rooms.

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GARDENING



LADY FRANK CLARK is a large, bright yellow chrysanthemum of exhibition type. This fine flower needs disbudding, leaving only one bud on each sturdy stem. Feed the plants with weak liquid manure to increase the size of the blooms. This is a splendid show-bench type, and when well grown is usually among the champions.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

OCTOBER is a busy time for the chrysanthemum grower, who should already have broken up old clumps and set out the rooted pieces or cuttings (for striking) in boxes or small pots. Old clumps, if left to flower a second year in the same place, invariably deteriorate and produce smaller flowers and far too many stems. It pays, therefore, to lift the clumps early, divide

and set the pieces out to develop good roots. If treated in this way they do not receive a set-back when set out in permanent positions for the next autumn flowering. The ground should now be dug over well and be given a sound top-dressing of old manure, because this plant is relatively shallow rooting. When the plants are 9in. tall, cut back a little to encourage side growths. Remove weak shoots. As the plants grow taller, stake and tie them to prevent mishapen stems. Water and feed with weak liquid manure regularly every fortnight after the buds appear.



JANET CASTLES (above) is one of the cushion or anemone-centred chrysanthemums. They are among the earliest to flower, some of them often showing blooms in March. The flowers are small, rarely exceeding 2in. in diameter, and usually borne in heavy clusters. They last well after cutting.



SPENCER'S AMBER (above) is a large exhibition or semi-incurred chrysanthemum of a rather shaggy appearance. Petals are long, and the flowers, when approaching maturity, should be protected from rain or they droop badly. This lovely amber flower is worth growing. Disbud rigorously to procure large blooms, and feed the plant well.



THOMAS W. POCKETT (left) is also a large exhibition or semi-incurred variety of a lovely pink shade. The petals are closer and more numerous than Spencer's Amber, and the flower, when well grown, is among the best in its class. Spray buds with D.D.T. or malathion when black aphids appear. This remedy is for all chrysanthemums.

R I G H T: Mother's Day is probably the most popular of all chrysanthemums and is grown in enormous quantities throughout Australia as a symbol of the world-wide anniversary day. Pure white, of medium size, it is decorative and bears flowers in profusion. It is easy to grow.



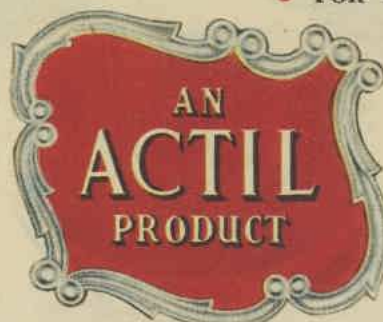
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ALL GROCERS and STORES



ASK TODAY FOR "LAVENDO"

Each week, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.

Modern home in fan shape



● A house shaped like a fan, with the front elevation a curve of windows taking in a magnificent view of Middle Harbor, has been built for two families at Beauty Point, Sydney.

ARCHITECT Charles Balint had two goals when he planned the unusual design: To make the two-story house as convenient to run for the two families as separate homes would be and to take advantage of the extensive water view.

The house successfully combines these two aims and presents a striking appearance to the passer-by. It is an outstanding home of 25 squares built on an elevated site with entry past an attractive rock garden rising 14 feet above street level.

The rooms across the curved front of the house have an almost uninterrupted outlook through sliding sheets of frameless glass instead of the more conventional window framework.

ABOVE: Front of the house at Beauty Point, Sydney. Bands of dark brown timber alternate with rows of windows. A projecting roof overhang extends to cover the first-story terrace.



RIGHT: Extensive view of Middle Harbor can be seen from all the front windows of the house. This section of the ground-floor lounge includes the formal dining area.

The lounge-room on the first story opens into a sheltered terrace on the north-west corner, and downstairs double glass doors of the ground-floor lounge lead to a paved patio.

The fan-shape eliminates waste space in corridors and also allows for future extensions.

The house is heated by modern electrical fittings in the walls. In both lounge-rooms lighting is by concealed fluorescent lamps. They are fixed behind the curtain pelmets and give a warm diffused light.

... it's the world's favourite coffee!

flavour Active

NESCAFÉ

INSTANT COFFEE

Every tiny particle of Nescafé is flavour-active. You simply add hot water and each tiny particle dissolves instantly and completely . . . releasing a star-burst of rich, full-bodied coffee flavour. There's not a trace of grounds . . . no deposits to settle on the bottom of the cup. Nescafé is pure coffee . . . all coffee . . . nothing but coffee. Every cup is delicious to the very last satisfying drop.



N192-58

**TRY NESCAFÉ AND
IDEAL MILK as
Creamed Coffee**

Put a teaspoonful of Nescafé in a cup and pour in very hot water. Add a little Ideal Evaporated Milk and sugar if desired, and you have a cup of deliciously smooth creamed coffee.

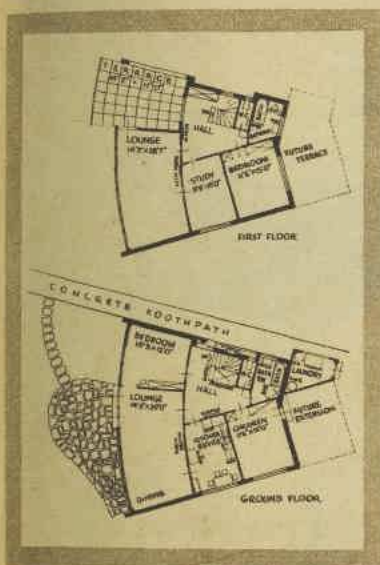
**Coffee Pin
Wheels**

4 oz. plain flour, 1 oz. sugar, 2 oz. butter, pinch salt. Cream plain flour, 2 oz. butter, pinch salt. 4 oz. Nescafé, pinch salt. Sift into flour, salt and Nescafé. Cream butter and sugar and place in the plain one with milk. Press the coffee one into top and roll up as for Swiss roll. Cut off pieces 1/2" thick. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven until pale golden. brown, 16-18 wheels.

A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT



SUNSHINE floods the lounge-room and adjoining bedroom. A cypress pine wall makes an attractive divider between the two rooms and blends with the polished wood floors. Chairs are upholstered in leather.

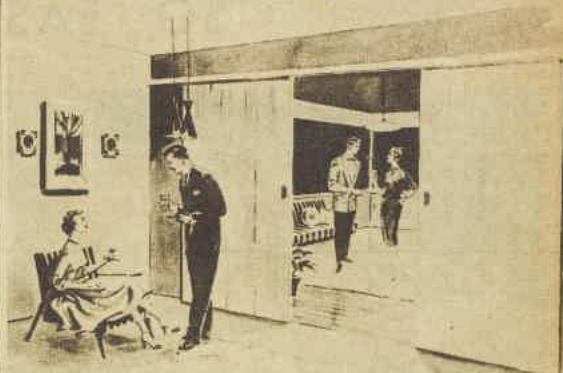


LEFT: Ground plan of both levels shows the compact layout of the rooms, with space for extensions.

ABOVE: Sweeping curve of the front windows ends in double glass doors leading to the terrace.

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So inexpensive... yet so beautiful

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E.P.N.S. A1 Quality SILVERWARE

Grosvenor Plate may be obtained in this useful cardboard canteen—ready to transfer to your cutlery drawer. It contains 44 pieces (setting for six) Grosvenor Plate "Old English" Design cutlery—guaranteed for 20 years. Grosvenor Plate cutlery is equal to the world's finest for quality, design and craftsmanship.

In single pieces too!
You may also buy
Grosvenor Plate cutlery
in single pieces
or cartons of six



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Manufactured and Guaranteed by MYTTON'S LIMITED, Melbourne.

2 PINTS of delicious single-whip

Ice Cream

SO EASY WITH **IDEAL MILK!**



HERE'S HOW . . . You'll need:

1 large tin Nestlé's Ideal Milk,
2 ozs. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine,
1 to 1½ teaspoonful vanilla essence.

1. Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. When ready to make, add one tablespoon of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved; cool.

2. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick.

3. With control at maximum, place in freezing trays in refrigerator until frozen.



So many quick 'n' simple Ideal flavour ideas, too!

Ideal Ice Cream Cake. So quick but what a favourite. Use yesterday's cake and heap with Ideal Ice Cream. For a luscious topping, just add caramel sauce.

Ideal Party Idea. Float a big serve of Ideal Ice Cream in lemon squash with a sprig of mint and red and white striped straw. It's a wonderful party surprise.

Ideal Peach Delight. Decorate a generous helping of Ideal Vanilla Ice Cream with fresh or tinned peach slices and top with cherries.

Ideal Sundae. Delicious Ideal Vanilla Ice Cream served with sliced fruit, sprinkled with nuts and topped with a cherry. It's the perfect summer sweet.

Ideal Snowballs. Mouth-watering Vanilla Ideal Ice Cream served with a spoon or scoop, covered with chocolate sauce, then sprinkled with coconut.

Ideal Rock Melon Special. The delicate flavour of sliced rock melon or paw-paw blends perfectly with Ideal Vanilla Ice Cream. So easy — so delicious.



ALL SO EASY with **NESTLÉ'S**
IDEAL MILK



Crisp, fresh and clean . . . light-starched with Robin

Two minutes with the rapid Robin routine is all you need to keep his shirts crisp and clean through hours of wear at work or play. Robin Starch makes light work of ironing and washing . . . dirt simply floats out. Easy, economical Robin Starch—see the difference it makes.

APRONS — Aprons stay crisper, cleaner longer when lightly starched with Robin.
DRESSES — There's a lovely crispness about a dress light-starched with Robin.



Robin STARCH

keeps things crisper, cleaner, longer

Washing can get clothes clean,
but only **Reckitt's Blue**
keeps them really white

Australians use more and more Marveer furniture polish.

The reason is that it makes the care of furniture far easier.

It's easy and inexpensive to restore furniture with Marveer — Nature's own food for furniture and woodwork. Just a few drops will remove scratches and stains — impart a gleaming "new look" polish.

Fine for refrigerators — Laminex too!

Yes, Marveer will give a sparkling new look to all baked enamel, plastic and Laminex surfaces. Refrigerator, stove-front, electric mixer, telephone, wireless cabinet, leatherette

upholstery, children's toys, can be cleaned and polished with Marveer!

Also in 1 gallon cans for Hospitals, institutions, and commercial users.



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"THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR"

Our new publication "The Australian Year" makes a wonderful gift for friends overseas. Its 64 pages of best quality paper are packed with magnificent Australian color pictures. See coupon in this issue.



DIXIE COMBINATION. Simple seasoning is used to coat the chops and tomato halves and gives an interesting flavor to the dish illustrated above. See directions below.

TWO RECIPES WIN PRIZES

● A recipe for pork chops cooked in an unusual way wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

VEAL fillets or lamb short loin chops could be used in place of the pork in this versatile dish.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a dessert in which are combined the flavors of strawberries, honey, cream cheese, and yoghurt.

Spoon measurements are level.

DIXIE COMBINATION

Four to six pork chops, salt, pepper, flour, 3 tomatoes (cut in halves crosswise), 4 potatoes, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 or 3 cooking apples, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups soft bread-crumbs, 1 chopped onion, 1 cup melted butter, 1 egg.

Wipe chops, dust with seasoned flour; arrange in greased baking-dish. Peel potatoes, cut in halves lengthwise, coat with the 1 tablespoon melted butter. Place in baking-dish with the chops. Wash apples, cut in halves crosswise. Remove core carefully without cutting through. Combine brown sugar and cinnamon, place a spoonful of mixture into centre cavity of each apple half; place in dish. Mix together bread-crumbs, onion, 1 cup melted butter, and beaten egg, season with salt and pepper. Spread mixture evenly over pork chops in dish and tomato

halves. Bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking 30 to 40 minutes or until chops and potatoes are cooked. Twenty minutes before serving add prepared tomatoes to dish to complete cooking. A little stock or water can be added to pan while baking if necessary. Lift out chops, tomatoes, potatoes, and apples from dish; keep hot while preparing gravy. Thicken liquid remaining in pan with 1 tablespoon flour, stir over heat until browned and well mixed. Stir in 1 cup stock or water, continue stirring until boiling. Arrange meat and vegetables on plates.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Carey, Dingo Creek, via Wingham, N.S.W.

STRAWBERRY YOGHURT PIE

One 8in. pastry shell (short-crust, biscuit pastry or a no-bake crumb crust), 2 dozen strawberries, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 cup yoghurt, 1lb. cream cheese, vanilla.

Prepare pastry shell, cook and cool if necessary. Wash, hull strawberries, dip in honey, and line pastry shell. Whip yoghurt, cream cheese, and vanilla well. Spoon over strawberries. Chill before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss Mency, 1 Royal Parade, Parkville N.2, Melbourne.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is steak casserole flavored with mushroom soup. It costs 8/9 and serves four or five.

MUSHROOM-STEAK CASSEROLE

One pound round or blade steak, 1 knuckle veal, 1 kidney, 1 onion, salt and pepper, 1 cup rice, 1 pint prepared mushroom soup (or stock), 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Remove meat from veal knuckle and cut into small cubes with the steak. Soak kidney in cold salted water 1 hour; skin kidney, remove core, and chop roughly. Place rice and chopped onion in large greased casserole; cover with mushroom soup. Add meat, salt, pepper, and celery to casserole, cover and cook in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours or until meat is tender. Top with chopped parsley, serve piping hot with root or green vegetables in season.

Mummy! pussy scatched me!



A cut . . . a scratch . . . an abrasion — quick, the Dettol! Wise mothers always have Dettol handy in the house. Prompt attention with Dettol helps to guard against the risk of septic infection.

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. . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic—a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

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Turn yourself into fashion's fair-haired girl



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L.B. 62

Page 63

GIVE BETTER—LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

with *Sunbeam*



**GIVES PERFECT RESULTS
... BIG POWER SAVINGS!**



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Beauty*

FABULOUS ELECTRIC FRYPAN

Every home needs this amazingly versatile cooking appliance that saves time and trouble at breakfast, lunch and dinner, and snack-time, too. It bakes, roasts, stews, fries, grills, casseroles *perfectly!*

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Here's a genuine Sunbeam powered food-mixer for only £14/12/6. Convenient, powerful, wonderfully efficient, portable.



AUTOMATIC TOASTER

Toasting made easy! Toasts both sides of two slices at once... as you like it. Pops toast up or keeps it warm.



EGG BOILER AND POACHER

Breeze through breakfast! Automatically boils or poaches eggs with steam... more delicious... always just the way you like them!



COOKER AND DEEP FRYER

Deep frying — a wonderful, different cooking method... perfect results guaranteed by automatic heat control.



STEAM IRON

Essential in every home! Only Sunbeam has stainless steel tank. It's lighter, faster... by actual test.



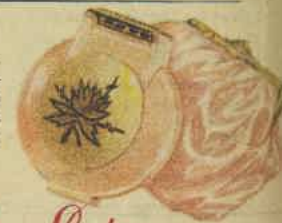
Double Automatic DRY IRON

No other automatic dry iron is lighter, faster or finer... has super-accurate thermostat.



Micro-thin SHAVEMASTER

The modern way! For men... it's the 1958 Sunbeam Micro-Thin Shavemaster! For women... it's Lady Sunbeam! No nicks, no cuts, no mess, no fuss! Complete efficiency.



Lady Sunbeam

WHICH ONE FOR YOU NEXT?

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 25

The new voice was harsh and possessed a curious muddiness, but in its own way it was honest enough.

The man in the peaked cap laughed. "Cheer up," he said, "your reward is on the way. You can send John down to get the door open if he's still there. I'll be with you in five minutes."

"John's gone home. I'm here alone and I'm waiting for you here till midnight as I said I would. After that you've got to take the consequences. I told you and I meant it."

In the booth the man's bunched jaw muscles hardened but the pleasant disingenuous voice remained soothing.

"Relax. You've got a pleasant shock coming to you. Take this gently or you'll have a stroke. I've got the money, every farthing of it, and since you don't trust me it's in cash as you requested, all in this little brief-case in front of me, in fives and ones." He was silent for a moment. "Did you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I wondered. Aren't you pleased?"

"I'm pleased that we should both be saved a lot of trouble." There was a grudging pause and then, as curiosity got the better of him, "The old gentleman paid up to save you, did he?"

"He did. Not willingly nor without comment exactly. However, pay he did. You didn't believe he existed, did you?"

"What I believe don't matter. You get out here with the money. Where are you?"

"St. James', in the old man's club. I'll be seeing you. Good-bye."

He hung up and slid down in the booth again to watch the lighted window. After a moment a shadow appeared across it and the blind descended. The man in the telephone booth sighed and then, straightening himself, snapped open the catch of the leather case before him. He did not raise the lid high immediately but first thrust in his hand and drew out a small squat gun which he passed through the side-slit in his oilskin into the safety of his jacket within.

He then opened the case wide, revealing that it contained nothing but a dark felt hat of good quality and a pair of clean pigskin gloves. He exchanged these for his peaked cap and gauntlets and became at once a different looking person. The long black oiled coat ceased to be part of a uniform and became an ordinary protection which any man might wear against the rain, and, with the removal of the cap, his eyes and forehead

came out of their mask of shadow. He looked thirty or a very few years older and his face still possessed some of the secrecy of youth.

He was good looking in a conventional way, his features regular and his round eyes set wide apart. Only the heavy muscles at the corners of his jaw, and the unusual thickness of his neck, were not in the accepted fashionable picture. The most outstanding thing about him was an impression of urgency that was apparent in every line of his body, a strain and a determination like a climber's nearing a peak.

As he slid out of the red kiosk into the pit among the tall houses, the gun in his gloved hand inside his jacket pocket, he was, if considered dispassionately, a shocking and dreadful thing, equally horrible with any other deadly creature moving subtly in the dark places of an unsuspecting world.

HE passed round behind the bus, empty save for the old people who had not moved, and came down the narrow lane into the sign-lit brightness of the Avenue. It was still pouring, the pavements were almost empty, Wardle was still having his supper, and the Porchester's Victorian-Byzantine portico remained unattended.

Nothing could have suited the man better. He had only to step round the deserted frontage of the closed theatre to gain the comparative darkness of Deban Street itself, where even now Lew was unlocking a deep-set door.

He came into the light swiftly, his head held down, and glanced briefly up the street. The next moment he halted abruptly, but recovered himself and, pulling his slicker collar round his chin, he stepped under the canopy of the theatre.

Directly between himself and the entrance to Deban Street there was a bus stop, and beneath it stood an elderly woman waiting patiently in the downpour.

She stood quite still, looking square and solid in a green mackintosh cape which was dark now in patches where the rain had soaked her shoulders. Her small velour hat glistened with drops and her stout shoes must have been waterlogged.

For the moment there was no one else on the pavement. If he passed her he must run the risk of her seeing him and recognising his back, just as he had hers. He decided against

risking it, and turned the other way, back across the entrance to Goff's Place and on to Molyneux Street, where he found, as he had hoped, the remains of a taxi rank. There was one cab left upon it and, keeping his face turned away from the lights of the Avenue, he spoke to the driver.

"There's an old girl standing at the bus stop just round the corner here, Guv," he said pleasantly. "She lives just off the Barrow Road. At the moment she's catching pneumonia because she thinks that it's a crime to take a taxi just for herself. Here is ten bob. Will you go and take her home?"

The driver sat up among the leather swaddling clothes in which he was enveloped and laughed. He took the crumpled note and started his engine.

"Don't they make you tired?" he said, referring no doubt to womenkind in general. "Cruel to themselves half the time, cruel to themselves. Shall I tell her your name?" She's sure to want to know."

The man in the oilskin coat hesitated with what appeared to be natural modesty.

"Oh, I don't think so," he said at last. "It might embarrass her. Tell her one of her old pals. I shall keep my eye on you from this corner, driver."

"You needn't." The bundle spoke without animosity. "I'm honest. No reason why I shouldn't be. Goodnight, sir. I'll take 'er along."

The old cab shuddered and sprang forward and the man on foot stepped back into the shadow of a doorway. He counted two hundred slowly before walking out into the rain again. This time the Avenue was safe and the space under the bus-stop deserted.

With the gun in his hand he bent his head against the rain, passed unnoticed down the lighted way, and turned into Deban Street.

Just about eight months after the incident which the newspapers had christened "The Goff Place Mystery" had made a nine days' wonder in the Press and the police had endured a great deal of unconstructive criticism with their usual gloomy stoicism, Mr. Albert Campion closed the door of Chief Superintendent Yeo's room and walked up two flights of stairs to tap on one which belonged to the newest Superintendent, Charles Luke.

Mr. Campion was a tall thin man in his early fifties with fair hair, a pale face, and large spectacles, who had cultivated the gentle art of unobtrusiveness until even his worst

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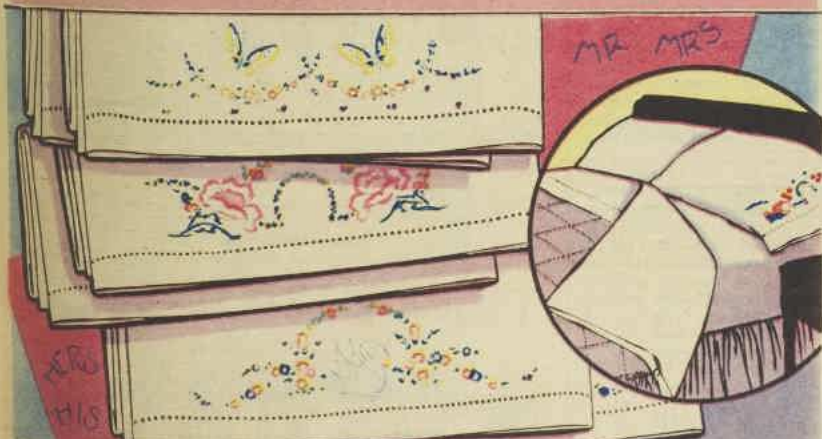
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Page 65

EASY TO EMBROIDER



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 15, 1958

Continuing . . .

Hide My Eyes

from page 65

enemies were apt to overlook him until it was too late. He was known to a great many people, but few were absolutely certain about what it was he actually did with his life.

In his youth he had often been described as "the young man come about the trouble," and nowadays he was liable to mention deferentially that he feared he was becoming "the old one come with it," but now, as then, he was careful never to permit his status to be too accurately defined.

It was certainly true that he had a private practice, but also a fact that he and the present Assistant Commissioner, Crime, Mr. Stanislaus Oates, had been hunting companions in the days when Oates was an Inspector C.I.D. Since then Yeo, who was following Oates' footsteps, and many other eminent senior men in the service were content to consider him a friend, an expert witness, and at times a very valuable guide into little-known territory.

At the moment he was not very happy. Old friendship has a way of making demands on a man which would be considered unreasonable by the standards of frank enmity. On arriving at Yeo's office in response to an urgent message it had emerged after a considerable display of bush beating that what "the Guv'nor" really required from his old chum was a promise that he would "drop a hint" to Charlie Luke.

MR. CAMPION,

who was very fond of Yeo, and even fonder of Charles Luke whom they both felt to be the most interesting personality the C.I.D. had produced in a decade, found the assignment suspect in the extreme. In the first place, Yeo was more than capable of dealing himself with any sort of problem, however delicate, and in the second, Luke was Yeo's own protégé and white hope for the future, the son of his old colleague and an officer over whose career he had watched for 20 years.

If Yeo needed help in hint-dropping to Luke, Mr. Campion felt the situation must be out of hand. Moreover, in his experience, getting a word in edgeways with Luke was a major operation on its own account at the best of times, let alone at the moment when quite a lot appeared to have been said already.

He knocked at the green door, and was admitted by a clerk who withdrew as the superintendent came across the room, hand outstretched.

Mr. Campion thought he had never seen the man in such tremendous form. Luke was a magnificent specimen who looked a little less than his six feet because of the weight of his muscles. He had a live, dark face under black hair which curled tightly to his scalp, nervous energy radiated from him and his narrow eyes under peaked brows were shrewd and amused.

"Hello! Just the man I was hoping to see!" he said with disconcerting enthusiasm. "Come in. I was wondering if I could possibly get hold of you to ask you to drop a hint to the Old Man for me. He thinks I'm round the bend."

Mr. Campion knew Yeo did, on the very best authority. However, he saw no point in mentioning it, and Luke gave him little opportunity. His handshake was a minor ordeal, and he got his visitor settled in the armchair before the desk with the alarming purposefulness of one who perceives a heaven-sent audience.

"I'm on to something pretty hot," he announced without

preamble. "I'm certain of it, but at the moment it's just a little bit on the vague side."

"That's a quality which has disadvantages," murmured Mr. Campion, who knew what they were rather better than most people. "Authority doesn't warm to the indefinite."

"It's the new rank, I know that," Luke spoke bluntly. "A chief can have ideas and a mere D.D.I. is permitted to have a hunch. But a super is paid to keep his feet on the carpet, his seat on his chair, and his head should be a box marked 'Members Only.' I know that better than anybody, and in the ordinary way I believe in it. But just now I really have stumbled on a trail. This is one of my 'sixth-sense specials.' I've had them all my life. Look, Campion, since you're here, take a look at this, will you?"

He turned to a chart which hung on the wall behind him and Mr. Campion, who had heard about it already from Yeo, saw that it was a large scale street map of a part of the Metropolitan Police District in West London, where Charlie Luke had served as a detective divisional inspector for several adventurous years. The thin man remembered most of the area as a labyrinth of Victorian middle-class stucco, which had degenerated with the wars into alarming slums, and was now on the upgrade once more, but the portion shown here was new to him.

It was a circle, some quarter-mile across, in the north of the district, and sported a crop of colored flags as on a battle map. The centre of the round was an irregular patch, colored green to indicate an open space, which lay in the angle made by the junction of two traffic ways, Edge Street running south to the park, and the long Barrow Road going west. He leaned forward to read the large print across the space.

"Garden Green," he said aloud. "I don't know it, I'm afraid, I thought it was Goff's Place you were worrying about."

Luke cocked an eye at him. "Oh, I see," he said. "You had a word with the guv on the way up. Did he tell you that I'd got a delusion that Jack Havoc or the Reddingdale Butcher had come back to haunt me because I didn't bring either of them to trial?"

"No," Mr. Campion hoped sincerely that he was lying in a good cause. "I merely gathered you were inclined to link three or four of the unsolved cases of the last three years and to attribute them to the same unknown man."

"Huh," said Luke. "So I am." He perched himself on the edge of the desk, and looked, as Campion had so often seen him, like some huge cat, lithe and intent. "Goff's Place and the corpse who went by bus. Put everything you've ever heard about that business out of your mind and listen to me."

It was one of Charlie Luke's more engaging peculiarities that he amplified all his stories with a remarkable pantomimic sideshow which he gave all the time he was talking. He drew diagrams in the air with his long hands, and made portraits of his characters with his own face. Mr. Campion was not at all surprised, therefore, when he hunched himself, drew his lips over his teeth to suggest age, and altered the shape of his nose by clapping his fist over it.

"Poor old Lew," he said. "A decent, straight little chap with

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The Tongue Test

proves that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth



Macleans lifts clinging coating clean off—even between teeth where the brush can't reach—keeps teeth whiter, SAFER FROM DECAY

DENTISTS TELL you that the first thing to do to keep your teeth healthy is to keep them clean. This is because a coating forms on your teeth, day and night. A coating that not only makes your teeth dingy, but harbours decay germs.

Of course with ordinary toothpastes you can scrub most of this coating off—where the brush

can reach. But Macleans works in a different way. Its special ingredients lift the harmful coating clean off the teeth; clean them whiter than ever before.

If your teeth are white and clean they are free from coating. So they must be safer from decay. Make the tongue test yourself and prove that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.

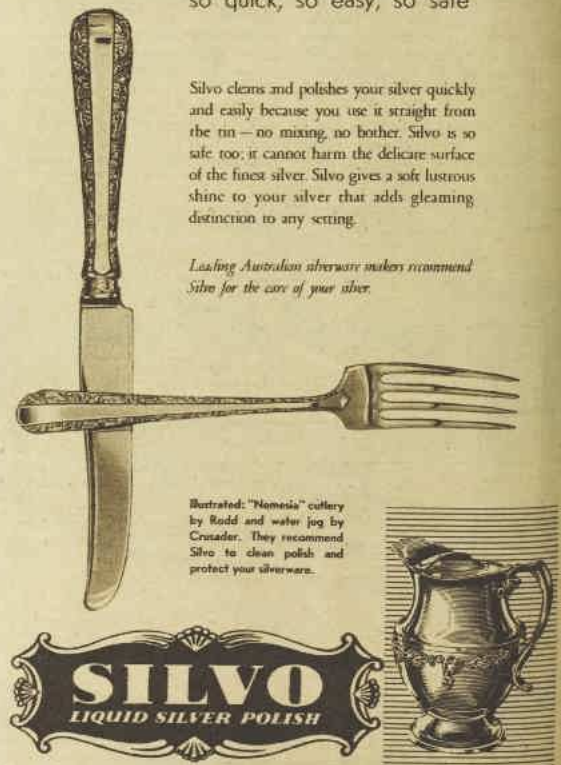
Did you Maclean your teeth today?

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Leading Australian silversmith makers recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.



The night you name the day
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Goya

SKIN PERFUME

Coincidence? Perhaps. But the sparkling freshness of Goya Skin Perfume does do things for your personality. Use Goya Skin Perfume right after every bath. Revel in head-to-toe daintiness—surround yourself with its fragrance—a refreshing, persuasive, inexpressibly feminine aura.



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—one for every mood

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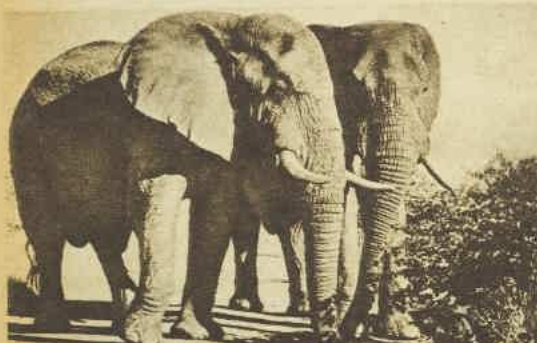


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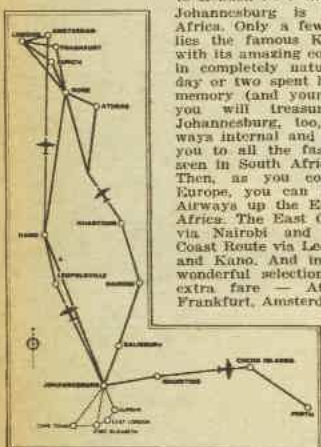


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Continuing... Hide My Eyes

[from page 66]

more patience than sense until the end of it was reached, of course, when he was firm as a moneylender has to be. He had a pawnshop in Deban Street, and when he shut it in the evening he used to nip upstairs to his office and get out his ledgers on the usury lark. His interest was stiff, but not over the odds, and he'd traded there for years without a complaint.

He paused and fixed his visitor with a baleful eye. "Someone took him for a ride, and made a mess of his office first. There was blood all over the floor, at least half a dozen vital books were missing, and the trail led down the stairs at the back to a door which opened into Goff Place, and no one has seen little Lew since. There was a lot of excitement at first, but since there was no corpse to show, it petered out."

Mr. Campion nodded. "I remember it," he said. "It was a very wet night, and nobody noticed that it was curious that a country bus should have been waiting in the yard at a time when there was no performance on at the Duke of Grafton's. The police decided the body must have been taken away in the bus."

"The police had to decide something," said Luke bitterly. "We had to make up our minds if we were going or coming for one thing. But it must have been done that way, otherwise we should have been able to trace the blessed vehicle. We advertised all over the home counties, every police force was alerted; we inspected close on seven hundred garages."

"Old Lew must have gone in the bus, but in that case what was the explanation of the two old dears who were already sitting in it? That was the item which shook me. Who were they? What happened to them? Why did they keep silent, and how sound were they sleeping?"

Mr. Campion's pale eyes grew thoughtful behind his spectacles. It was very difficult not to be moved by Luke's forceful imagination which recreated a picture grown faint in his mind.

"Ah, yes," he said at last. "The old man with the round beard and the old lady with the beads in her bonnet who were dozing on the front seat. Some witness described them, I fancy."

"We had five," Luke said. "Five people came forward to swear that they'd glanced into Goff Place that night at varying times between 9.40 and 10.5, and had seen the bus waiting there. They all remembered the old folk, and hardly seem to have noticed anything else, let alone the number or the color of the coach. Even the waiter who passed the mouth of the yard when the bus driver was actually climbing into his seat didn't glance at him twice, but could paint a picture of the passengers in oils. He was the chap who swore he'd seen them before."

"Had he, by George. That must have been useful!" The thin man was puzzled. "Extraordinary you got no further. Or wasn't it?" he added as Luke's face grew darker.

"I thought so." The new Superintendent was inclined to be off hand. "The chap wasn't specific. He thought he'd seen them in Edge Street and he was certain it was through glass. He reckoned they must have been sitting in a tea shop and he'd seen them through the window as he passed by."

He hesitated and after a moment's indecision remarkably unlike him turned and nodded towards the chart on the wall. "Those three yellow flags mark the only eating places in the

area where he could have done that."

Mr. Campion's brows rose. He had been warned that Luke was catching at straws.

"Hardly conclusive," he ventured.

Luke sniffed. "Hardly there at all," he conceded thinnely. "I warn you, my evidence gets thinner still as I go on. That's one reason why the old man is so windy. That blue flag on the corner there marks the branch of Cuppages, the cheap outfitters where this was bought in a sale." He leant over the desk, dragged open a drawer and drew out a thick brown envelope.

Mr. Campion watched him while he took out the glove it contained. It was cut for a man's left hand in imitation hogskin and was nearly new. Luke's narrow eyes met Mr. Campion's squarely.

"This is the glove left behind in the Church Row shooting case."

"Oh, dear!" Mr. Campion's protest was so completely spontaneous and like himself that his friend had the grace to color.

"All right," Luke threw the exhibit on the brass tray of a



"To be absolutely fair, I think you should give the cow's side of it, too."

pair of letter scales which he kept on the desk top and it lay there, limp and unimpressive, kept in the air by the small column of weights on the other side.

"I'm not trying to prove anything. I only point out that this glove left behind by the unknown gunman, who shot his way out of a house in Church Row when he discovered that there were more people in the building than the woman householder, was bought in Cuppages on that corner."

"My dear fellow, I wouldn't dream of arguing with you," Mr. Campion made it clear that he was not a man who argued at all. "But I would point out that the Church Row shooting happened quite three years ago."

"Just about," Luke spoke cheerfully. "It was about this time, October. The Goff Place business was last February."

"A gap of two years and four months?" Mr. Campion's expression was very dubious.

Luke returned to his map. "Well, I wondered, don't you know," he said deliberately. "I wondered if it was all gap. See that pink marker half way down Faurey Street, just behind Cuppages? That's a small jewellers. Belongs to an old boy called Tobias. I've known him for years. Not long ago a young woman who was on holiday from Dorset - she's a country school teacher there - passed by his window and went up in the air. She'd seen this in his cheap tray."

He dived into the drawer again to return with a small box containing a gold ring decorated with ivy leaves which he passed to his visitor. "She'd recognised it as belonging to her auntie and she was

excited about finding it because her auntie and uncle completely vanished two years and three months ago - in the June following the September of the Church Row shooting."

Mr. Campion sat looking at the Superintendent with misleading innocence.

"I trust you don't suggest that the aunt and uncle travelled by bus, Charles?"

"No," said Luke. "No one knows how they travelled, or even if they travelled. That's the interesting part of the story. They were retired people comfortably off in their own little house in Yorkshire, and they sold up and collected all their money and got on a train for London without a word of explanation to anyone except that the old lady, in writing to the school teacher to thank her for a white plastic handbag which she'd sent her for her birthday, had mentioned that they'd met a very nice young man who had told Uncle wonderful things about Johannesburg, and how suitable the handbag would be if ever they went. That was all. Auntie never wrote again. When the niece investigated she and uncle had packed up and gone away without a word."

He paused and thrust his jaw out with sudden savagery.

"I don't want to make cases, but you would think that once the police got on to it they could find some trace of these people having taken plane or ship within a reasonable time of their closing their bank account. We couldn't. We can't find a whisper of them anywhere except that auntie's ring which never left her finger turned up right in the middle of the area in which I'm interested."

Mr. Campion looked at the ring. It was not valuable but the design was unusual and rather beautiful.

"How sure is the niece about this?" he inquired.

"A hundred per cent." By some alchemy Luke managed to transform his thin face into a round blank one, solemn eyed and utterly practical. "Auntie had a terrier pup who used to try to bite it off her finger. Look at it with this."

He passed him a jeweller's glass from the miscellany on the desk and the thin man made the examination carefully.

"Yes," he said at last. "What a beastly little tale. What does Tobias say?"

"So little he must be telling the truth," Luke sighed gustily. "He can't remember when the ring came in. He only put it in the window a couple of days before the niece spotted it. He was turning out the drawer in which he keeps the junk he buys over the counter and found it under the bit of newspaper he'd used as a lining last time he cleaned up. He says it must have come in with a parcel of second-hand stuff but he can't recall it. The odd thing is that the date on the piece of newspaper is just a couple of weeks after uncle and auntie left home. It proves nothing, but it's curious."

He took the ring and dropping it back in its box placed the package on top of the glove. Mr. Campion saw where the manoeuvre was leading and decided to be obliging.

"What about the last flag," he inquired. "The one in the middle of the green."

Luke laughed as he caught his eye.

"Well, it's a good trick," he said, and returning to the drawer once more produced a large lizard-skin letter-case of very good quality. He did not



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To page 69

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 68

pass it over at once but sat turning it inside out and back again, showing a torn strap on one of the inner pockets.

"In April this year a kid picked this up from the grass in Garden Green," he said presently. "After kicking it about for a bit he gave it to a bobby and it turned out to be just the thing the Kent police were looking for. It belonged to a car salesman whose body had been found in his coupe at the bottom of a chalkpit on the Folkestone-London road. Skidmarks on the surface suggested he'd been run off, so no one was very surprised when it was discovered that he'd been carrying all of seven hundred pounds on him when he set out from the coast."

"When he was found he had a pocketful of loose change but no note-case of any kind, although his other papers were intact. His family identified this. It's a distinctive wallet and his wife remembered the torn strap."

He let his mouth widen into a ferocious grin and dropped the leather folder on to the glove and the ring. Its weight turned the scales and the brass tray clattered gently as it hit

the polished wood of the desk. "There you are," he said, "it doesn't mean much, but how good it looks!"

Mr. Campion rose and walked over to the wall to have a closer look at the chart.

"You haven't a scrap of evidence of any kind, have you?" he murmured absently. "You'd be more convincing with a crystal ball. I don't know Garden Green. What is it like?"

"Sad," Luke drooped, impersonating a willow perhaps. "Used to be a graveyard. The church came down in the blitz and the Council had the ground levelled and the stones set round the boundary wall. A hoarding separates it from the Barrow Road and round the back there are the usual little houses — beautiful porches, horrible plumbing. Mostly they're let out in rooms but there are some in private hands still. It's quiet. Not a slum. This chap I have in mind doesn't live there, you know."

There was something so convinced and familiar in his tone that Mr. Campion was startled. The Superintendent was speaking of someone as real to him as the friend before him. Luke saw the expression in the pale eyes and laughed.

"I've got him under my skin good and proper, haven't I? I worry about him you know. He didn't make anything out of the Church Row shooting so I figure he had to catch up on auntie and uncle. He got a few hundred quid from them but not enough to square the moneylender who must have been pressing. So he attended to that little problem, but he didn't actually touch much cash if any in Deban Street. And therefore, a couple of months later, he gave his mind to the car salesman. I don't know how long that drop of lolly would last him because I don't know what his debts were, you see."

"This is pure fiction," said Mr. Campion reproachfully. "It's fascinating but it doesn't touch the ground. Why watch Garden Green if he doesn't live there?"

"Because he's treating it as a hide. He's not counting it. He thinks he's safe there." Luke's deep voice had become soft. It was almost a purr Mr. Campion thought with sudden astonishment, and he was aware of a small and secret thrill creeping down his spine.

"You can't tell what he's got out there," Luke was saying. "But it's something which gives him an entirely false sense of security. It could be a pub where they know him well, but in some different character to his real one, or it might be a girl-friend who doesn't ask questions—they do exist, they tell me. Anyway, he goes there when he wants to leave himself behind."

"I may sound as if I'm shooting a line, but I know his state of mind about that place. He thinks he's almost invisible there, and that things he takes from there or chucks away there couldn't ever be traced to him." He paused and his quick, dark eyes met Campion's own. "It's an old idea—sanctuary they call it, don't they?"

Mr. Campion shivered. He did not know why. He hastened back to concrete matters.

"What about this new telephone?" he inquired.

The dark man chuckled and nodded towards an instrument which stood away from the others on a file in the corner.

"That's it," he said. "That's caused the trouble downstairs. You can go as batty as you like if you do it cheaply, but spend a bit of Government money on your delusions and authority

starts having kittens at once! That's my private line to the Barrow Road station. If anything comes in from the Garden Green beat I shall hear of it quicker than soon. It's been waiting, costing all of thirty bob, for a couple of weeks, but it'll ring in the end. You'll see!"

The thin man in the horn rims returned to his chair and sat down eyeing the little pile of exhibits on the scales.

"You make it very convincing, Charles," he said at last. "Although there's no great similarity of method you force me to admit there's a strong family likeness in the mental approach. Of course, there are no bodies in the ring story but then there isn't one in the bus business either."

Luke thrust his hands in his pockets, and began to play softly with the coins there.

"That idea of Yeo's about me trying to revive Havoc or the Reddingdale multi-murderer is absurd," he said. "This chap isn't a fraction like either of them. Havoc had got out of touch with the peacetime world in jug, and the Reddingdale chap was a bore with a blood lust like Bluebeard or Christie, but this man is different. He's almost refreshing. He's got a brain, and he's got nerve, and he's not neurotic. He's perfectly sane; he's merciless as a snake, and he's very careful—doesn't like witnesses or corpses left around."

"You see him as simply out for money, do you?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, and not necessarily big money." As he spoke the

To keep a bathtub clean, run cold water before hot. Afterwards clean the tub while it is still warm.

superintendent took a handful of silver out of his pocket absently, glanced at it, and put it back again. "He's a crook. He makes a living by taking all he needs from other people. The really unusual thing about him is that he kills quite coldly when it's the safest thing to do."

He slid off the desk, and going round behind it sat down in his chair and swept the exhibits back into his drawer.

"He's the enemy," he said, catching Campion's eye with a flicker in his own which was half-shy. "My enemy." Professional and natural, and I tell you, I'm as certain as if I was reading it on my tombstone, either I'm going to get him, or he's going to get me."

Mr. Campion opened his mouth to express a polite hope that he was not beating an empty covert when behind him, on the top of the green file, the newly installed telephone began to ring.

Early in the day on which Mr. Campion went to visit Chief Inspector Luke, Garden Green achieved a beauty which was not normally its outstanding characteristic.

Sunlight, yellow and crystal in the mist, glowed through the wet black branches of the plane trees while the fallen cream-colored leaves made a fine carpet hiding the bald patches, the cigarette cartons, and the bus tickets which in the ordinary way disfigured the discouraged grass.

A narrow concrete path ran round the green like a ribbon round a hat. At the farthest loop was a single wooden seat and upon it sat a girl.

She was not very tall, but curved as a kitten, and was clad

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in an elegant tweed coat with matching tan shoes and gloves. At her feet was a small canvas travelling bag.

P.C. Bullard, heavyweight and elderly, who was on duty at the corner, had strolled down the path twice already to have a look at her, once in the way of duty and once for pure pleasure. Her sleekly brushed hair was honey colored, her grey eyes flecked with gold were widely set, and her mouth might have been drawn with a copperplate pen, so fine and yet so bold were its lines.

The man on duty was puzzled by her. He thought he had never seen anything so out of place. If she was waiting for someone who was very late she certainly did not mind, for she sat there contentedly in the cold morning, her fair skin glowing and the sunlight burnishing her uncovered head.

He judged that she was something over seventeen trying to look twenty, and he was not far out, except that it was twenty-four she was aiming at. Apart from her beauty, which was outstanding, the other thing which impressed him was her self-possession. The second time he passed her she caught him eyeing her and wished him a polite good morning as a matter of course.

She was up from the country, he decided. That was about it.

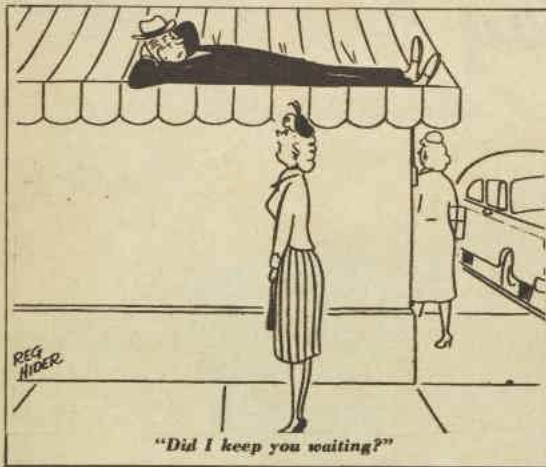
After forty minutes he began to feel downright anxious about her, although she showed no sign of being disturbed. If she was wearing a watch she did not consult it, but remained relaxed, graceful, and apparently utterly content. Her slender feet were thrust out before her and her hands were folded in her lap.

He might have guessed that it was her destiny that other people should do the worrying about Miss Annabelle Tassie, for it was with positive relief that he, a complete stranger, saw at last a young man turn sharply in from the street and go hurrying towards her.

The newcomer, too, was an unusual type of visitor to the district. He was a small and

dapper youngster with dark red hair and one of those bright little-boy faces which are so often the despair of their owners, whose tastes, more often than not, veer towards the romantic. He was twenty-two and looked no older, but there was a pugnacity in the lower part of his face and his very clear blue eyes were vividly intelligent.

His dark suit was impeccable and his white collar shining, and if he had no overcoat it was because, as the newest recruit to the ancient firm of Wysdom and Company, Tea Brokers, Bread Lane, City, he



did not care to wear to business his last year's garment, which was Her Majesty's khaki.

And until the end of the month he would not have quite enough money to purchase the soberly elegant affair on which he had had his eye for some time.

However, this temporary deficiency did not worry him. His most obvious characteristic, which was a natural grace and gaiety of movement, made him appear a joyous figure striding over the grass as if the world belonged to him.

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 69

One of the compensations of youth is its ability to accept the shifts of life as the trivia they turn out to be, and Richard Waterfield had seen nothing outrageous in the demand in Annabelle's letter that he should journey half across London at nine in the morning to meet her in some miserable square of which he had never heard. It was the first letter he had received from her in eighteen months, but he accepted the call upon him without hesitation, arranging with

Messrs. Wysdom Brothers that he should take the morning off to visit his dentist.

She was an old friend and ally whom he had known as a neighbor in the Suffolk village of Dancing.

"I will wait for you in a park called Garden Green," she had written. "On the map it looks nice and near the station and the train gets in at nine. I am sorry to bother you, but I think someone living in London ought to be told where I shall be. I will explain when I see you. If it's raining we'll find a church to

talk in. I mean, I shan't come down on you for tea or food." Her directness amused him. It was one of the reasons he had always liked the child. She had a sound grasp of essentials. He had decided to buy her an ice.

He was considering this particular aspect of the problem when unexpectedly he saw her. He stopped in full stride, his ideas undergoing sudden and drastic change.

"Hullo, Richard," said Annabelle demurely.

"Hullo," he echoed cautiously and added abruptly, "what are you dressed up like that for?"

The faintest of smiles, fleeting and content, passed over the remarkable mouth and she made room on the seat beside her.

"I thought you'd be surprised. You haven't seen me for two years and five months. It's Jenny's coat. I—er—I think I look pretty good."

Richard sat down. "I hardly recognised you," he said stiffly.

Annabelle remained content. "It's my hair," she explained calmly. "I had it done properly while I was about it. I'm trying to look as old as I possibly can."

"So I see." He spoke gloomily. He was mourning a very pleasant child who had been a good friend to him some three years before, when an agony of calf-love for her elder sister, Jennifer, had rendered him in great need of sane companionship. This new Annabelle had blossomed like a whole flowerbed, apparently overnight, and looked to his interested eye as if she might cause a whole heap of trouble for almost anybody.

To his surprise she laid a hand on his.

"Don't be silly," she said. "It's still me."

He laughed gratefully, recovering a modicum of his superiority.

"I'm glad about that. They know at home that you're here,

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Fashion FROCKS

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 46. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

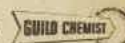
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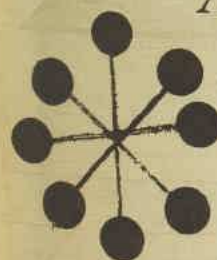
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 71

I hope? You're not up to anything fantastic, like trying to go on the stage or anything?"

"No." She was unoffended. "It's more complicated than that. That's why I wanted to see you—somebody reliable. Jenny knows I'm here, of course, and that means that Medico Mike does, too, but we couldn't trouble Mother. She's far too ill."

Her mention of Dr. Michael Robinson, his successful rival for the affections of her elder sister, reassured Richard somewhat. That mature stuffed shirt was at least hard-headed.

"I heard about your mother," he said awkwardly. "I'm awfully sorry. Isn't she any better? I didn't like to ask."

"I'm afraid she can't ever be. It was a stroke, you see." Annabelle eyed him gratefully. "It doesn't really help to talk about it. Jenny's been wonderful. She won't think of marrying Mike until—well, until it's all over. The other two are at school still, and I've just left. I can't do what Jenny's doing because it's a tremendous feat to pay the bills out of the income, so I was going to get a job right away. Then the letter turned up and I thought I'd better be the one to answer it, and so here I am."

"So I see." He was finding it difficult to take his gaze from her face. "What letter was this?"

"Here." She produced a plump envelope from her coat pocket and handed it to him. "See what you think. It was addressed to Mother, but Jenny had to deal with it. You'll have to read it all. I'm afraid, or you'll never get the drift."

Richard took the packet dubiously. There seemed to be a lot of letter, pages of it scribbled in an untidy but purposeful hand.

"7 Garden Green,
"London, W.2."

"My dear Alice," it began. "You may not have heard of me, but I should not be surprised if you have because all families talk, I know, say what we will. Well, dear, I am your brother-in-law Frederick's wife, or widow I should say, and I think you may have met Frederick before you were married."

"My dear, he was not a bad chap, whatever you may have heard, and was really very fond of his brother, your husband. I saw that he had passed on, poor fellow, some years ago. I am so sorry. It is difficult to talk about them, isn't it?"

"My Frederick was all right, really, but I can understand that it must have been a shock to you all when he went off and joined me in my hotel instead of marrying where he was expected to. I think perhaps I ought to mention that we were married—Gold Cross Registry Office, Manchester, 27th June, '31—a bit late, as you will notice, I expect, but still we did do it and we got on very, very well."

"When he went, poor old boy, in 1945 I was fed up, so I sold out and came to live in a bit of property my dad left me, it falling empty about that time. The address is on the top of this letter. It is not in a swanky part, but I have made it quite nice."

"What I am leading up to is that Freddy and I had no kids and I have no relatives left alive to need anything. I have not won the Irish Sweep, but I did sell out at the best time and have always had a bit put by, being that sort of person, I expect."

"To stop beating about the bush, dear, I believe there is a niece of Freddy's. I remember we saw in the paper her name was Jennifer."

"Fred kept an eye on births

and deaths, and if he was too proud to write, he always drank the health of a name he knew! Well, Alice dear, I would like to see this girl. I do not want to promise anything because I am as I am, and I expect so is she, and we might not get on at all, but if you can see your way to it, send her up to me, and if she is what I have in mind she will not be the loser. There is something here for her to do if she is the right sort."

"Now I have read this I see it looks as if I am up to I don't know what. Do not think that. I would look after her. No silly nonsense, or staying out late, or anything not quite straightforward. Anyhow, that is my idea and there is no harm in discussing it, is there?"

"To close, dear, I hope you are all right. It has been a parrotty old lifetime for us women, hasn't it, but I daresay



"What do you mean,
what's for dinner?"

it has made us all a bit broad-minded than we were long ago. If you decide to send the kid have a little chat with her first, because I do not want a crying set-out if I am not what she expects. Shall hope to see her, but will understand if not."

Yours sincerely,
Margaret (Polly) Tassie.

P.S.: She must be nearly 24. I expect she's very nice, and well brought up, but I have opened this to say that if she should be really plain, kindly, dear, forget I wrote."

Richard read the postscript twice and looked up, his youthful face blank.

"I suppose someone has heard of her before?"

"Oh yes," Annabelle appeared alarmingly complacent. "Father and Frederick were left our estate between them, with very little money and a lot of responsibility, but it looked more or less all right because Frederick was engaged to one of Lord Thole's daughters over at Pharaoh's Field. They were awfully rich. But when grandfather died Uncle Fred beetled off, jilted the Honorable, and left father to wrestle both with the estate and the scandal. I don't think there was a row. Just an enduring coolth. No one even seems to have considered this old darling, who sounds rather a sweetie, don't you think?"

He did not answer immediately and she leaned over his shoulder.

"Well, don't you?"

"I don't know," he said honestly. "You're sure Dr. Robinson has seen this letter, and that he thinks it was a good idea for you to come up?"

Annabelle hesitated and her grey-gold eyes wandered from his stare.

"I think so," she said at

last. "Things are rather dreary at home just now. I imagine Mike is a bit bored with me and the two young ones. I mean, I think that a wealthy relative is just what he feels we need."

Richard's expression remained uncharacteristically serious and he turned back to the first page of the letter before casting a furtive glance at the breathtaking face beside him. Annabelle hurried on.

"We didn't write to Aunt Polly, because her letter was to mother, anyhow, and explanations seemed too difficult and long-winded to be put on paper. I thought I'd just come up and see what she wanted, but it all sounded a bit peculiar, so I thought I'd better arrange with someone reliable to know where I was."

She paused and grinned at him, reminding him vividly of herself as he remembered her best.

"You're the only person I know in London," she said. "It was the sensible thing to write you, don't you think?"

"Of course," Richard stifled an unmanly doubt. "Seven Garden Green. It's one of those houses over there, I suppose." He nodded without enthusiasm towards the grey terrace, dingy and tall in the mist, which surrounded the Green on the other side of the encircling wall.

"No, I don't think so. I came that way. That's Garden Crescent." Annabelle glanced uneasily at the maze of shabby stucco stretching in every direction. "Perhaps it's at the back here. I didn't like to go and look in case you arrived and missed me."

He smiled at her. She was terrific. That half independent, half leaning on one, was the most touching thing he had ever encountered. He got up. "I'll find out. You stay there. There's a bobby down there. He'll know. I shan't be a moment."

He sped off before she could attempt to join him and caught Bullard just as he was moving off towards the Barrow Road.

"Garden Green, sir?" In the way of elderly constables he took his time before replying. "What number do you want? Seven? That'll be the first building down that turning on the right over there. You can't miss the house. It's a museum."

"A what?" Richard was

taken by surprise. His eyes

looked blue and astounded.

Bullard could not forbear to smile. The boy reminded him of a startled pup with that red setter colored hair.

"Isn't that what you were looking for, sir? It's number seven, all right. It's only a small museum and there's a house attached, which is occupied by the caretaker. If I recollect she's also the owner. Name of Tassie."

"The name's right," Richard still sounded shaken. "Thank you very much, officer. Over there? I see."

Old Bullard was loth to let him go. He was curious about the pair. Annabelle in particular had stirred his imagination.

"Number Seven's the museum, all right. Only a small one, admission free. If it's any help to you, the house used to be called Tether's End."

The boy grimaced at him. "That's cheerful."

"So it is," Bullard was amused. "That's a funny thing. I've been about here thirty years and never noticed that. It's the same as Dunroamin, only more sarky, isn't it? Excuse me, sir, but has the young lady come up from the country?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, she has." To his annoyance Richard felt himself flushing.

To page 74

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P457.58

He looked across the leaf-strewn grass to where she sat waiting, and on impulse turned to the older man and expressed the incredulity which was overwhelming him. "She's suddenly got beautiful like that," he exploded. "Suddenly."

Bullard's smile was charming. "She's certainly done it, sir," he said, and moved off in his deliberate way, highly tickled. It was pleasant to see a young chap knocked all of a heap like that. Suddenly, eh? Well, that was how it always happened, and very nice, too.

He dismissed the incident and started to think about himself again. It was quite remarkable, he reflected, what a memory he had got. Ask him anything you liked about the district and he could answer it pat, just like that. It was what they called a visual memory. Everything came in pictures. That little museum and the old girl who ran it, for instance. She'd only shown him round it once and . . .

At that point a picture returned to his mind with the abruptness and clarity of a price coming up on a cash register. He stopped in his tracks, his face turning first white and then red in his excitement. Standing in the middle of the pavement he felt in his pocket for his notebook, in the back of which was a worn police circular folded in four. He shook it out with a trembling hand and put on his reading glasses.

"Details urgently required of the following persons: Woman, seventy to eighty years, brown complexion, wearing grey or green shepherd's plaid shawl and dark brown hat decorated with large metal beads. Man, similar age, white hair round lower part of face, hard hat . . ."

Bullard stared at the streaming traffic in the Barrow Road. An idea had occurred to him which was credible, yet so bizarre, that it made him feel dizzy. It was followed by another consideration, and in sudden panic he turned back to look again across Garden Green. The seat was bare. The misty sunlight spread over the little glade showed it for-

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lorn and empty. The young people had gone.

It was a pretty little house, built near the corner and separated from those on either side by a mass of shrubbery on the left and a high-walled garden containing a studio-like building, presumably the museum, on the right. The plaster work of the house itself had been restored and painted a delicate pink, the front door was a shiny peacock-blue, and the sheer curtains at all windows were frilled and festooned.

This glory contrasted violently with some of the neighbors, but here and there down the short road which connected Garden Green with Edge Street the same sort of effort had been made. The street was on the upgrade once more.

Richard watched Annabelle's progress from the corner. She had refused to let him go with her, but at the same time had appeared gratifyingly loth to part with him, and he had arranged to wait and see her safely inside.

There was a small paved garden between the house and the road and he watched her cross it and mount the steps to the porch, but after a while she emerged, made him a covert sign to indicate that there was no one at home, and walked on to the door in the garden wall outside which there was a notice in gold on a black board.

COLLECTION OF CURIOS
Interesting Animal Furniture and Other Items acquired by the late Frederick Tassie, Esq. Hours 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Monday to Friday, Admission Free.

Please enter.

Annabelle paused for a moment to read the neat professional script. Her hair spilt on to her tweed collar, her shoulders were tiny and rounded under the rough cloth, and her travelling bag was held behind her in her gloved hands. For Richard she made one of those inexplicably momentous

pictures, a pinpoint of wonder, gone as soon as it is born but not to be forgotten in a lifetime.

Presently she glanced back up the road towards him once more, made a little gesture of farewell, and disappeared through the door in the wall, leaving him alarmingly bereft.

Once inside she negotiated a glass-covered passage paved with colored tiles and mounted three red steps to a second door, which opened into a large dim room with an unpolished parquet floor. It smelled violently of naphtha and the uneasy musk scent which hangs for ever round the cured skins of wild animals, and at first glimpse appeared very crowded.

As she stood hesitating she saw that practically the whole

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

of the room save for the gangway, which was roughly loop shaped, was crammed with unexpected objects whose only common denominator appeared to be the staggering human folly which had perpetrated them.

Some were protected with glass cases, but others were not so fortunate, and the centre of the hall was taken up with a sort of big-game exhibit with a difference. On a carpet-covered dais two monstrous chairs faced one another. One had been constructed with dreadful cunning actually inside the carcass of a small elephant, who knelt, trunk at the salute, to permit the sitter to rest within its quilted stomach, whilst the other had been made in the same unlikely way out of a giraffe whose sad head rose disconsolate just above the occupier's own.

Beside them towered a moth-

eaten grizzly whose ferocious snarl was offset by the fact that a statue-of-liberty flambeau adapted to electricity sprouted from one menacing paw, and a moulting ostrich supporting an oil lamp with a pink silk shade completed the group. All four were genuine period pieces, witnesses to a fashion as barbaric and humorless as any in history.

As Annabelle walked round the platform the explanation of the show occurred to her at once. Here, she realised, must be the lifetime's bag of someone who had played the time-honored undergraduate's game of Who Can Bring Home The Awfullest Thing with the abandon of youth and the cash of middle age.

She turned aside to the cases, noting the pair of clogs ornamented on the soles with the Lord's Prayer in colored nailheads, the coat for a French poodle in black sequins and monkey fur, the six-foot replica in plaster of the bridal cake of nineteenth-century Royalty, and the collection of moustache-cups decorated with crowned heads and the flags of all nations.

She came presently to the end of the room where there was a very large glass case set beneath a partially opened window. The exhibit it had contained was dismantled and there was nothing now in the seven-foot cube save a painted backcloth depicting blue sea, a lighthouse and gulls, and, in front, a small double seat which looked as if it had come off a pier.

Glimpses of sturdy iron machinery at the side of the backcloth suggested that at some time the case had housed a working model, and Annabelle, who was attracted by such things, edged round the back to discover if she could find a starting lever. She had found one and was just about to press it when a man's voice, deep

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VITA BRITS PIZZA

Butter VITA BRITS (use one or two VITA BRITS per serve) and place them on a greased oven tray. Place thin slices of cheese on each VITA BRIT. Cover this with a little well-drained tinned tomato, or peeled fresh tomato slices. Season with salt and pepper and top with another thin slice of cheese; dot with a very little butter. Bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes, or until cheese has melted and slightly browned. If desired anchovies may be added (one fillet for each serve).

VITA BRITS EGGS BENEDICT

Heat VITA BRITS and on each place a thin slice of fried ham or crisply cooked bacon, and on top of this a poached egg. Cover with hot Hollandaise or cream sauce. Serve at once.

MOCK HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Add 1 beaten egg yolk to 1 cup of thick white sauce and mix well. Bring slowly to boiling point, but do not allow to boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and a little cayenne pepper.

VITA BRITS VANILLA SLICE

With a thin pointed knife, separate the VITA BRITS in half, the long way. Coat the cut surfaces with icing sugar. Cut an oblong one inch thick of confectioners' cream (see recipe below) and place on one half of the VITA BRIT, top with other half and sprinkle with icing sugar, or thinly coat with chocolate icing.

CONFECTIONERS' CREAM

Ingredients: 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg yolks, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons flour, vanilla, and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind (optional). Place sugar, egg yolks, flour, lemon rind and vanilla in saucepan and mix well together. Scald milk and pour over mixture, beating constantly with rotary beater. Continue cooking over low flame, stirring with wooden spoon, until mixture reaches boiling point. Reduce heat and cook, without boiling, stirring constantly, 4 minutes longer. Remove from fire, add butter and mix well. Pour into bowl and let cool, stirring occasionally to prevent skin forming on top. Chill until firm.

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Cotton Candy Pearl, Pink Pearl, Rose Pearl S220



Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 74

and pleasant, floated in through the window above her.

"There you are, Polly," it said. "It looks very nice. But I don't see why you had to wash it yourself."

"Because I wanted my blankets clean, my boy." The second voice sounded nice but obstinate. "I appreciate that. I like a man who will help with the laundry. Are you sure you've really got to go? If I hadn't got someone coming in to lunch I'd bully you to stay."

"Darling, I wish I could, but I've got to be at Staines at one and Reading at six. This is a hopeless time to call, I know, but I couldn't pass through London without looking you up, could I?" He hesitated and added after a pause: "Everything's all right, then, is it?"

"All right?" The query was shocked. "Of course it's all right. Why shouldn't it be?"

"I don't know." He had a very pleasant laugh. "I was just fishing to be sure you were glad to see me."

"Well, of course I am." The elderly voice sounded the least bit flustered. "You're a good boy, Gerry."

"Whatever they say?"

"Oh, go along with you. When are you coming in again? I can't promise, but next time I may have something to show you."

His reply was lost to Annabelle, whose experimental tinkering with the lever bore sudden results. Ancient wheels began to turn, the backcloth to revolve, and at the same time the small siren concealed in the top of the case began to blare loudly.

The noise was considerable and there seemed no way of stopping it. The performance, such as it was, went on to the end. A painted jetty appearing on the backcloth lurched jerkily across the scene, followed by a dolphin, and all the time a very fair imitation of a steamer's whistle continued to fill the dusty air.

Annabelle was still struggling with the controls when a side door to the garden clattered open and a man came sprinting down the gangway. He laughed at her expression, and, stooping in front of the case, pulled a concealed lever beneath it. The backcloth shuddered to a standstill and the noise ceased.

"That's a bit better, isn't it?" It was the voice she had heard talking in the garden. "Mrs. Tassie thought it might be children. They get in here and play the goat with the place." He was dusting his hands with a spotted scarf he had drawn from his pocket, and now he

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handed it to her absently. "Scrub on this. It's impossible to keep all this stuff even faintly clean."

He treated her as if he had known her for a long time and Annabelle, to whom the approach was new, was delighted. She considered him with interest.

Although he was almost old from her point of view—thirty if not more—she found him exciting to look at. His coarse fair hair was worn en brosse and he had deep actor's lines down lantern cheeks. Only the heavy muscles of his neck spoiled him. His round brown eyes were bright if not otherwise expressive, and he had a long-boned, loose-jointed figure which was well suited by the

light trench coat which he wore belted tightly round him. Annabelle grinned as she returned the scarf.

"Thank you very much. I'm awfully sorry I meddled with this thing. What was it, exactly?"

He did not reply at once and she added awkwardly, "I mean, what was it? What was on the seat?"

He remained looking at her and her impression was that she had offended him somehow, or raised an unfortunate subject. There was no actual change in his expression, but she was aware of a sudden cessation of contact like a flaw in a soundtrack. A moment later he was smiling again.

"Chimpanzees," he said briefly. "Two chimps dressed as yachtsmen, as far as I can remember. They got the moth in a big way, and had to be written off. It's a fantastic collection. The old boy who made it was a charmer, but round the bend, I fear. Have you seen the rest? My favorite is along here somewhere, just beyond the stove—a horse's hat made of fishbones knitted by some insular islander. Ah, here is Madame."

He nodded his excuses and went off down the room to meet the newcomer who had appeared at the garden door. Annabelle saw her with a sense of deep relief. She was just an ordinary old woman, solid and kindly, like thousands of others up and down the country. A mum if ever there was one, with a pink-and-white skin and smooth grey hair. The sleeves of her dark woollen dress were rolled up, and she wore a neat pinafore decorated with forget-me-nots as innocently blue as her eyes.

As the man came up to her she put a hand on his coat.

"Thank you, my dear. I can't bear that row. Must you go? Well, run along. Get all your business done and come and see me again. Is there anything you'd like to take with you?"

He laughed. "The bear per-

haps," he suggested, pointing to it. "Bless you, Polly, it's been lovely to see you." He put his arms round her and hugged her, and she patted him, rubbing his shoulder with a funny little gesture which was pure affection.

The encounter surprised and slightly irritated the watching Annabelle. Without realising it, she had been counting on the idea of herself as the only relative. But these two people were fond of each other, she saw, not in love, but loving.

"I'll give you bear," the woman said, laughing. "You bring me back the others first. Go on, be off with you! Come back when you can. I'm always pleased to see you, you know that. Good-bye, my dear, good-bye."

"Good-bye, old gal." He touched her cheek and went, the inspired cut of the raincoat lending his gaunt figure a swagger as he strode through the main door to the passage and the street. Just before he disappeared he raised a farewell hand to Annabelle, still standing by the empty case at the end of the room.

Mrs. Tassie stood looking after him for a moment before she came on down the aisle. She was smiling happily and for the first time Annabelle caught a glimpse of her as she must have been when Uncle Frederick had forsaken home and family and fiancée for her, not only a blazing country beauty but a character, vital as the spring.

She smiled at the girl, cleared her throat, and embarked upon what was clearly a set-piece.

"Good morning," she began briskly. "Now, the little collection which you see before you is not necessarily of an educational nature. It was made by my late husband, Frederick Edwin Tassie, to entertain himself and to satisfy his own tastes, which were for the remarkable and unusual . . ."

She paused abruptly and looked hard at Annabelle. "Well, dear, you see what it's

To page 77

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like," she went on relinquishing the formal style with unexpected completeness. "There's a lot of it, some bits much better than others. You like mechanical things best, do you?"

Annabelle blushed. "I'm sorry I started the siren. I was wondering how it worked, you see, and . . ."

"Never mind. The things are here to be looked at. My husband loved showing his old toys to people. That's what gave me the idea. It's much better than a grave, isn't it?"

"A grave?" The old mouth was contemptuous. "You know, ducky, lumps of marble in a cemetery, or little glass blisters with ducks or doves or something in them. I thought the old sport would rather have his bits of nonsense kept somewhere where people who were kiddish like himself could enjoy them, so that's what I did. I spent the money on this place. It can't last, of course, but then what does? I must go over these blessed animals for moth again soon."

"That must be quite a problem," Annabelle, who had experienced it at home, was sympathetic. "That's how you lost the monkeys, isn't it?"

"No, we never had monkeys. Frederick didn't like them. He knew he looked a little bit like one, wicked old thing." She was frowning and her still pretty eyes had become shocked. "Did Gerry Hawkins tell you there were monkeys once in the steamboat? That's this thing you started."

The girl was embarrassed. "The man I was just talking to said something about chimpanzees."

"That was Gerry, the sinner," Mrs. Tassie spoke mildly. "He didn't want to be reminded. He's lost those figures, you know; that's about it." She went over to the empty case and peered in regretfully.

"There were two dear old people sitting in there," she announced unexpectedly. "They were life-size and quite

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wonderfully done. Easily the best thing in the place. The old woman had a nice silk dress and a shawl, and a bonnet with jet bugles on it, while the old man was so real he was quite as good as anything in Tussaud's. The show was called The Steamboat, or Crossing the Bar, and they used to doze there together looking so sweet. When the jetty went by at the back it was exactly as if they were on a boat, sailing off together somewhere."

Annabelle, who was too young to have encountered any entertainment of a similar unlikely kind, so fashionable at

all over. He takes on much too much."

Annabelle was curious but still she did not speak. The sun had come out and the open door, with her overnight bag in the dark corner beside it, was suddenly very inviting. She took a step towards it but a hand closed over her arm.

"You've not come to see all this dusty old junk." The kindly voice was full of laughter. "You've come to see me, haven't you, and you thought you'd have a look round be-

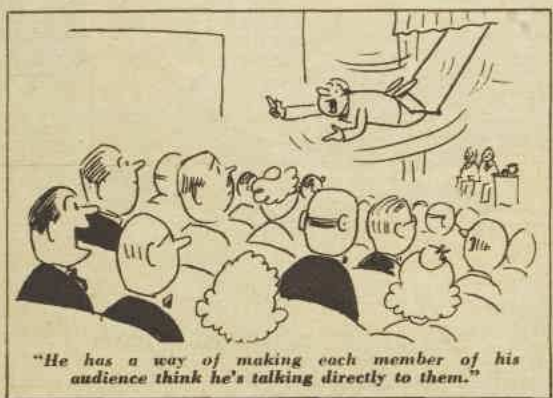
Where the roads met there was a large double pillarbox and he was behind it when the man in the trench coat came hurrying out of the door in the garden wall. Richard was not only surprised to see him, but he noticed with astonishment, considerably irritated. He hung back for a minute or two to observe him.

The newcomer went over to the sports car which was parked on the opposite side of the road, and was about to enter it when an idea evidently occurred to him, and he turned back not to the museum but to the house. He walked straight into the porch, and emerged a moment later carrying a hat. Since he also slammed the door behind him it was evident to the watching Richard that he carried a key. Then, he climbed into the car and shot off down the short road to be halted almost immediately by the traffic coming down Edge Street.

Richard on foot was able to cross and board a bus before the car could enter the stream, but as he settled himself on the front seat of the top deck he discovered that in the meantime the driver had edged his way into the flow, and was now directly below and in front of him. Both vehicles were hemmed in by a solid procession. The traffic jam was a mid-morning special, and progress was practically nil.

The driver of the sports car appeared to be taking the delay philosophically, however, and Richard had every opportunity of watching him as he leant idly on the door looking at the foot passengers as they passed by him. He had a narrow head and unusual neck muscles, and Richard noticed particularly the bravura which belonged to the generation three-quarters of a step ahead of his own. His curiosity was deeply piqued. In the letter which Annabelle had shown him there had been nothing to account for this character who seemed so

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"He has a way of making each member of his audience think he's talking directly to them."

the end of the last century, was rendered temporarily speechless and her guide continued.

"Frederick adored it. He bought it in an auction room in Blackpool when one of the showmen sold up, and he'd be livid with Gerry for losing the figures, although he was so fond of him. I must get them back from the boy. They'd got a bit of moth and he took them to have them renovated for me, and of course that's the last I heard of them. It must be nearly a year ago."

Her laugh was half tolerant, half annoyed.

"He's left them somewhere and hasn't had time to go and pick them up. That's Gerry

fore you introduced yourself. That's Freddy's family all over. Very wise, my poppet."

She swung the girl round to face her.

"You're Jenny Tassie, sent up by your Mamma to see your Aunt Polly," she announced, her smile radiant, "and you're just what I want, duckie. Absolutely bang-on, as they say. Come inside."

The autumn morning air was soft, and smelled of rain and the London street scene was done in pastel shades.

Young Mr. Waterfield lingered on the corner a little longer than the 10 minutes agreed upon in case Annabelle decided to return.

It's got everything men want...

MORLEY

Velnit



It's soft . . . allows complete freedom . . . and won't irritate the tenderest skin. MORLEY "VELNIT" underwear is easiest of all to launder, stands repeated washing, needs no ironing and won't shrink. Lasts longest, too! Once men wear it, they prefer MORLEY "VELNIT" — always!

Ask for MORLEY men's and boys' underwear. Also men's and boys' T-shirts in all popular colours.

Always look for the name

MORLEY

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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

YOU SAVE
2/11 *



* compared with medium size

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WHILE IT
CLEANS
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STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest—

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TONGALA

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CREAM

IN THE
NEW SIZE!

HANDY
4 oz

... and it's in **GOLD-LINED CANS**
to protect the true cream flavour



TONGALA Swiss Style Cream in the new handy 4 oz. can will be a welcome addition to your pantry. Pure, meadow-sweet, country cream served straight from the Gold-lined can waiting on your pantry shelf . . . Always on hand to give your desserts that extra special flavour. TONGALA Swiss Style Cream will stay sweet and fresh in the Gold-lined can as long as the family can bear to leave it. Buy TONGALA cream today in the new handy 4 oz. can or in the large 8 oz. economy King size.

Also available in the
large economy
KING SIZE
8 oz. CAN



4C1B-481



There is no
substitute
for real
cream!



Thrill to the taste of
TONGALA CREAM
on
Golden Circle
PINEAPPLE PIECES



much at home at Number Seven.

The car fitted the man perfectly. It was a Lagonda, elegantly but so tuned and titled that only the gallantry of its basic lines remained to preserve that offhand elegance which had been its original glory. It was open and Richard, who was looking down directly into the back, could see a coil of fine rope on the worn leather seat, a starting handle with a dirty tie-on label fluttering from its shaft, and an ordinary wooden crate of the kind in which half a dozen wine bottles might well have been packed. This appeared to be nailed down, but there was no wire or cord round it.

On the top of the bus the redheaded young man in the dark suit thrust his chin out unconsciously. There is nothing actively suspicious about a sports car of interesting age, but it does present a certain menace to any self-appointed knight-errant who is compelled to travel by London General transport.

Richard examined his resources. The contents of his pockets were just about as meagre as he had supposed and presently he unfastened the strap of his wristwatch. He turned it over with a mixture of satisfaction and regret, and put it into his trouser pocket. At once his chin became more aggressive, and there was a little upward curl at the corners of his mouth.

There was a branch of Messrs. Rattenborough further down Edge Street, and when at last the jam disentangled itself for a minute or two, and the bus swept past the huge windows which contained enough plate to fill a galleon, Richard descended, and went round to the narrow door above which the three balls were discreetly displayed.

It was not often that he pawned his watch, which was one of his few valuable possessions, but it was his practice to do so in times of emergency. Quite apart from the sense of comfort which he derived from having the money in his pocket, the act seemed to underline the importance of the adven-

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 77

ture or predicament in his own mind. It set a seal of authority upon it, as it were.

The transaction was accomplished without difficulty, and, indeed, since the watch was such a nice one, even with a certain amount of social success. He came out feeling confident, and walked back to the bus stop, intending to get back to the office at once. Annabelle had agreed not to ring the office save in emergency, and he had arranged to discover Mrs. Tassie's telephone

half-curtained, and he caught a glimpse of a narrow, straw-colored head above a towel in the chair nearest the glass.

He pushed open the door and stepped down into the scented steam-filled room which buzzed with conversation. The noise stopped abruptly as he appeared, and five pairs of eyes regarded him with that slightly hostile astonishment which appears, in small establish-

ment.

He was a dark, pale-faced Cockney, who possessed small hands, dull black eyes, and the caressing version of the local accent, which is to say it was thick and slightly unctuous, as if each word was some nice little gift which he felt sure the recipient would appreciate.

"You make up for 'm, though, don't you, Mr. Vick?" The other man waiting, a smartish youngster of the salesman type, spoke without looking up from the sporting sheet he was studying.

Mr. Vick bridled. "I like to be friendly, I hope," he protested, "and when I see an old customer like the Major naturally I get on to old times."

"Don't apologise," said the man with the paper. "I like it. It helps me concentrate."

"Concentrate!" Mr. Vick emitted a groan. "You'll never win nothing that way. The only way to win on 'orses, dogs, pools, or anything else is to take it insouciant. Fly at it, if you take my meaning."

"And then collect the lolly and come right off the 'andle. Drive round in an 'ired car with a tailor's dummy and say you're married. That was your story, wasn't it?"

The fat man opened his eyes while he spoke and shut them again the instant he had finished. Mr. Vick chuckled and appealed to the man whose hair he was cutting.

"That's a very old anecdote

To page 90



"He'll be back at work tomorrow, Mr. Biglow—I can promise you!"

number, and to call her as soon as he left work. On the whole the position appeared to be in hand.

However, at that point he saw the Lagonda again. It was in a side street, standing before the door of a barber's shop, an old-fashioned place which still carried a multi-colored pole beside the lintel.

Richard hardly hesitated. The familiar way in which the driver of the sports car had opened the door of Number Seven had shaken him, and he found he wanted very much to know who he was. He walked past the shop, glancing in. The window was only

ments of the kind, to be the portion of the chance customer.

The man in the white coat who was attending to the driver of the sports car looked at Richard inquisitively, decided rather openly that he was nothing to worry about, and waved him to a seat against the wall, where already there was one customer waiting.

"Just a moment, sir. Percy here is just finishing. I shall be a little time on the Major, and that gentleman beside you is waiting for me. But you'll find Percy is quite all right. A very fine scissor man Percy is, aren't you, Percy?"

The second barber, who was



Outdoor Girls Especially need protective NIVEA care

Glorious golden tans tend to dry out the natural oils of lovely skins. Nivea replaces these oils because it contains Eucerite — the nearest thing in this world to the natural oils of the skin. Whether you sunbathe or not use Nivea regularly this Summer to nourish your skin.



SKIN needs NIVEA

Available in tins or tubes (for beach or purse) and Nivea Skin Oil in bottles. Obtainable everywhere.

Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleansing action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.



SMALL BOTTLE, 3' • REGULAR, 5' • BUBBLES, 1'3
BUY THE BIG REGULAR SIZE AND SAVE MONEY



NYLON

teems with colour this season



HAREM LINE NIGHTDRESS KAYSER



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CHEMISE SLIP PRESTIGE



CAMI-KNICKER GLOWIN



CHEMISE NIGHTDRESS LOTUS



CHEMISE NIGHTDRESS A. & J. GRIFFIN



Your Nylon lingerie has designs on the fashion limelight. The beautiful styles you'll wear this season not only reflect current fashion lines . . . they're excitingly, invitingly colour-cued as well.

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. supply the Nylon yarn used by Australia's textile trade to make this merchandise.

The end of a marriage

"... Because Peter Viertel has enticed the defendant (Deborah) away from her husband, we are asking . . ."

Deborah Kerr was in her cream-colored suite at the Imperial Hotel, Vienna, when she read these words on the legal document just handed to her.

IT meant that her 12-year marriage to Tony Bartley was about to be exposed to the world as the failure it had been so long in private.

But more importantly, it meant that the two little daughters she adored were to be detained at their father's request in London as wards of court while she was committed to finish filming "The Journey" in Vienna.

When she had kissed eleven-year-old Melanie and seven-year-old Francesca goodbye in London a month earlier, leaving them with their father, Deborah believed it would be better for them to be with him.

She would have loved having them with her in Vienna, but she knew that her days would be crowded.

She had felt that it would be selfish to keep them in Vienna, lonely all day, just so that when the day's shooting on "The Journey" was over she would have a chance to see them across the dinner table.

Dodged scandal

Deborah knew there had been gossip about her and the handsome, 37-year-old writer who was working on the script of "The Journey," in which she was starring.

Peter Viertel had been attentive. She had found him charming. But she had tried to be circumspect in her behaviour.

She had always been shocked at mothers so openly loose in their behaviour that their actions brought scandal on their family.

Bartley could, in fact, have

hardly done anything more cruel to Deborah than involve their daughters in legal proceedings.

"I don't want to criticise anyone," Deborah once said, "but I've been surprised at the number of mothers whose names have made ugly headlines."

"I don't see how any mother can ever do anything to bring discredit on her child."

"All married people have their differences, but I would never leave Tony, because he loves Melanie and Francesca as much as I do."

Cruelty charge

Now, as the result of that legal action taken in June by Bartley, the marriage is finished, and Deborah, fighting to gain custody of the children, has made an unspecified charge of extreme mental cruelty in the divorce action.

The Bartleys were married twelve years ago. Tony, 38, is a former R.A.F. fighter pilot.

While Deborah became one of the busiest stars in Hollywood, Tony had little to do.

He became irritated with the realisation that though he was a hero in his own country, in Hollywood he was regarded merely as Deborah Kerr's husband.

Deborah's studio, anxious to keep one of their most valuable stars happy, gave Tony a job as a TV producer. It was a fairly good job, but his salary couldn't begin to compare with hers.

And the long absences made necessary by today's practice

of filming on location hardly helped matters.

For several years Tony Bartley and Deborah Kerr have not been happy together. Deborah fell out of love with Tony long ago.

She sadly admitted only recently:

"Ours was not an ideal marriage as people thought. For some time it has been no more than a prosaic one."

And what of the man who, innocently or otherwise, was used by a husband to strike a cruel blow at his wife?

Viertel is 37, good-looking,

and has the reputation of professional competence.

But his reaction, when questioned about the supposed romance, was hardly likely to reassure Deborah's friends that in him she had found consolation and support.

He described the rumors as "pure malarkey."

Whether this was so or not, the fact remains that the marriage Deborah so carefully preserved to give her children a background of security and normality is now in ruins.

DEBORAH KERR with her husband, Anthony Bartley, and their two children when they holidayed in England last year before filming "Bonjour Tristesse."

DELIGHTFUL study of Deborah and the two little girls, Melanie (11) and Francesca (7), for whose sake she continued with a marriage that had failed.



DEBORAH KERR, the English-born Hollywood actress, noted for reserve and dignity, whose estranged wartime-pilot husband, Tony Bartley, sought by law to take their daughters from her.



Maid Marian wants real romance with Robin

● In Sherwood Forest these days things are quiet, no bows twang. A short vacation for Robin Hood and his Merry Men (Sydney, Channel 9; Melbourne, Channel 7) silenced the bows but started telephones ringing incessantly 12,000 miles away at Sydney's Channel 9.

THE telephones started shrilling as soon as it was announced that that doughty character Jace Pearson, of the Texas Rangers, would reappear on Channel 9 at Robin Hood's time (Tuesdays, 7.00 p.m.).

The calls were from disconsolate viewers asking for an explanation and the return of Robin Hood.

"Robin Hood" has always enjoyed high ratings, but Channel 9 executives were amazed at the interest shown and the wide age group concerned.

"Inquiries came from people in every age group, from seven to 70," a spokesman said. "They all wanted to know what had happened and when they'd see the show again."

All that happened was a postponement because the new series of films was not yet ready. So far, all that can be promised Robin's Sydney admirers is that he should be back on their screens by the end of the month.

New Maid

When he does, Robin, the noble outlaw, will woo a new Maid Marian.

The Maid Marian, who has steadfastly maintained a platonic relationship with handsome Robin (Richard Greene) over the two years the series has already run, was Bernadette O'Farrell.

Bernadette has retired from the series with the bland studio announcement of "other commitments."

Happily taking her place is 27-year-old actress Patricia

Driscoll, a native of Cork, Ireland.

Pat has brown eyes and brown hair, and, according to some American publicity, "like many British girls, can wear a low-cut gown in a way that is at once primly dignified and attractively revealing."

If this is to be believed, Robin Hood's romance with Marian in the new series will be more torrid than previously.

In language that wouldn't be understood in Sherwood Forest, Pat explained, "We're going to hot the romance up a bit. It seems rather thick that it is still so platonic."

"BOX FOR ONE," a half-hour drama which starred Robert Helpmann, was shown recently on Sydney's Channel

was far more real than Mr. Helpmann's spiv on the run, who spends his last half-hour in a public telephone box.

Like most of the A.B.C.'s live drama it was well produced, but I got tired of Mr. Helpmann and the miming he combined with the half-hour conversations.

DIANA DORS, England's bosomy blonde who seems to attract the limelight more than any other British film star, is currently appearing in TV in England.

Three night a week Diana murmurs seductively, "I never say no . . . to a Golden Godwin."

"Golden Godwin" is a brand of British champagne, and Diana's remark is the climax of a 60-second TV commercial said to be among the most elaborate advertisements ever filmed.

No one would say "no" to the figure offered Diana to make them.

London reports say she was paid £250,000 in advance for the three days' work that went into the making of the six Dors commercials — five that lasted 30 seconds, and the full-length 60-second job in which Diana makes her provocative remark.

Neither Diana nor the champagne people will confirm or deny this figure, but the commercials make it plain that no expense was spared.

For the six, six elaborate sets were used. One was a nightclub, another an elegant drawing-room with a real fire burning, and a third was a bar in a theatre foyer.

Extras crowded the sets for the theatre and nightclub scenes, and in five out of the six Diana had a partner who poured her champagne and lavished attention on her — her ex-boy-friend Tommy Yeardy.

Diana, Tommy, her champagne-colored poodle, Jane, and her Siamese cat, Juliette, all arrived at the studio by special car.

Diana wore the dress and white fox cape at left for the nightclub scene, but her bit scenes cut out the famous Dors figure-line and concentrate on close-ups of Di, sipping her champagne and saying things like "Look at those lovely bubbles . . . they make me feel glamorous," and the famous "I never say no" remark.

Souvenir

The TV commercials are all that is left now of Di's romance with muscleman Tommy Yeardy. Tommy is going steady now with Britain's other bosomy blonde, Sabrina.

Di doesn't care. She said, announcing she



BERNADETTE O'FARRELL, who, for two years, has entranced viewers as Maid Marian, has kept her relationship with the outlaw platonic. She has now retired from the series.



LEFT: Robin Hood (Richard Greene) in a typical pose in Sherwood Forest. Above: His new Maid Marian, Patricia Driscoll. Robin Hood (Channel 9, Sydney; Channel 7, Melbourne) is one of the top-rating TV shows. It has brought new fame and fortune to Richard Greene and revived interest in Sherwood Forest, where now Robin Hood inn and Friar Tuck cake shops are more common than oak trees.

would marry English comedian Dickie Dawson: "With Dickie it's love, with Tommy it was friendship only."

Getting back to the glamorous-bubble department — Diana neither drinks nor smokes. She has never tasted champagne, she doesn't like alcohol.

REMEMBER "Rififi," the terrific suspense film from France about the jewel robbery? It was shown recently on TV in New York, and pulled in more viewers than any Hollywood movie ever shown on TV. This must make those Hollywood filmmakers pause to think.

England's movie-makers have already thought, and signed an agreement that means the industry will not allow old films to be shown on TV.

The new scheme even provided for a big cash fund of £500,000 to compensate British film producers for withholding their old cinema films from TV.

A spokesman for the five companies concerned said they considered that the ban on old films on TV is good.

"It will stop old films occupying hours and hours of the television screen, which is bad for films and bad for the TV public."

I agree with them. Full-length feature movies are rated as TV's most popular feature in Australia, but with the present agreement between Hollywood studios, that only films made before

1948 may be shown, it makes for some viewing that would be better unseen.

I like TV and I like films, but many TV films are enough to turn even an ardent filmgoer off all of them, even the wide-screen Technicolor epics on at the local.

All channels would like to show first releases, but at present the movie moguls' agreement means only vintage films.

Occasionally a good film is shown on TV, but generally the films are dated in story, dialogue, and technique.

England's TV companies aren't at all worried about the ban. They said it would mean a rearrangement of programmes, but added airily, "It would cause no undue worry."

It is all very interesting

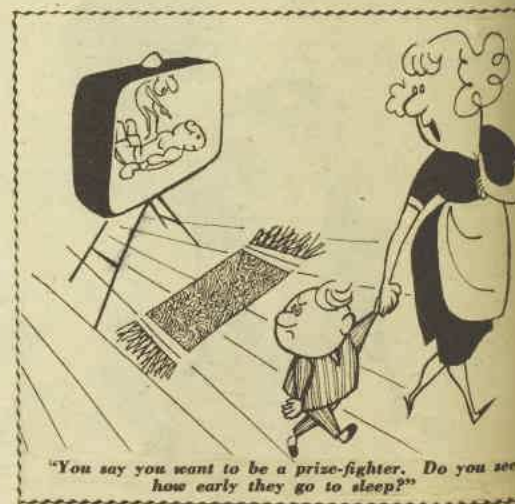
from a viewer's point of view. Upheavals like this always mean that the TV channels will have to devise new programmes to develop new ideas and features that will eventually find their way here.

WE'VE just received an amusing footnote to our "Father Knows Best" story on the opposite page. "Father" has become very popular in Japan. East and West are still worlds apart, though.

In the Western world "Father" has always been sponsored by wholesome family products or treats, but in Japan things are different. "Father's" sponsor there is Japan's biggest distillery of the national drink — sake.



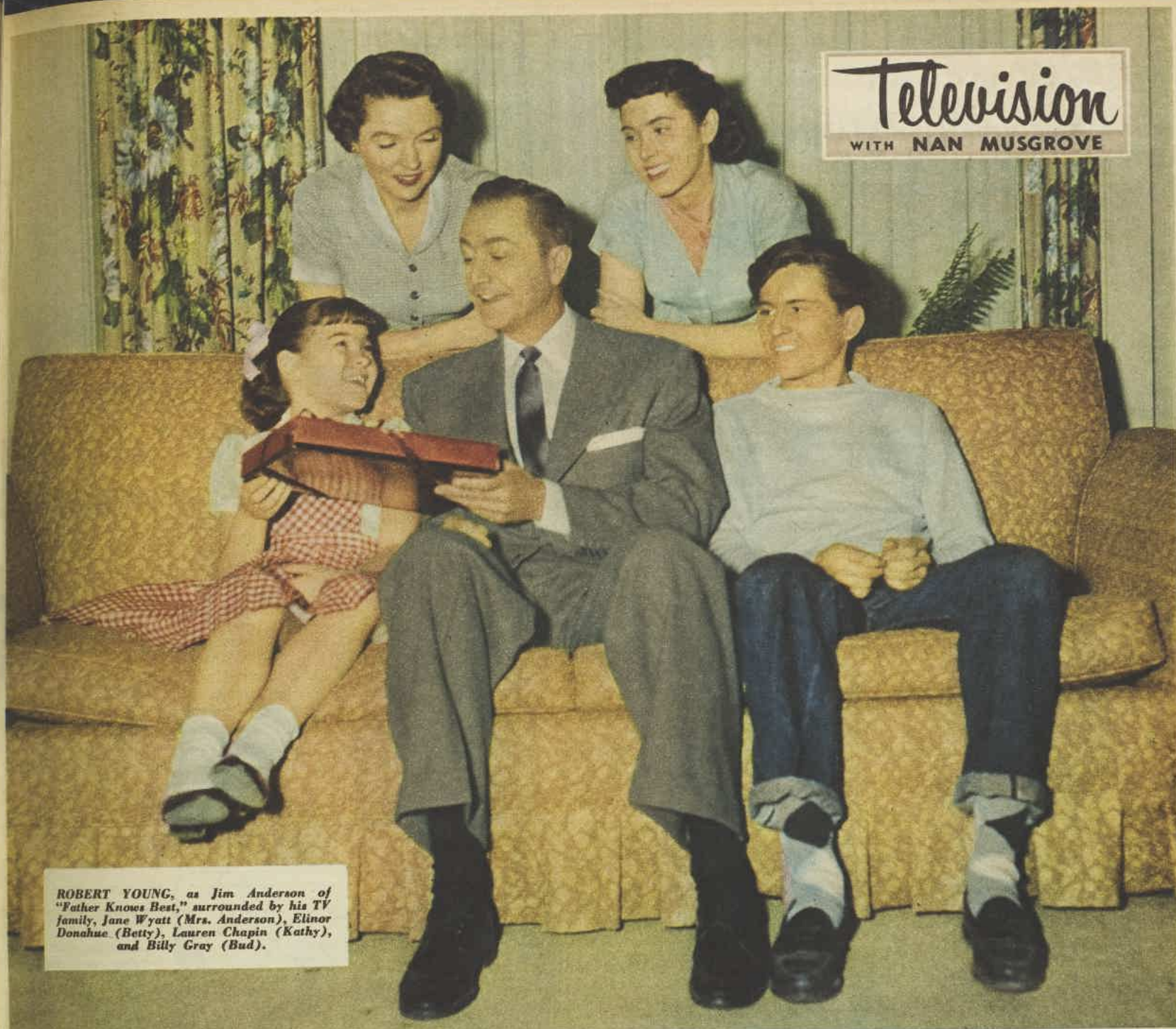
DIANA DORS, who is said to have made a small fortune out of six elaborate commercials she has made for Britain's commercial TV. The commercials took three days to make and are believed to have netted Diana £250,000.



"You say you want to be a prize-fighter. Do you see how early they go to sleep?"

Television

WITH NAN MUSGROVE



ROBERT YOUNG, as Jim Anderson of "Father Knows Best," surrounded by his TV family, Jane Wyatt (Mrs. Anderson), Elinor Donahue (Betty), Lauren Chapin (Kathy), and Billy Gray (Bud).

FATHER KNOWS BEST

● When Robert Young, star of "Father Knows Best" (Sydney, Channel 9; Melbourne, Channel 7, Tuesdays, 8.00 p.m.), was at school he named his three ambitions—to be an actor, to raise a family, to own a ranch.

IN 1941, at 34, he'd achieved all three ambitions with singular success.

In 1943, when he photographed the picture at right for us, he said he thought he had been very lucky and hoped to keep on being as happy as he was and keep on making money.

This year, 15 years later, Young, at 51, is still lucky. He's still happily married, still making loads of money as one of America's top television stars, playing Jim Anderson, of "Father Knows Best."

"Father Knows Best" is rated in Australia as the show most popular with Australian

women. In America its history is remarkable.

Bob Young created the role of Jim Anderson in 1949 on radio and has been doing it ever since. When it made its TV debut in 1954 it got a very lukewarm reception.

It was regarded as a rather eccentric "family situation" show because Father was not a complete silly ass always putting his foot in it.

The TV Andersons were, in fact, a pleasantly intelligent and happy family.

Show business in America regarded the series as having "all the built-in values of a crashing bore." At the end of its first 26 weeks its sponsor decided this was true and closed the show.

What happened after this is TV history. It was brought back by viewers who demanded its return.

First of all the network got a few letters from viewers, backed up by several Press features. The volume of mail demanding its return got so big that "Father Knows Best" made a triumphant return early in 1955.

Since then it has won three "Emmys" (the TV equivalent of the film "Oscar") and so many other awards and citations that no one has ever yet bothered to add them up.

Producer of the show Eugene Rodney says that "Father Knows Best's" biggest accomplishment has been impressing itself on the collective civic conscience of America.

"We're an entertainment show," Rodney says, "and have never had any intention of preaching. But when you're doing a family show and the family is an intelligent one, you just naturally come up with problems and solutions."

You couldn't have a pair of more experienced real-life parents than Robert Young and Jane Wyatt.

Jane Wyatt has been married for 21 years to a stockbroker, Edgar Ward, and has two sons, aged 20 and 14. Robert Young married red-haired Betty Henderson in 1933. He and his wife have five daughters, the eldest of whom is 25 and the youngest rising 10.

This year Young is again nominated as America's "Father of the Year," a title already bestowed upon him twice before.

All his TV fame gets Bob nowhere fast with his own daughters.

When he recently said "I don't know" to a question asked by one of them, she bridled a bit and said, "But Jim Anderson always knows."

"Jim Anderson," Young replied, not without a trace of bitterness, "has two scriptwriters. Bob Young doesn't have any."



ROBERT YOUNG in 1943. He was 36 and famous as a movie star. Now 51 and a TV star, he has a lined face and grey hair, but the years have also brought him a real place in the hearts of millions of viewers all over the world.

YOU'LL LOVE THESE

Smoothly Styled SLIPS

in STEPS 'n' STAIRS SIZES



Choose a beautiful Hanro slip in your exact length, from new Short, Average or Tall sizings, and be sure it will fit to perfection, with never a wrinkle or tell-tale dip beneath today's new hemlines. Created from B.N.S. nylon of the finest quality, you'll agree that these are wonderful value!



Style 732
from
49"II
with tone-on-tone nylon embroidery.



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from
39"II
with ever-popular permanently pleated hem-line and matching bra top.

FROM THIS YEAR'S SELECTION OF

LOVELIER LINGERIE BY
Hanro

The Quality is a Proud Tradition.

SELLING NOW AT ALL GOOD STORES.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS FILM PREVIEW



... for a woman he had never loved he risked his future.

THE STORY

"THESE THOUSAND HILLS," 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope period outdoor drama, was filmed on the picturesque plains of Durango, Colorado.



LEE REMICK as Callie, a shady lady in love.

Set in the rip-roaring 1880s, it tells the story of a roving cowhand, Don Murray, who gets a ranch of his own, marries a banker's niece (Patricia Owens), and is about to embark on a political career when he risks everything to repay a debt of gratitude to the town's shady lady (Lee Remick).

Others in the outstandingly strong cast of this De Luxe color film are Stuart Whitman, Dolores Michaels, and Richard Egan.

DON MURRAY as Lat, ambitious broncbuster



WHILE Lee Remick prepares for a temporary close-up, the camera crew and sound men adjust their equipment. Lee is one of the most promising of America's young screen actresses.

EVEN the most carefree brawls are carefully rehearsed. Don Murray and Richard Egan (playing Lat's brutal enemy, Jehu) are shown how to get the best and most realistic effects.



PORTRAYING very different personalities in the film, Lee Remick (having her hair tidied) and Patricia Owens relax and chat together off-screen while another scene is being prepared.

THREE STARS BUT NO SPARKS

Film of 'Devil's Disciple'

★ With such dominating personalities as Burt Lancaster, Sir Laurence Olivier, and Kirk Douglas on the one set, fireworks were expected in the filming of "The Devil's Disciple."

BUT so far all has been quiet.

George Bernard Shaw's satire on the American Revolution is being directed by Guy Hamilton at the Associated British Studios at Elstree, England.

"We didn't know, quite what to expect," said a studio worker. "We had heard that Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lancaster are temperamental, and everyone knows Sir Laurence likes things just so."

"But when they started working together — well, everything's been peaceful."

The only untoward incident so far was the replacement of Alexander MacKendrick by Hamilton.

According to one story MacKendrick was replaced because he was too slow. Others say he was ousted from the director's seat because he wanted to stick closer to Shaw's original story, instead of to the script written by John Dighton.

With some of the picture still to be filmed, cast and crew alike are holding their breaths, hoping that nothing will happen between the stars of the picture.

Olivier, who has directed many top films, finds himself in the curious position of not only working with Lancaster and Douglas but actually of working for them, because "The Devil's Disciple" is being made by Lancaster's company in association with Douglas' company.

Although Douglas and Lancaster have their own ideas about how a picture should be made, they recently worked well together in making "Gunfight at the OK Corral" for Hal Wallis.



Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that they are capable of getting along together. But probably they would side with each other against Olivier should things reach a boiling point.

Naturally, all three are out to win new laurels for their own portrayals in "The Devil's Disciple." They wouldn't be good actors if they weren't.

But each knows that only one Oscar will be given, so the competition is stiff, another

reason why veteran observers are keeping a wary eye on the doings at Elstree.

By the time the first week's filming ended it appeared that a solid bond of friendship between the illustrious film trio had been sealed.

They were seen on the outdoor set chatting and laughing as though they had been buddies for years instead of only co-workers for a few days.

The initial scenes found them doing the exteriors on location in a re-created New Hampshire village at Tring Park, on the vast Rothschild estate.

Then they worked around the lush countryside of Hertfordshire, at Dyrham Park, Aldbury Common, and at Bridgewater Monument.

Filming "The Devil's Disciple," which Shaw himself described as a "melodrama" of the American Revolution, has long been a dream of Lancaster's.

He wanted to play the part of the wild, irresponsible Dick Dudgeon, the devil's disciple.

But when he decided to make the picture for his own company he felt it would be better if he had another top

HIGH-VOLTAGE stars of "The Devil's Disciple" — from left: Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Sir Laurence Olivier — chat amiably at the Associated British Studios at Elstree, England.

star in the film, along with himself and Olivier.

Kirk Douglas was not only available and willing, but he also wanted to help finance the film through his Bryna Productions.

"It seemed to me," Lancaster said, "that the role of Dick Dudgeon as delineated by Shaw — 'A dark young man, thin, good-looking, and with the eyes of a fanatic' — was perfect for Kirk."

"So I stepped aside and let Kirk have the Dudgeon role, while I played Pastor Anderson, and Olivier, of course, played General Burgoyne."

Their leading lady is 19-year-old English actress Janette Scott.

Even before the picture got under way, Lancaster and Douglas were busy planning their next productions. For Lancaster it will be "The Unforgiven," which he'll film in Mexico.

Douglas is busy lining up a cast and crew for "Spartacus."

Although making a film like "The Devil's Disciple" is no picnic, Lancaster and Douglas decided it would be a wonderful vacation for their families.

Lancaster rented a 15-room mansion complete with gardens in the country at Hertfordshire. He, his wife, and their five children today are sampling English country life and from all appearances are enjoying it immensely.

Douglas, on the other hand, preferred the comforts of the city. He and his wife rented a flat in London, as did the film's producer, James Hill, and his wife, actress Rita Hayworth, who took a river-view suite at the Savoy.

With only a few weeks of filming left, it looks like all will remain peaceful with the stars of "The Devil's Disciple."



JANETTE SCOTT, former English child actress, now 19, gets the best break of her adult career playing opposite Olivier in the Shaw film.



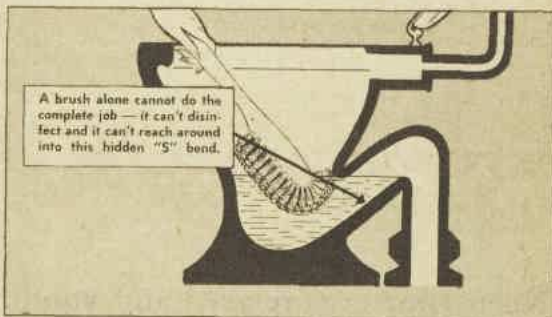
COURT-MARTIAL scene from "The Devil's Disciple." Douglas, in the role of Dick Dudgeon, listens, satisfied, while Olivier, as General Burgoyne (left), makes his case.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

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Page 85

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SAFE GLARE-FREE VISION

*** CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE

Rank Organisation drama, with Virginia McKenna, Paul Scofield. State, Sydney.

ADIRABLE casting and a straightforward, sober treatment are Rank's tribute to the story of Britain's World War II Secret Service heroine Violette Szabo.

She was put to death (with two other British women agents) by a Nazi firing-squad in Ravensbrück Camp and was awarded a posthumous George Cross.

The first half of the film deals with her meeting and marriage (as a 19-year-old London shopgirl) with a young French soldier, her widowhood, and training as a British agent.

From the moment of Violette's departure for France on her first mission the dramatic pace is clapped on.

But it is after her last farewell to small daughter, mother, and father, until the final fadeout, that director Lewis Gilbert has lifted the film to its greatest height.

Here he and Virginia McKenna both come into their own.

Alain Saurey is pleasing as Etienne Szabo; with stage actor Scofield taking a little time to register as Frazer, the British agent under whose leadership Violette makes her two journeys to France.

In a word . . . STIRRING.

GREG PECK, who will soon be in Australia for "On the Beach," is launching his newest picture, "The Big Country," with a champagne-and-caviar, Mike-Todd-type party after the premiere.

Watch every week for news about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Good habits are formed young



If you establish good rest and sleep habits when baby's tiny, they'll grow up with him, and you'll always have a relaxed and healthy child. Too many "later-than-usual" nights make tense, fretful children.

AS EACH BABY IS DIFFERENT, so is each Dad! Some Dads pitch in and help with household and baby chores, others don't. There are many different ways for a man to be a good father, so don't urge too often and he'll help in his own way more readily!

his own way more readily!

BABIES GET TIRED of the same meals day after day. Make sure your baby has exciting meals by keeping a full range of Heinz Baby Foods on hand and you'll be able to serve something different every day of the week! Heinz baby-food specialists carefully select the pick of each crop and pack it at its flavour peak — to ensure Heinz Baby Foods have better colour, flavour and texture.



HEINZ
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Over 40 Varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings for Young and Older Babies.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1958

New Film Releases

★ THE LAW AND JAKE WADE

M.G.M. Western, with Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark. In Metrocolor. St. James, Sydney.

EVEN the glorious background scenery of the Californian Sierras couldn't transform this run-of-the-mill Western into anything better.

It is the usual story of a town marshal, Robert Taylor, with a discreditable past, forced to help his old associate, Richard Widmark, to find the hidden proceeds of an old bank robbery.

Taylor's girl-friend, Patricia Owens, is taken along, too, to ensure the marshal's co-operation.

An attack by Comanche Indians whittles down the gangsters and enables Robert Taylor to turn the tables. A.M.B.

In a word . . . REHASHED.

★ MAM'SELLE STRIPTEASE

French comedy, with Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin. English dialogue. Esquire, Sydney.

FRANCE'S most exportable commodity, Mam'selle Bardot, does a lot to make this youthful zesty comedy seem more fun than it is.

Disappointingly, the initial theme of B.B. as the precocious provincial author of a scandalous best-seller is soon dropped.

Most of the time is taken

up with her adventures with a band of wolfish Paris journalists into whose company she falls when fleeing from an irate father.

The best sequences take place in a Balzac Museum, which Brigitte supposes to be the home of her successful painter brother. He is, in fact, the guide for its conducted tours.

She enters a striptease contest to get money to buy back a first edition she sold from the museum library.

It is all very goodnatured, clumsy, and not without a certain puppyish appeal.

In a word . . . EXUBERANT.

★ FAMILY DOCTOR

Fox-British drama, with Marius Goring, Rick Jason, Lisa Gastoni. Mayfair, Sydney.

QUITE a good idea has been very badly handled.

The death of the flighty

Gossip from the studios

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

AFTER all, America's self-labelled "beat generation" aren't to have the satisfaction of providing a film title. Julie London (no-singing-all-acting on this occasion) and John Drew Barrymore will be in the picture that now has had its name changed to "Night of the Quarter Moon."

HERE'S news for "Purple People Eater" fans. Its composer, Sheb Wooley, has a small role in the coming Western "Rio Bravo." As his name may not appear in the cast, "P.P.E." admirers will probably have to do their own identifying.

THAT exclusive sophisticates' club "The Holmby Hills Rat Pack," of which the late Humphrey Bogart was once the core, has been reorganised by fast-climbing Tony Curtis and his wife, Janet Leigh, to form "Camp Curtis," with



DYNAMIC Eartha Kitt, star of the all-negro film "Anna Lucasta," talks earnestly with the film's director, Arnold Lauren. Eartha is reportedly trying to buy Joan Crawford's old Hollywood home.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

American third wife of a much revered doctor (Goring) at an English seaside town brings her American first husband (Jason) to investigate.

Lisa Gastoni is the doctor's devoted secretary — cast for the role of fourth wife and corpse. In flashback we meet a Marilyn Monroe type blonde, Sandu Scott, as the reason for Jason's visit.

The best thing about this amateurish offering is its observation of a typical upper-class seaside hotel and the retired colonels and dowagers who inhabit it.

Its only possible claim to fame is that Jason very probably lights more cigarettes than have yet been lit by any one actor in a feature-length film.

In a word . . . WEAK.

There are now two types of Cesarine . . .

REGULAR & EASYCARE

Which to use . . . and Why

A Cesarine SERVICE FEATURE

The sterling qualities of Cesarine have made its name a household word as the finest cotton cloth in its field.

★ With the coming of the new, special finishes, Caesar Fabrics Limited, the makers of Cesarine, introduced a new, drip-dry, no-iron, crease-resistant and dirt-repelling type of Cesarine, called "Easy-care" Cesarine.

"Easy-care" satisfied a long-felt need. It has the advantage of not needing boiling, starching, dampening down—and practically no ironing.

In short, "Easy-care" Cesarine launders in one operation instead of four . . . a boon to mothers whose children must be kept looking fresh and smart in school shirts, or tunics.

★ However, it must be recognised that drip-dry, no-iron cloths differ somewhat from regular styles of cloth and need different handling. Moreover, one style of cloth may be more satisfactory than another for certain uses.

Before you decide whether to use Regular

or "Easy-care" Cesarine, you would be well advised to consider the following points:

Will the garment be subject to regular boiling, starching, ironing? Will it be subjected to very hard wear, rubbing, stains? Will it need to be pleated? Will the cloth be used for table cloths or mats, loose covers, infant's rompers? IN SUCH CASES AS THESE YOU ARE ADVISED TO USE REGULAR CESARINE.

★ If you need Cesarine for school uniforms of unpleated styles, school shirts, office or professional uniforms, sports wear, coagans, bedspreads, especially if washed at home and if you value the considerable time saved in home laundering, "EASYCARE" CESARINE IS RECOMMENDED.

Although "Easy-care" is dirt-repelling, experience indicates that light and frequent washings are best.

★ "Easy-care" will not be harmed by boiling. It simply is not necessary. There is no point in subjecting a cloth to unnecessary laundering when it is made to save you that trouble.

Remember — Regular Cesarine for the hardest wear. "Easy-care" to save time and work.

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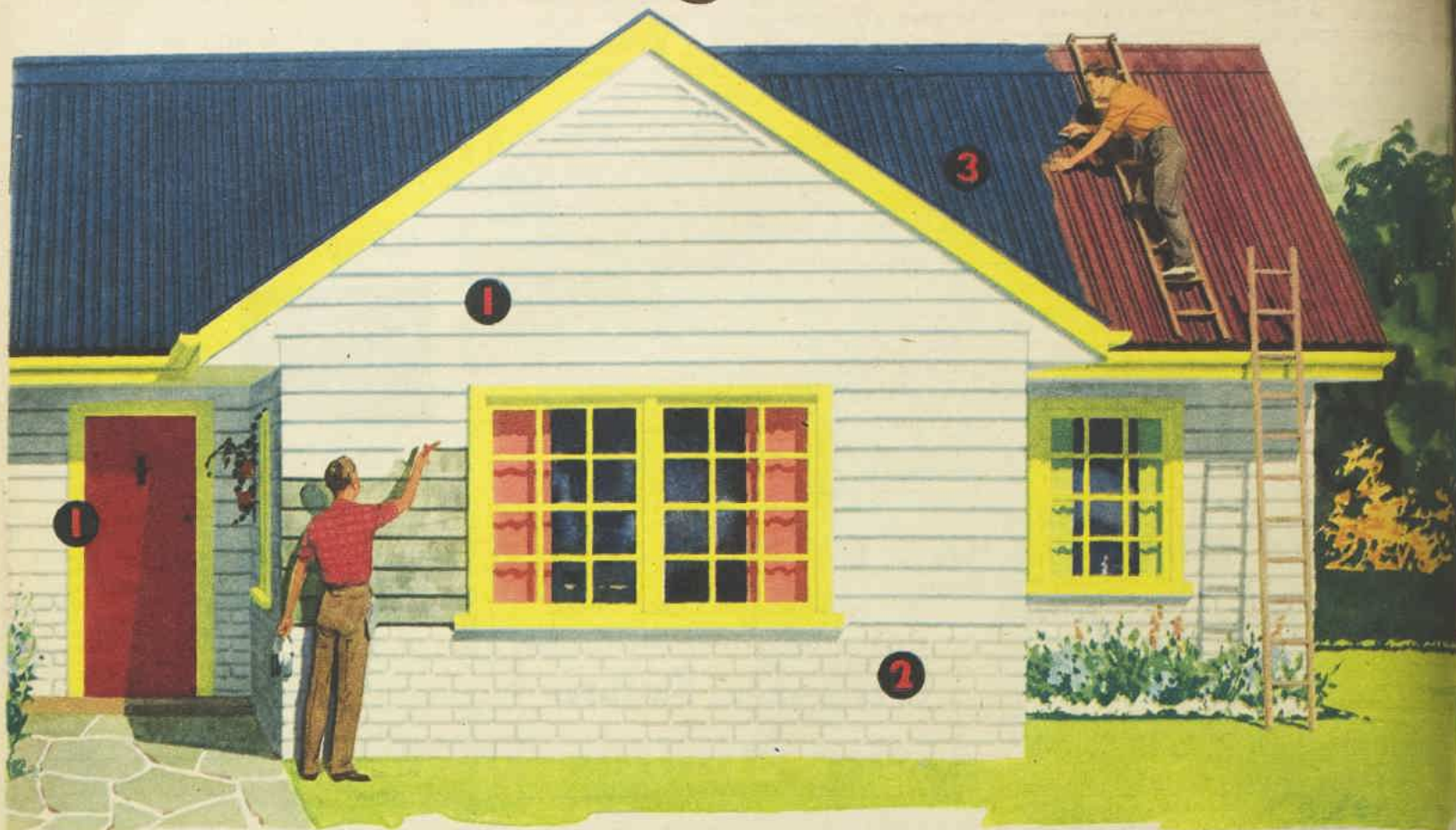
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Painting outside?



Taubmans Butex gives your home durable beauty

"How long will it stay beautiful?" That's usually what you want to know first when you're choosing an outside paint. Let's answer the question this way...

Throughout Australia, Taubmans have exposure stations where our outside paints are put to the most extreme weather tests. These exposure stations are located everywhere, from tropical Queensland to the coldest parts of Tasmania.

We'll take Taubmans

Butex Full Gloss (1) as an instance of this testing. Panels painted with Butex Full Gloss are left in the open for year after year. They are checked once a month and the results passed on to our laboratories. The panels are exposed to chemical fall-out from nearby chimneys as well as heat and cold. Once a week they are sprayed with salt because salt air is another hazard an outside paint has to beat.

As well as nature's own tests we have special indoor tests. Let's take Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat (2) as our second example. Sample panels of Butex Velvet-Flat are kept in our Weatherometer, where they are bombarded with ultra-violet rays. Time after time this rigorous "weathering" proves the extra durability of Butex Velvet-Flat colours.

Every batch of Butex Velvet-Flat, Butex Full Gloss, Butex Roof Paint



and any other exterior paint that leaves our factories, must pass the standards set by these tests... standards far and away superior to those of any other paint manufacturer.

That's why we can honestly say our Butex finishes last years longer.

Our constant and very rigorous laboratory tests ensure it.

The 30 decorator colours in Butex Full Gloss match or harmonise with the 17 colours in Butex Velvet-Flat and the 9 in Butex Roof Paint.

Where should you use Butex Velvet-Flat? Butex Velvet-Flat is specially prepared for all common brick, fibro, cement render and unglazed tile surfaces. Use it also on timber where you prefer a velvet finish.

Where should you use Butex Full Gloss? We recommend Butex Full Gloss on all timber surfaces — weather-board walls, fences, window frames, doors and all ex-

terior ironwork, guttering and downpipes.

Do you need an Undercoat? See the special chart below. If you're still in any doubt consult your Taubmans dealer. He's an expert and will be glad to help you. Remember, if the surface does need an undercoat, stress Taubmans Exterior Undercoat. It's specially prepared to go under Taubmans finishes.

Don't forget Solpah. Taubmans Solpah is now a household word all over Australia. It's our enamelised glossy finish for all walked-on surfaces and wears like iron on any surface. Solpah is in 12 decorator colours.



TAUBMANS BUTEX FULL GLOSS
A gallon covers 800 square feet.



TAUBMANS BUTEX VELVET-FLAT
A gallon covers 300-600 square feet.



TAUBMANS BUTEX ROOF PAINT
For galvanized iron roofs, tanks, other metal surfaces. A gallon covers 800 square feet.



TAUBMANS EXTERIOR UNDERCOAT
A gallon covers 700 square feet.



TAUBMANS PETRISEAL
A gallon covers 450-500 square feet.

Taubmans Butex for outside Velvet-Flat, Full Gloss and Roof Paint

Coats required for various surfaces

BRICK, FIBRO, CEMENT RENDER

(In reasonably good condition)

One or two coats of Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat.

(If the surface is new)

1st coat — Taubmans Petriseal

2nd coat — Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat

(Petriseal is not required on brick or weathered fibro)

TIMBER SURFACES

(In reasonably good condition)

Usually one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss.

(If the surface is new)

1st coat — Taubmans Pink or White Primer

2nd coat — Taubmans Exterior Undercoat

3rd coat — Taubmans Butex Full Gloss

(On painted metal surfaces in reasonable condition one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss is usually sufficient.)

TB 153

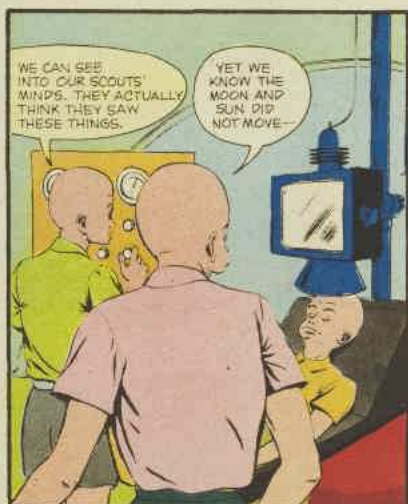
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, alarms the two alien scouts from the planet Cyni II by seeming to bring down the moon and sun from out of the sky. He is really using his hypnotic power to bluff the little men, who have been sent ahead by the alien rocket fleet to report on human beings before the fleet invades

the earth. Fortunately, the scouts take Mandrake to be a typical man, so now they imagine that all humans have this highly developed power. The scouts take off in their rocket ship to carry back the news to their fleet that humans can move the sun out of the sky. **NOW READ ON:**



AS THE MILLION-SHIP FLEET CIRCLES THE EARTH--THE SCOUTS REPORT TO THE HIGH COMMAND--



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By **RUD**



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 15, 1958

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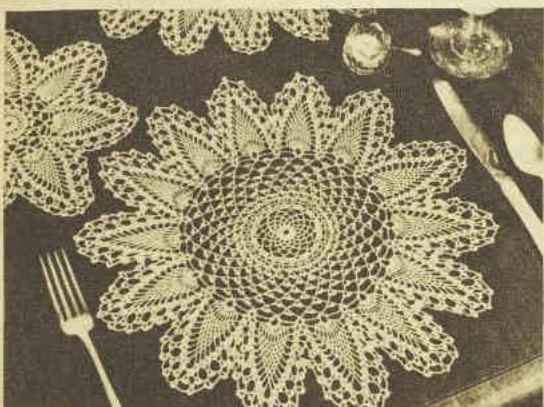
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of mine," he said, grinning at his client through the mirror. "You remember it, don't you, Major? It was you who was so took with it."

"Me? Not guilty." The driver of the sports car spoke idly and his smile was casual enough. But the denial was complete and Richard, who had not heard him speak before, looked at him sharply.

"You've forgot." Mr. Vick seemed gratified. "You laughed like a two-gallon flush. I can hear you now."

The man who sat beside Richard folded his paper.

"Who won what?" he inquired.

"It appened in Islington when I was a 'prentice." Mr. Vick spoke through his teeth, his attention concentrated on some fine work he was doing with the razor. "A young fellow in a draper's picked up five pounds and put it all on an 'orse called Lucky Gutter, which 'e sees was running in the big race that day. It came in at two 'undred to one and the excitement pushed 'im over the edge."

"E turned 'is coat inside out, pinched one of the female dummies out of the window, put a lace curtain over 'is 'ead, and drove round in front of 'is young lady's 'ouse with it as if he was getting married. The shock upset 'er and she fell down the area, broke 'er leg, and sued 'im. It's a sad story really."

"Lucky Gutter," remarked the salesman, who had a one-track mind. "I never heard of such a name."

"There was a line of them," said the fat man, not bothering to open his eyes at all this time, "like the Cottages were later. Lucky Rooftop, Lucky Verandah, and — correct me if I'm wrong — Lucky Clocktower."

"You remember it now, don't you, Major? I see you smiling." Mr. Vick asked anxiously.

"It's a staggering tale," said the Major, catching Richard's eye through the glass and grinning at him, "but I never heard it before."

Mr. Vick opened his mouth to protest and thought better of it. After a while he sniffed.

"You've been coming in 'ere on and off ever since the war," he began. "Tell me, Major, any more developments in the you-know-what business? You mentioned it last time."

"What was that?" The Major was friendly but cautious.

"The h-u-s-h h-u-s-h," spelled Mr. Vick rather unnecessarily, and the man in the

To test colored material for fastness dip a corner in soap-suds. Squeeze, then press on a white cloth with an iron adjusted to the correct heat for the material. A fast color will not stain the white cloth.

chair burst out laughing, the color flooding his coarse fair skin.

"Oh, that's in abeyance," he said with disarming embarrassment, whatever it was. "You haven't any old Rolls Royces about you, I suppose? Any age, any condition, good prices paid."

"Ah," Mr. Vick seized on it. "You're in that line now, are you?"

"No, I'm not." The fair man spoke lightly. "Not at all." He closed his narrow lips and sat smiling with his eyes, while the little barber's curiosity became as noticeable as if he had shouted it.

"You've been abroad, I see,"

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 79

he said suddenly, cutting clean across a pronouncement made by the fat man, who was still talking of the names of race-horses.

"No." Mr. Vick was unabashed. He picked up a single wiry lock, pulled it out of curl, and let it spring back.

"I made certain this was a bit of foreign cutting," he said. "Isle of Wight, perhaps?"

"Or Wigan, of course," said the Major, and again his shiny brown eyes flickered and his



"Of course I wouldn't trade you for someone else! It's illegal."

glance met Richard's own in the looking-glass.

"Lucky Clocktower . . ." The voice of the sporting salesman was pathetic. "Who could get a tip out of a name like that. What does it mean?"

"Invariably fast." The eyes in the mirror laughed into Richard's and dropped as the Major glanced at his watch. "Just like this blessed thing. What is the time exactly?"

The question turned out to be amazingly popular with everybody. Mr. Vick turned at once to point to the fly-blown disc on the wall behind him.

"That clock is dead right by the Shakespeare Head long bar, slow by Ronnie's next door, and fast by the B.B.C.," he announced with incomprehensible pride. "It is four minutes and twenty-three — don't stop me, twenty-four twenty-five seconds fast precisely," said the sporting salesman, looking at his wristwatch, an impressive performance which he offset somewhat by adjusting the instrument immediately.

"Wait," commanded the fat man, heaving himself up and accomplishing vast manoeuvres under his shrouding cape. "This is the right time. This is the real time. Railway time, that's what this is." He brought out a large silver pocket watch, looked at it earnestly for some moments, shook it, and put it back. "You're not far out," he said to the barber.

Richard shot back his own cuff out of force of habit, remembered in time, and glanced up sharply to find the Major watching him through the glass again. The round eyes turned away at once, but the younger man was left with the odd but very definite conviction that for some inexplicable reason he was pleased. He was certainly smiling as he turned to the salesman.

"I make it a quarter to," he remarked. "If you're right, this wretched thing of mine has lost a minute and twenty seconds in the past half-hour. Exactly thirty minutes ago I was driving over Westminster Bridge and as Big Ben chimed I put it right."

Richard's pugnacious young face became blank. The lie uttered so deliberately appeared to be so unnecessary. He eyed the stranger cautiously. He looked perfectly normal and even pleasant, sitting there fiddling with his watch, but suddenly Richard became aware

of something very interesting about him.

He was engaged in arranging something, some definite, carefully thought-out plan. He could not rid himself of the impression. There was a wariness and a sense of suppressed force about the man which was special for the occasion, whatever it was.

Richard's speculations were interrupted by the convulsion in the room caused by the fat man getting up, and by the time he was himself in the vacated seat and had persuaded the foreign assistant not to make too much of a job of the unwanted haircut, Mr. Vick and his favored client were in full session once more.

"If you don't know Greenwich you don't, Major," the barber was saying brightly. "It was you mentioning Westminster Bridge put me in mind of it. But then, of course, there's Shooter's Hill. Kent is a lovely county. See much of Kent, Major?"

"Practically nothing." A flicker of mischief passed over the thin lips. "It's no use, my dear chap; you'll have to face it that I have no fixed abode."

Mr. Vick decided to be offended.

"Now you're trying to take the mickey out of me," he said reprovingly, and stepped back from his handiwork. "Well,

now, that's that, sir. To suit you? I mustn't keep a gentleman waitin' if 'e's got to get 'is bets on before one o'clock, must I?"

It was a dismissal, and Richard's regret, since he was now trapped in the other chair himself the Major rose, his score, and took his coat from the peg.

He then performed the old little act which a younger man found curious, entering he had evidently stripped off his raincoat, he put them on in the same way so that the outside of the jacket did not appear. The young man, watching the performance in his own glass now, reflected that the manoeuvre was the same as the lie about Westminster Bridge, not so much as peculiar, for despite the only beginning he took pains to dress himself, knowing his muffer carefully and arranging his collar with just the right degree of swagger. As he was drawing in his belt he appeared to relent towards the quizzical Mr. Vick.

"I'm going to see a hero yours this evening," he marked. "I hope to do a bit of business with him. Now Moorhen."

At the name of the celebrated comedian the barber's face warmed with pleasure.

"Are you really? My word that'll be an experience."

To page 92



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How to split a second

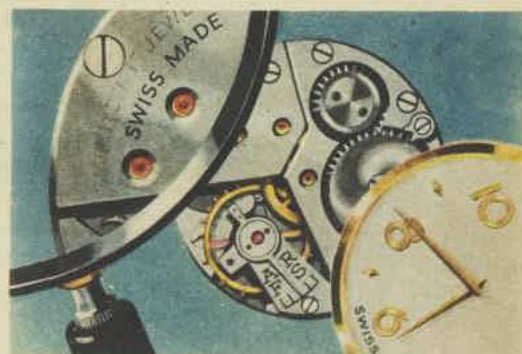
IF precise time hangs in the balance — as it often does for doctors, technicians, engineers and sportsmen — you would be better off to trust a jewelled-lever Swiss Chronograph.

It splits seconds into five equal parts — or ten — with *inhuman* accuracy. And then goes merrily on to measure speed, sound and distance.

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the very exact same off as 'e is on, I shouldn't wonder."

The Major turned deliberately to Richard's looking-glass and winked.

"I hope not," he said dryly, "or we'll finish the evening swinging from the Savoy lighting fixtures."

He went out laughing and the door closed behind him.

Mr. Vick paused, towel in hand, to raise himself on his toes to see over the curtain.

"There he goes," he remarked with some bitterness.

"The Savoy lighting fixtures?"

The Bodega more likely. He's a very funny finger, the Major, and he's in a very funny mood. I noticed it the moment 'e come in."

"I think," murmured the assistant who was cutting Richard's hair, "that he is of the police."

"Oh, dear me no!" Mr. Vick shook his head contemptuously. "You can relax, Perce. 'E's got no interest in your papers. 'E's a very funny fellow all the same. 'E's been coming 'ere on and off for the last eight or nine years, and I've never set eyes on 'im but in this shop, and I don't know what 'e does from Adam. Not from Adam. That's quite a record for me. You could call 'im one of my failures, really."

"Mystery man," said the sporting salesman, and ran a hopeful eye down the list of starters.

"You've said it," Mr. Vick dropped back on to his heels. "Charmin' man, mind you. Never shabby. Beautiful shirt 'e was wearin'. Never grouches, which is fantastic, but talk to 'im and you might be livin' in another world. After all this time there's only one thing I know about 'im for certain, and that is that every now and again 'e gets up to something—puts a big deal through." He paused. "This is one of the times."

"How do you know?" Richard spoke involuntarily. It was so much his own impression.

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Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 90

Mr. Vick's dull eyes acknowledged his existence.

"Because 'e's in the mood," he said confidently. "We 'airdressers get to know a lot about moods. Goin' to an 'airdresser at all is a very moody thing. Some only 'ave a trim when they're fed-up. The Major usually comes in when 'e's bored, but now and again—not often, mind, but sometimes—he steps in 'ere as part of a little programme 'e's set 'imself. I can tell. I can feel 'im simmering, getting excited and above 'imself. I used to think 'e was an actor working up for

is the third or fourth time I've seen 'im do it, and no one would be more amazed than 'e'd be 'imself if you told 'im of it. Unconscious, it is. But when 'e's in one of these off-the-handle now-for-it sort of moods 'e's always in a tizzy about the right time. 'E always mentions it, 'e always gets the whole shop arguin' about it, and it's a very funny thing, but 'e nearly always picks up the man who 'asn't got a watch."



a first night, but that's not it. There's no greasepaint in that 'airline."

"I picked up a packet once on greasepaint," said the salesman. "Short back and sides, if you please, Mr. Vick, and I won't have the old curry-comb."

The barber acknowledged the order, but continued to talk thoughtfully about the previous customer.

"It amazes me I don't know more about 'im after all this time," he said, "but I tell you one extraordinary thing. This

"Then he wasn't lucky today," said the salesman. "I wonder if I shall be. He's a crook, that's what you mean, is it?"

"No sir," I certainly don't." Mr. Vick was shocked. "E's a regular customer. Sometimes 'e doesn't come in for a month or two, but if 'e'd been inside I should notice it at once. It takes nearly seven months to get rid of the prison 'aircut. Besides, whatever 'e is 'e's something unusual, something one doesn't meet every day."

At this point the assistant barber removed the cape from

Richard's shoulders, and his neck a cursory whisk.

"I think he is of the police," he repeated, sighing. "Anyhow he has left his belongings."

He nodded towards the corner where a wooden box, coil of rope, and the start handle sprawled in an untidy heap.

"There now!" exclaimed Vick. "E brought them of the street for safety, then forgot them. That 'e's no policeman. You'll 'E'll be back. I've known do that before. Ah, what I tell you? No sooner out my mouth than . . . There are, Major."

The door had shuddered open, and the man in trench coat appeared on threshold. He was grinning and deeply apologetic, and smile included Richard, who was putting on his jacket.

The wooden box seemed to be remarkably heavy, and he had hoisted it into his arms he was fully laden. Richard gathered up the rope and handle.

"I'll bring these."

"Will you? Thanks a lot. My old bus is outside."

When he had set the handle carefully on the back seat, he spoke again.

"That's more than kind of you. I'm drifting down to West End. Can I give you a lift?"

Richard was looking at the starting handle he was carrying. The worn label tied to its end had fluttered over, and the pencilled inscription upon it was just readable. "Hawker, R. Dump, S.E."

He scarcely saw it. As it had attracted his attention the first time the Major leaned over and pulled it off, pitching it into the gutter.

"Coming?" he inquired.

Richard looked up. "Thank you," he said with sudden deliberation, "I shall like that."

To be continued



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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning October 13

ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
Luck in a new deal.

★ This is a fresh start. Beginnings are exciting. You may display strength in a difficult moment. Refuse to be misled by false glamor, surprise associates with a firm statement of opinion. Where the opposite sex is concerned, plain speaking could end a romance, or put it on a sounder, happier basis. These forces are hard to control; avoid extremes.

TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, blue.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck in being vital.

★ If you've been below par recently, it's now forgotten. You are at your best to cope with all the plans, tasks, interests in a full and varied life. You'll have a strenuous week, but will revel in new experiences—a challenge to your talents and creative abilities. Sooner or later some tangible results will come from all this. Tackle details.

GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck from a new quarter.

★ You'll benefit where you had no hope, and lose out over what seemed safe to count on. A steady boy-friend may stray from your side, and a charming stranger go out of his way to make himself agreeable. The business agreement which appeared settled may collapse; something more desirable turn up. A week full of surprises could change things.

CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, white.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in a happy ending.

★ If you're in love, and a quarrel has developed, there's a rainbow in your romance. If a parent, worrying over a child, the problem disappears. If a homemaker you have cause to rejoice; proof of affection around you will brighten your daily round. Having acted for the best, have faith in the outcome. Everyone makes mistakes in judgment.

LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, gold.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in a definite purpose.

★ There is a danger of drifting aimlessly. If you live from moment to moment, improving here, being influenced by a chance word there, you'll still be battling with cross currents with nothing to show for your efforts. Set your sights for a fixed destination and you'll make it. People will help when they understand. If in love, confide your hopes.

VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastel.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in balancing the budget.

★ Small sacrifices are indicated if you are to get what you want this week—perhaps some object you have set your heart on. You may need to spend some extra time in the kitchen, or at the sewing machine, or with a paintbrush in hand, to save the money. You will earn much appreciated success. Social life suffers, but only temporarily.

LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in intuition.

★ Follow your hunches. You talk with someone and perceive the difference between what he thinks and what he says. You suspect the real motive for a certain action, and find you were right. In shopping, your instinctive taste is right. If you indulge in a mild gamble, back your fancy. If in love, you will soon find it is mutual.

SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in being alone.

★ Social activities slacken, and you have extra time for private plans. If you've a dress to make or a hobby to pursue, you'll appreciate leisure, free from interruptions. For the homemaker this can be a breathing spell with fewer meals to cook, the opportunity to read. If in love, it's a chance to relive that last meeting, and look forward to the next.

SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, green.
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
Luck in sports.

★ If you play any game this should be a wonderful week. Some sports are at the end of the season. Others are starting practice. Now is the moment for you to link up with athletic activities, some way. All of you should spend your spare time out of doors. Outings are indicated. Love affairs, new interests spring up.

CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, blue.
Gambling colors, blue, black.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
Luck in a decision.

★ You are at the cross roads, and may be required to make the most important decision of your life. You may change your job, and find yourself firmly started on the way up in an occupation you like. Or you may accept an offer of marriage. Some of you will move to another district where you will spend many years. Weigh a decision carefully.

AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, mauve.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in a new venture.

★ Try anything once is the slogan of Aquarians; novelty has an appeal. If you are eager to experiment along new lines launch out boldly. Originality can win applause. Imagination may have a cash value if you use it wisely. If a rival has won the attention of your beloved, or your group, start a new vogue and recapture their admiration.

PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy.
Gambling colors, navy, white.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
Luck in being cheerful.

★ Everyone has ups and downs. Don't mean over yours. It could be partly your own fault, because you were hasty, jumped to conclusions. Take it easy, stride. If you had to miss the party, there will be plenty more. If your job is uninteresting, plan for something better. If you've been hurt, forget it. Better things lie around the corner.

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You'll wonder where the **YELLOW** went
when you brush your teeth with **PEPSODENT**



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Page 93

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type of
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TEENA by Linda Terry



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Father of an ugly duckling (4, 8).
7. An allegation may stand on his limb (3).
8. Logically placing the lid in the middle (7).
9. The capital of this district of S.W. Madras province is Calicut (7).
11. Progenitors' anger in a steamer (5).
12. I camp on no ship (Anagr. 13).
15. Anything that happens in a smooth tea (5).
17. Preclude (5).
18. Huge yet centred just on men (7).
19. Sleeve of an alarmist (3).
20. The sane cat is used for materials producing loss of feeling (12).



Solution of last week's crossword

Solution will be published next week

DOWN

1. Department for ladies (5).
2. A leg bar (Anagr. 7).
3. Kind of bird or a pearl-fisher (5).
4. Causes to rotate small loaves of bread (5).
5. The state of being older (9).
6. Yes as a young bird (4).
10. Timber-cutter to move clumsily a chess piece (9).
12. Idiot originally from the Alpine regions (6).
13. Chemical (7).
14. Friend with high cards in splendid mansions (7).
16. Tight but not drunk (5).
17. Choose by vote (5).

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